

OCTOBER *Lock* COSMOPOLITAN

GENERAL LIBRARY,
UNIV. OF MICH.
SEP 24 1937

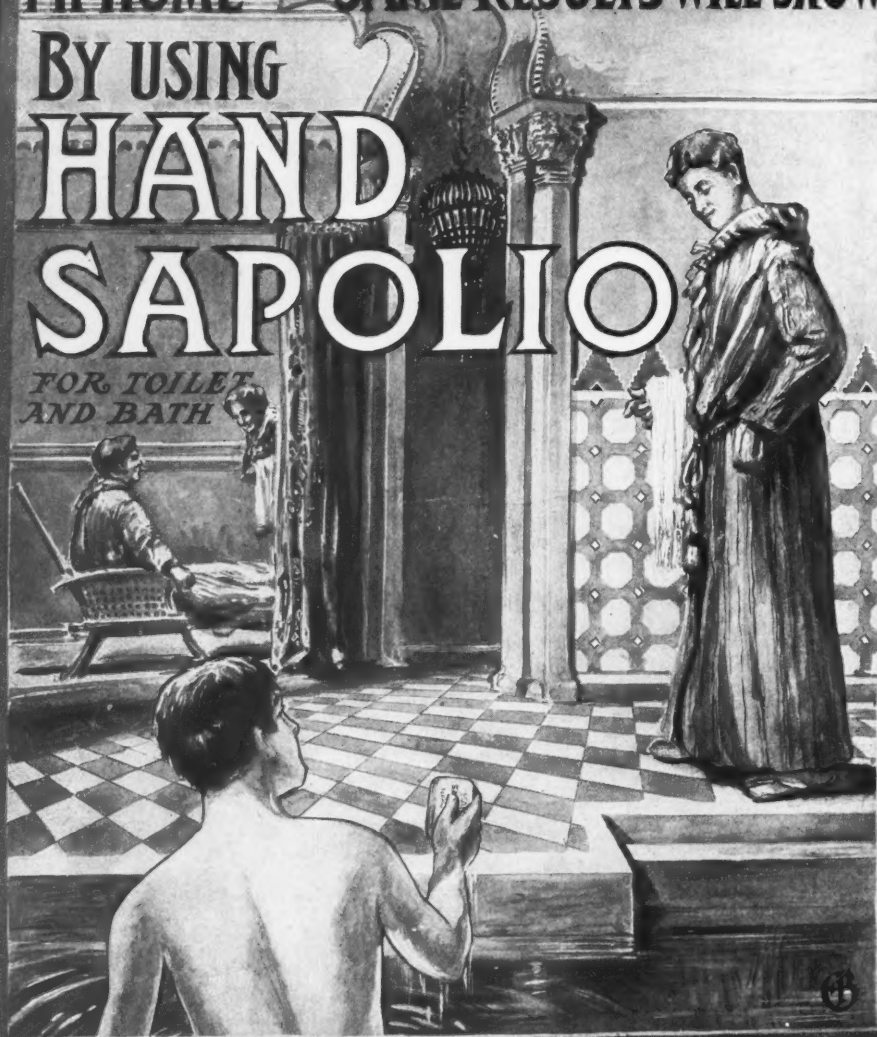
U. S. EDITION
TEN CENTS



Ernst Barer

THE TURKISH BATH A SYNONYM
FOR SPARKLING EYE^{AND} STURDY LIMB.
AT HOME THE SAME RESULTS WILL SHOW
BY USING
**HAND
SAPOLIO**

FOR TOILET
AND BATH





... PRAYER ...

By Benjamin De Casseres

ALL rational pleasure is prayer; all sincere work and effort are prayers; all exaltation in the presence of beauty is prayer; all aspiration is prayer.

Prayer is an uplifting, a rising of the soul toward the object of its desire, an elevation of instinct.

All sincere thought is prayer. The doubts of skeptics are prayers, though they themselves would repudiate the term.

All strength that tends to elevate and glorify man is a prayer.

There are other modes of praying than with the lips. Galileo prayed with a telescope. Columbus prayed with a ship. Franklin prayed with a lightning-rod.

Knee-praying seems a puny thing when once we feel that the forests are the eternal fanes of nature; or when we stand on a mountain top, that everlasting natural altar; or when we bathe in sunlight, that incalculably aged censer.

Amid these natural objects awe, admiration, a sense of infinite force, of infinite life, of a duration that is eternal sweep through us in waves, leaving us humiliated with the sense of our own nothingness at the same time that it brings something of intellectual pride that we are part of that Hidden God.

All sublime emotion is prayer. A poem, a painting, a great essay, a beautiful face, the wreathing of a vine around a window, all exalt, generating wonder, amazement, and thankfulness.

Meanness, lying, cowardice, double-dealing, these are all blasphemies; they offend the dignity of the soul, and debase you in your own eyes. The blasphemies of the mouth are laughed away in the winds. They mean nothing. But the blasphemies of vile actions set in motion forces that must be combated through all time.

Man prays when he least knows it. The normal evolution of prayer is from the lip to the deed, from bare utterance to strong action.



Drawn by Frank Snapp

SHE SPRANG TO HER FEET, A CRY OF ANGUISH BREAKING AT LAST FROM HER DRY LIPS

("The Long Arm of Mannister" Page 597)

COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE

Vol. XLIII

OCTOBER, 1907

No. 6



The Problem of Air Flight

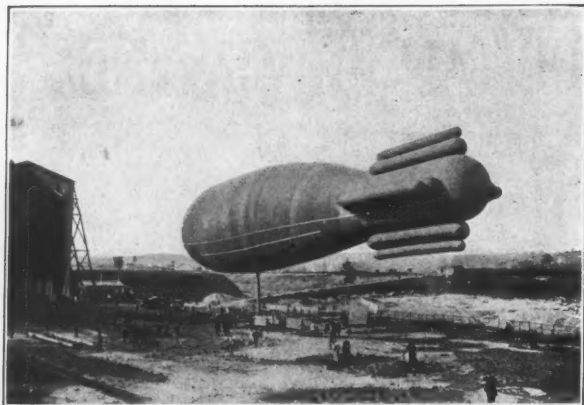
By Waldemar Kaempffert

BY two decades of almost disheartening failure attended with the sacrifice of human life the inventor of flying-machines has been taught that he may hope to navigate the air by four possible methods. He may raise himself by means of a gas which will float in air, and urge himself forward by means of propellers; he may mechanically imitate a bird by designing a machine with flapping wings; he may employ the lifting power of a swiftly revolving screw, and literally hurl himself from the earth; or he may rely on an aeroplane, and sail the air like an eagle on the wing. Thus far the floating gas and the aeroplane have embodied the only noteworthy solutions of the problem.

Because it offers the readiest and most obvious means of overcoming gravitation, the balloon-like air-ship has been more

highly developed than any other type of aerial craft. By a curious anomaly, it is the most successful and the least rational vessel which has thus far been devised for the navigation of the air. Reduced to its essential elements, the air-ship is merely an elongated bubble of gas sent forward by the aid of an engine-driven propeller and steered by a rudder much like that of a ship. Given a sufficient volume of gas and an envelope strong enough to contain it, there is, theoretically, no limit to the weight that may be lifted. It is in the provision of a motor able to propel the floating structure against a strong opposing wind that the difficulty lies. Assuming that a velocity of thirty miles an hour can be attained in absolutely calm air, it follows that in a thirty-mile breeze the air-ship will stand still, even though the propellers are churning the air with their maximum efficiency. Speed of propulsion, rather than dirigibility and lifting power, is the chief object of research at present, and

The Problem of Air Flight



THE DEUTSCH DIRIGIBLE BALLOON

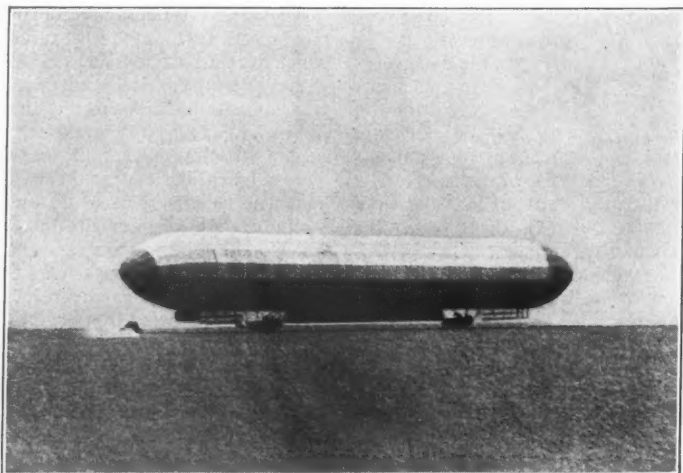
speed can hardly be attained with the resistance offered by so enormous a surface as that of a gas-bag.

The first motor-driven dirigible air-ship of the balloon type that ever succeeded in returning to its starting-point was the historic *La France*, built by two French army officers, Captains Renard and Krebs, twenty-three years ago. On the seven occasions when it was publicly tested, the vessel succeeded in returning to its shed five times—achievements which have not been surpassed by similar craft in our own day. Its speed was only fourteen miles an hour. Pioneers though they were, Renard and

Krebs equipped their craft with every appurtenance that has since been considered an indispensable part of an air-ship's outfit. The balloon was kept distended by an inner bag filled with air; a frame 128 feet long, fashioned into a car, stiffened the entire structure; the rudder was mounted in a position which later experience proves to have been selected with excellent judgment; the lines of the gas-bag were so admirably

drawn, either by accident or design, that they may be considered a felicitous anticipation of modern practice; and the propeller was mounted at the front end of the car as it is in the most modern types. Later air-ships, although bigger and faster, have not considerably improved on the famous *La France*.

To Santos-Dumont credit is due for having popularized the air-ship. It remained for him to apply the light gasoline motor of the automobile to the dirigible balloon. He has sailed in more than a dozen dirigible balloons varying in length from fifty to 160 feet, all patterned after *La France*, and



VON ZEPPELIN'S GIANT AIR-SHIP SAILING OVER LAKE CONSTANCE



THE LEBAUDY AIR-SHIP, "LA PATRIE," IN FLIGHT

most of them successful vehicles of their kind. His aerial triumphs are familiar to everyone. Most notable among them is his winning of the Deutsch prize by sailing three and a half miles and return in half an hour.

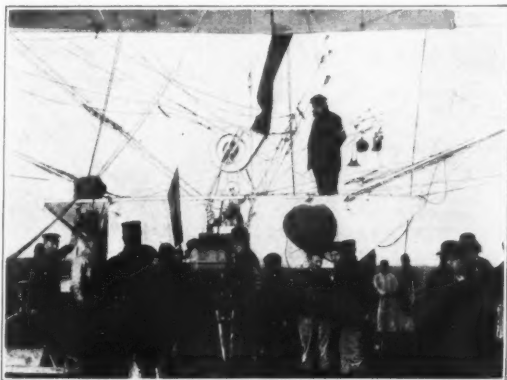
By far the most ambitious and daring of dirigible-balloon designers is Count von Zeppelin, a German military officer who astonished the world seven years ago by constructing a ship 420 feet long—in other words, a craft as big as many an ocean-steamers. Its immensity was

in itself a great element of success, for the larger the volume of gas the larger and more powerful the motor that can be carried. From his colossal cylinder of gas Von Zeppelin suspended two cars, and placed a motor in each. If one motor gave way he had the other to fall back upon. Like a ship's hold, the envelope was divided into compartments, each of which could be filled and emptied separately, the purpose being to prevent a total loss of gas if the outer covering were ruptured. A stiff aluminum frame of

braced rings maintained the rigidity of the envelope and took the place of the internal air-bag of the French air-ships.

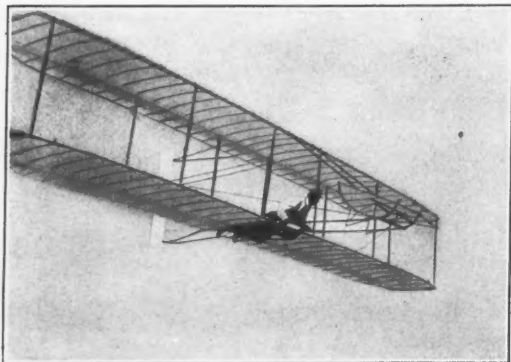
Promising as this first attempt of Von Zeppelin's was, it only partially realized its

inventor's hopes. Von Zeppelin's latest air-ship, which is about ten feet shorter than the first, is planned on the same lines, but is equipped with more powerful motors. By far the speediest dirigible balloon ever constructed, it has sailed over Lake Constance in Swit-



CAR AND PROPELLING-APPARATUS OF "LA PATRIE"

zerland at the rate of thirty-three and a half miles an hour on one of its brief flights. Its radius of action is truly remarkable. With both motors running at full speed it should travel sixty hours and cover eighteen hundred miles at thirty miles an hour and carry between seven and eight tons in addition to its own weight, all with the usual proviso that its career be not checked by too blustering a wind. With one motor it should travel 120 hours at twenty-five miles an hour and cover three thousand



THE WRIGHT BROTHERS' AEROPLANE WHICH HAS PROVED
THE PROBLEM OF AERIAL NAVIGATION TO
BE NOT BEYOND SOLUTION

miles. Such long journeys are as yet merely theoretical, indeed, almost visionary, when it is considered that there are very few days in the year when the wind is not blowing at the rate of twenty miles an hour in the upper regions of the atmosphere. Nevertheless, Von Zeppelin dreams of transatlantic vessels built according to his ideas, and of war-ships leisurely dropping shells into an enemy's camp.

That some military use of the dirigible balloon is seriously contemplated by France and Germany at least, is indicated by the elaborately equipped aeronautic divisions of their respective armies. France has actually adopted a program for the construction of a large fleet of air-ships, the first five of which are to be in commission by March, 1908. These military machines are all to be modeled after *La Patrie*, which the French government has purchased from its designers, the Lebaudy brothers. In speed, *La Patrie* is nearly equal to Von Zeppelin's colossus; in dirigibility the ship is one of the most perfect ever constructed. So admirably has it been planned that in good weather it can be steered perfectly in every direction and driven at a speed of thirty miles an hour. With a crew of three men, *La Patrie* carries 1870 pounds of ballast; with a crew of seven men, 1120 pounds of ballast.

Germany has adopted a type of aerostat devised by Major von Parseval for the express purpose of attaining ease of transportation in time of war. The only rigid part of his balloon is a twenty-foot car hung from

a collapsible bag 158 feet long. A single two-horse wagon can readily carry the deflated air-ship. In speed, Von Parseval's war-ship is a match for *La Patrie*.

Very slowly the aeronaut is abandoning the gas-bag and turning to the more promising machines which are heavier than the air. Because the gas-lifted air-ship has very nearly reached the end of its development, it is likely that the machine of the future will be projected on the principle of the soaring bird.

An aeroplane may be defined as a surface propelled horizontally in such a manner that

the resulting pressure of air from beneath prevents its falling. A balloon can remain stationary over a given spot in a calm, but an aeroplane must be kept in motion if it is to remain in the air. Such a plane literally runs on the air like a skater gliding over thin ice. The most familiar example of an aeroplane is the kite of our boyhood days. We all remember how we kept it aloft even in a light breeze by running with it against the wind. Substitute the pull of a propeller for the cord, and the aeroplane flying-machine is created. If this were all, the problem of artificial flight would have been solved long ago. There remains the su-



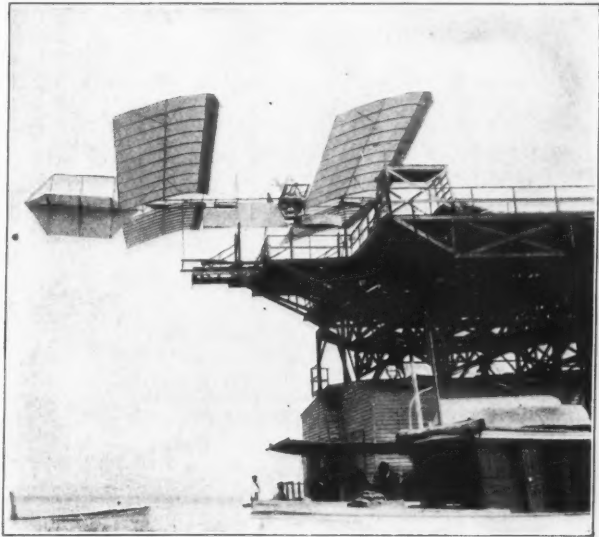
THE CHANUTE AERIAL GLIDER, THE FIRST
TO USE SUPERPOSED PLANES

premiere difficult art of balancing the plane so that it will skate on an even keel. Even birds find it hard to maintain this stability. In the constant effort to steady himself a hawk sways from side to side as he soars, like an acrobat on a tight rope. Occasionally a bird will catch the wind on the top of his wing, with the result that he will capsize and fall some distance before he can recover himself. If the living aeroplanes of nature find the feat of balancing so difficult, is it any wonder that men have been killed in endeavoring to discover their secret?

If you have ever sailed a canoe you will readily understand what this task of balancing an aeroplane really means. As the pressure of the wind on your sail heels your canoe over, you must climb out on the outrigger far enough for your weight to counter-balance the wind pressure so that you will not be upset. The physicist scientifically explains your achievement by stating that you have succeeded in keeping the center of air pressure and the center of gravity on the same straight line. In a canoe the feat is comparatively easy; in an aeroplane it demands constant and flash-like shifting of the body, because the sudden slight variations of the wind must be immediately opposed.

It happened that the first modern experimenter with the aeroplane met a tragic death after he had succeeded in making over two thousand short flights in a gliding-machine of his own invention, simply because he was not quick enough in so throwing his weight that the centers of air pressure and gravity coincided. He was an engineer named Otto Lilienthal. Birds were to him the possessors of a secret which he felt that scientific study could reveal. Accordingly he spent most of his days on the roofs of the Prussian village of Rhinow with a whole colony of storks. He studied them as if

they were animated flying-machines. After some practical tests he invented a bat-like apparatus composed of a pair of fixed arched wings and a tail-like rudder. Clutching the horizontal bar to which the wings were fastened, he would run down a hill against the wind and launch himself by leaping a few feet into the air. In this manner he could soar for two or three hundred feet, upheld merely by the pressure of the air beneath the outstretched wings. In order



THE LANGLEY AERODROME READY TO BE LAUNCHED FROM A HOUSE-BOAT

to maintain his equilibrium he was compelled to shift his weight almost constantly so that the center of gravity coincided with the center of air pressure. Since they rarely remain coincident for more than a second, because the center of air pressure is constantly changing, Lilienthal had to exercise considerable agility to keep his center of gravity pursuing the center of air pressure, which accounts for the apparently crazy antics he used to perform in flight. Pilcher, an Englishman, slightly improved on Lilienthal's apparatus, and after several hundred flights came to a similar violent end.

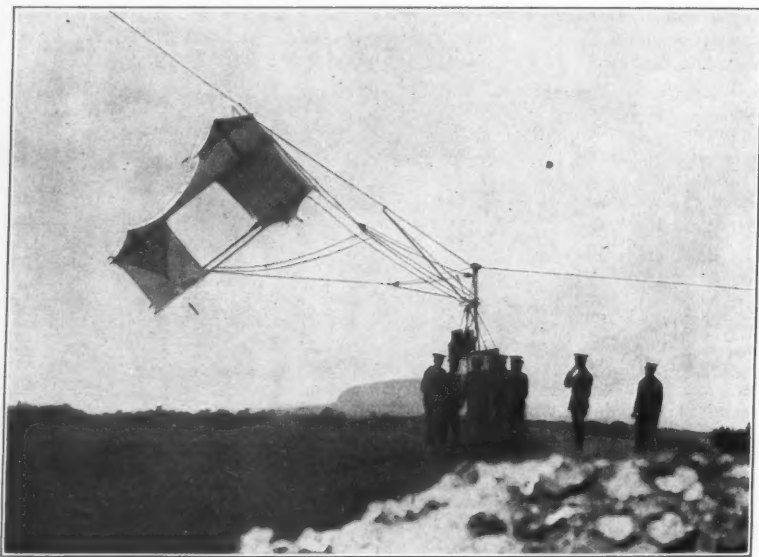
Crude as Lilienthal's machine undoubtedly was, it startled the world when its first flights were made. It taught the scientific investigator of the problem much that he had never even suspected and

The Problem of Air Flight

laid the foundation for later American researches.

While Lilienthal was conducting his venturesome inquiry, Sir Hiram Maxim, the inventor of the machine gun that bears his name, courageously set about the construction of the biggest aeroplane flying-machine ever laid down, and that, moreover, at a time when practically nothing was known of the science of aerodynamics. Maxim is probably the most brilliant mechanic of our day, for which reason it is not to be wondered at that his contrivance was a marvel of planes and screws. After some

consequently invented a new steam-boiler and a steam-engine, both of which to this day remain marvels. The engine was of 363 horse-power operated by steam at 275 pounds pressure. It drove two propellers each nearly eighteen feet in diameter. In order that it might attain sufficient speed to rise in the air the entire machine was mounted on wheels running on a railway track of eight-foot gage. Wisely hesitating to trust himself in the air before learning more of the mysteries of free flight, Maxim prevented his machine from unduly rising by wooden guard rails. At a speed of



RAISING THE CODY MAN-CARRYING WAR-KITE

investigations he formulated a plan of a machine which, although decidedly defective in the light of subsequently acquired knowledge, was the very embodiment of Yankee inventive genius. His aerial ship consisted of a huge central plane with a surface of some fourteen hundred square feet, and of fixed side wings and steering-planes fore and aft, all taken together having a total area of four thousand square feet. The total width of this enormous system was 104 feet, and its length 125 feet. It had a lifting capacity of eight thousand pounds.

Twelve years ago there was no light propelling-machinery to be bought. Maxim

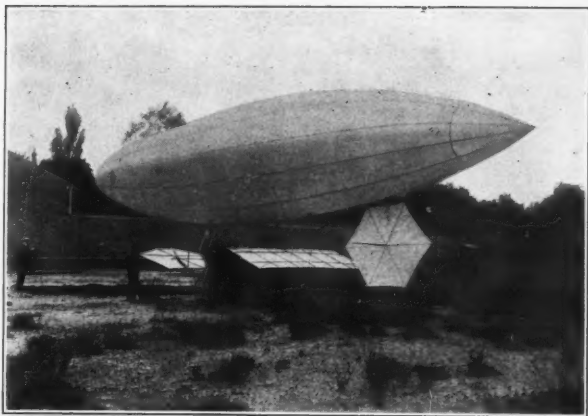
thirty-six miles an hour the aeroplane would leave the railway track and run on the guard rails above. The soaring tendency of the contrivance eventually became so great that Maxim found himself in the position of a Frankenstein, unable to control the thing he had created. This is what happened during his last experiment: After rushing along for one thousand feet, the latter half of which was covered in the air, the lifting strain became so great that the rear axles were doubled up and about one hundred feet of the wooden guard rails were torn away. When steam was shut off the aeroplane dropped to the ground, all but a

wreck. Its short sensational flight proved that its stability was imperfect.

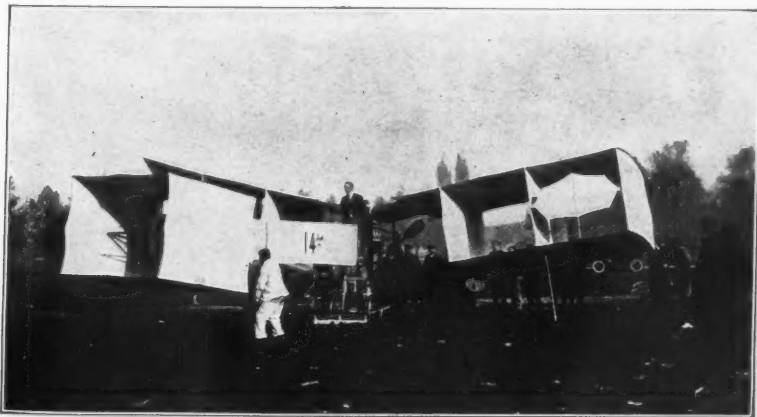
Sir Hiram spent about \$125,000 in these dramatic tests, and never repeated them. He was the first to succeed in lifting a motor-driven aeroplane off the ground, carrying with it an engine, a boiler, fuel, water, and a crew of three men. Although his experiment was, on the whole, a failure, it was one of those great useful failures that teach much. If he did nothing else he gave us at least the mechanism of modern aerial locomotion. His novel conception of light driving-machinery is now embodied in every steam motor-car. It is not likely that, with his defective means of balancing his aeroplane, he would ever have succeeded in actually flying freely through the air. In a way Lilienthal and Maxim unconsciously worked hand in hand. The one made a painstaking study of the effect of gliding-planes; the other instituted the most elaborate researches of his day on the action of the screw propeller.

Octave Chanute in this country continued the work of the ill-fated Lilienthal. Real-

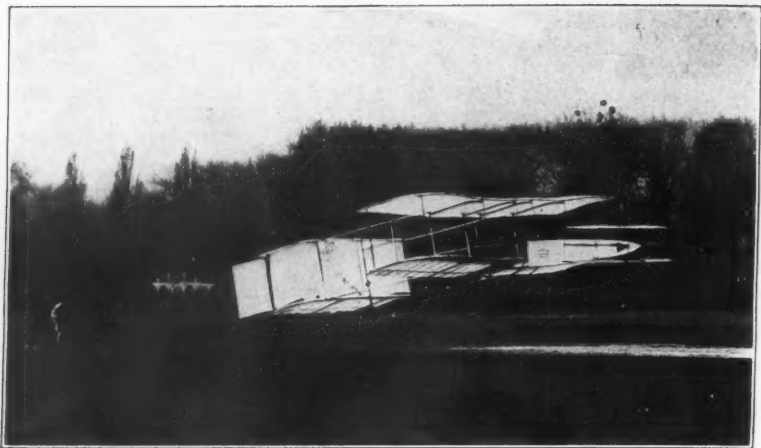
izing the inherent danger of a glider in which the operator must adapt himself to the changing center of air pressure with the suddenness of lightning, he devised an apparatus in which the center of air pressure was automatically controlled so that there was no longer the perilous necessity of indulging in aerial gymnastics. In his machine the tips of the planes, when struck by a gust of wind, would fold slightly backward, thus considerably curtailing the tendency of the center of air pressure to shift. The Wright brothers, of whom we have lately heard so much, have adopted this principle. Cha-



THE LATEST SANTOS-DUMONT FLYING-MACHINE—COMBINED AEROPLANE AND DIRIGIBLE BALLOON



M. SANTOS-DUMONT IN HIS MOTOR-DRIVEN AEROPLANE, "14 BIS," WHICH FLEW ABOUT EIGHT HUNDRED FEET

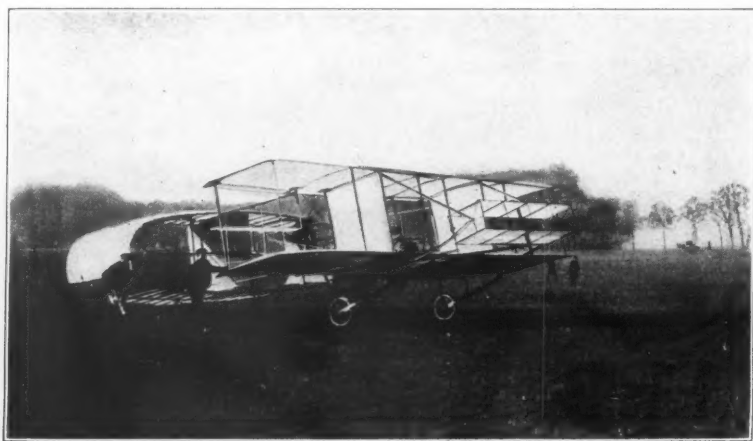


THE DELAGRANGE AEROPLANE—A RECENT FRENCH DEVICE

nute built six motorless, man-carrying gliders, with three of which several thousand short flights were successfully undertaken. The best results were obtained with an apparatus consisting of two superposed planes, a construction which has likewise been copied by the Wright brothers.

For the first lucid and systematic enunciation of the principles of exact aerodynamical science we are largely indebted to the late Samuel Pierpont Langley, perhaps the most distinguished of American astronomical physicists. Langley approached the problem scientifically, and after years of un-

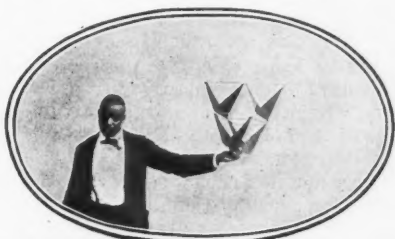
flagging labor learned enough that was really new and valuable to write his "Experiments in Aerodynamics," which stands to-day a monument to his rare genius and which bears to aerial engineering the relation that Darwin's "Origin of Species" bears to biology. Lilienthal studied birds in flight; Langley adopted the more scientific method of constructing small artificial soarers and observing their curious gyrations. Unlike Maxim, he began, not by the immediate construction of a flying-machine, but by endeavoring to ascertain the principles on which one should be built. After



THE NEW BLÉRIOT AEROPLANE

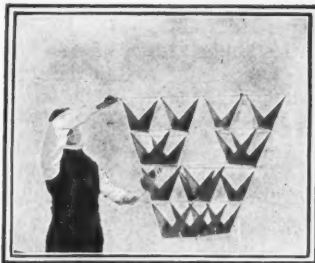
many years of patient preliminary investigation he discovered a very paradoxical law which proclaims that under certain conditions the power required to drive a plane surface horizontally through the air diminishes as the speed increases. Consider that law carefully, and its oddity will strike you. If you wish to run fast, you expend more

Eventually he succeeded in building a little steam-engine and boiler weighing together less than seven pounds and yielding over a horse-power. This machinery was placed in a small hull with two propellers amidships, the whole suspended from a steel rod carrying two pairs of fixed wings each slightly curved. A rudder adapted for both



muscular energy; if you wish to cover a great distance in a given time in a locomotive or in a steamship, you burn more coal and drive your engines harder than if your pace is more leisurely. In the air all this is changed. The faster you skate over the air the less power you need. That is Langley's law. It reveals the undreamed-of power lying dormant in the air.

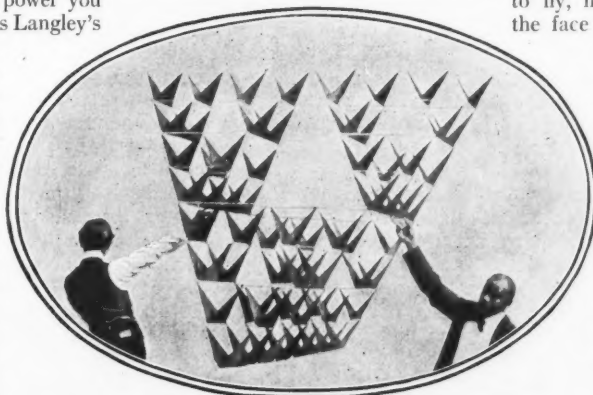
In embodying his discoveries in an aerial vehicle, Langley found it necessary to devise an engine of unprecedented lightness, much after the manner of Maxim. He was concerned at first with the construction of a small model and not with a man-carrying contrivance, for which reason he was constrained to work quite independently.



vertical and horizontal steering completed the equipment. From tip to tip the wings or planes measured about thirteen feet. The entire weight of the model was thirty pounds.

After tedious experimenting, Langley saw that the model, in order to fly, must start in the face of the wind

like every soaring bird. Consequently he found it advisable to carry it on top of a house-boat which could easily be turned in any direction on the water. Before an aeroplane can fly it must be in



PROFESSOR BELL'S METHOD OF COMBINING THE TETRAHEDRAL CELLS OF HIS MAN-LIFTING KITES

motion. How this preliminary motion was to be obtained was a serious question. The aeroplane was as sensitive as a feather to every puff of wind. Langley tried every conceivable way of starting his model, and at

last hit on the idea of launching it from ways, somewhat as a ship is launched into the water. The model rested on a car which fell down at the extremity of its motion and thus released the model for its free flight. On May 6, 1896, he saw his creation really fly like a living thing. It rose gracefully like a bird of prey, and after a minute and a half, for which time only it had been provided with fuel and water, it slowly descended. In that minute and a half it covered little more than half a mile, which means that it traveled at the rate of nearly thirty miles an hour. Immediately after its descent it was taken from the water and flown again with equal success. On November 28, 1896, another model of similar construction traversed three-quarters of a mile with the same ease and safety and would have flown indefinitely had it been sufficiently supplied with fuel and water. This apparatus is still preserved in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

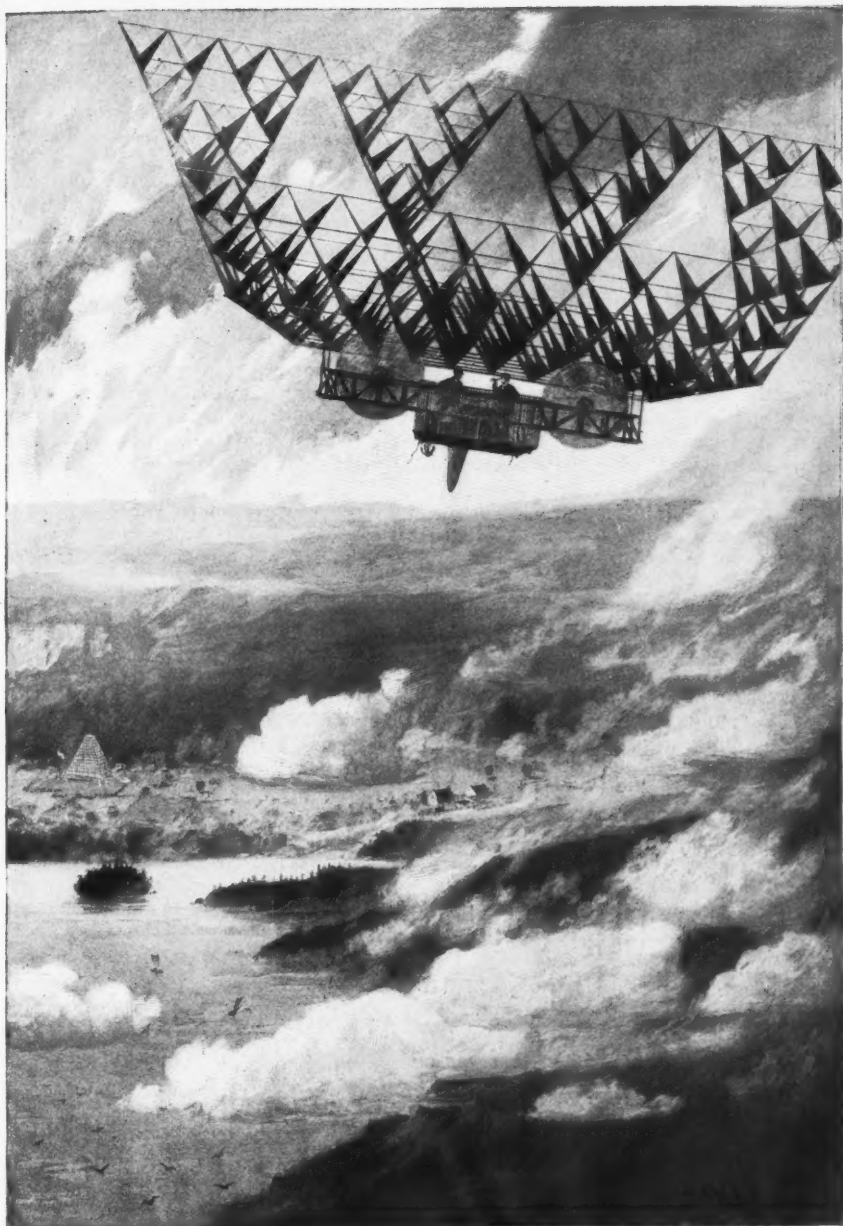
With this striking demonstration of the possibility of artificial flight, Langley was quite content. Still, he was induced to undertake the building of a man-carrying machine on the lines of his quarter-size model, for which purpose the United States government appropriated about fifty thousand dollars. The flying weight of this aeroplane with that of the operator is 830 pounds; its sustaining surface is 1040 square feet; its engine of fifty-two horsepower weighs less than five pounds to the horsepower and is far lighter than any engine of its size which has ever been built. With some natural confidence in the launching-device which had worked so perfectly in the many flights made with the model, Langley concluded that an enlarged duplicate would prove equally successful. It failed him utterly. The aerodrome was dashed into the water. Although the machine never had a chance to fly it is popularly regarded as an expensive failure. The truth is that it was never properly launched. It is no more a failure than a ship that has never left her cradle. Lack of funds prevented Langley from carrying his work to a successful conclusion. It is not unlikely that Mr. Manly, his assistant, will renew the attempt to fly with this large machine-driven glider.

It remained for Orville and Wilbur Wright of Dayton, Ohio, to show that a man-carrying aeroplane can fly freely

through the air. So secretly have their trials been conducted that very little, indeed, is known of their invention. The novelty of their apparatus is to be found in a trustworthy system of maintaining stability, without which an aeroplane can never be safe. In the first place they transferred the rudder from the rear to the front, where it proves most effective in properly balancing the craft—a very slight improvement apparently, and yet one that means much. Furthermore, they have adopted Chanute's method of twisting and shifting the wings, so as to maintain the side-to-side balance of the machine by keeping the center of air pressure and the center of gravity in the same straight line from front to rear. How this has been accomplished is part of their secret. Whatever the mechanism may be, it undoubtedly reduces the mental and physical agility which is ordinarily required in pursuing the constantly changing center of air pressure.

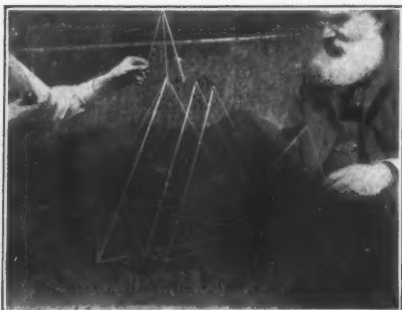
Beginning in 1901, the Wrights glided year after year at Kill Devil Hills, North Carolina, and at Dayton, Ohio. In the end they developed the most startlingly perfect flying-machine that human hands have ever fashioned. On December 17, 1903, their machine traveled 852 feet in fifty-nine seconds—the first time that a man-carrying motor-driven aeroplane soared through the air. In 1904, they flew three miles at the rate of thirty-four miles an hour. In 1905, they covered over twenty-four miles at a speed of more than thirty-eight miles an hour, which is the best time that has ever been made in the air by any type of vessel. They declare that a speed of sixty miles can be reached and that even in the present state of the art a practicable and durable flyer can be built that will carry a man and supplies for a journey of over five hundred miles at a speed of fifty miles an hour. The Wrights have soared in straight lines and in circles, with and against the wind, and have conclusively demonstrated that the problem of aerial navigation is not beyond solution. In three years they have made more than 160 flights of varying lengths.

The fame of these achievements has naturally spurred on other inventors, particularly in France. Even Santos-Dumont has been induced to abandon his air-ships and to try the motor-driven aeroplane. Without any preliminary experimenting whatever, he plunged directly into the



Drawn by William R. Leigh

THE "BIRD-FLOCK FLIER" AS CONCEIVED BY ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL



PUTTING TOGETHER A TETRAHEDRAL CELL

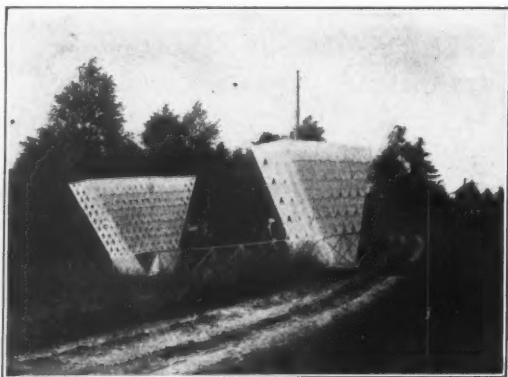
air with a full-sized machine, and after repeated mishaps, has succeeded in flying about eight hundred feet in a straight line. He is the only emulator of the Wrights who has accomplished anything of note. His latest conception is incorporated in a design which is a combined aeroplane and dirigible balloon. In this new ship the planes will act primarily as parachutes to insure steadiness in flight and especially in descending to the earth. Beyond that they serve no useful purpose. His hybrid craft remains an air-ship pure and simple. Although it has not been tested as yet on a large scale, it will probably sail through the air quite as readily as did his aerostats.

While the Wrights have more or less followed in the footsteps of Chanute, Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, has struck out in a decidedly original way that seems full of promise. Recognizing the fact that machines such as Maxim, Langley, and the Wrights have designed must be driven at high speed in order to keep aloft, their operators thereby incurring no small risk, he has endeavored to devise a method of soaring with safety. Professor Bell has approached the problem by designing kites which are ac-

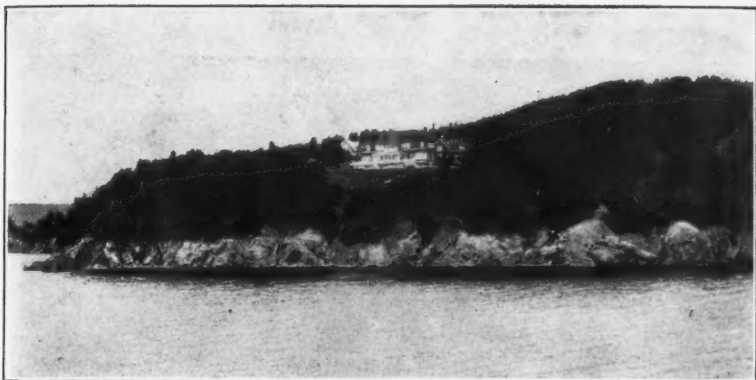
tually capable of lifting men. So large are these structures that they cannot be held by hand, but must be anchored to the ground by stout cleats. He started with the idea that, although a small bird can support only a small weight, a flock of small birds can sustain a very heavy load properly distributed among them. By combining a number of small structures each light enough to fly, instead of simply reproducing the small structure on a large scale, he has pieced together a cellular kite in which the ratio of weight to supporting surface is the same as that of the individual units of which it is composed. He has discovered that a tetrahedral cell (a pyramidal structure with four plane triangular surfaces) is remarkably strong for its weight, and that a combination of tetrahedral cells forms a wonderfully rigid kite. Each cell seems like a bird with wings uplifted and half parted; and the entire kite resembles a whole flock of birds with connected wings. Of the many kites which he has made in this way the largest is one which he calls the *Frost King*, and which is composed of no less than thirteen hundred cells weighing 288 pounds. This kite has not only flown well in a ten-mile breeze, but has supported a cordage ladder, several dangling ropes forty feet long, about eight hundred feet of manila hemp used as a flying-line, and, lastly, a man of generous proportions.

Tetrahedral kites of this kind seem to balance themselves automatically. Each little cell has its own center of gravity and its own center of air pressure, which, as we have seen, must bear a certain relation to

each other. The center of air pressure of each cell can change but very slightly because of the small size of the cell, and the center of air pressure of the whole kite can be displaced to no greater extent than the centers of air pressure of the



ONE OF BELL'S EARLIER KITE-DEVICES



THE BELL SUMMER HOME, NEAR BADDECK, ON BRAS D'OR LAKE, NOVA SCOTIA

individual cells themselves. That is why the equilibrium of a tetrahedral kite, however large, is never seriously in danger. As yet Professor Bell has not incorporated his tetrahedral theory in a motor-driven aeroplane. For the last two years he has been planning a large machine. At present his attention is devoted to the driving-machinery of such a craft. For many months he has been testing propellers which are mounted on a boat in such a manner that they revolve, not in water, but in the air, the object being to ascertain what form of propeller and what speeds are most efficient. By the aid of his air-screws he is able to drive his boat at the rate of about six miles an hour.

What the future of aerial navigation may

be no one, not even H. G. Wells, can foretell. Whether or not we shall ever soar in aeroplanes as we speed along in motor-cars, it is at least certain that the flying-machine inventor is no longer classed with the mathematical fanatic who spends a lifetime in fruitless attempts to square the circle, or the mechanical monomaniac whose one idea is the discovery of perpetual motion. If a flying-machine is ever invented that can be taken out at any time like a steam-launch, it will probably find its first application in war. It is not utterly impossible that the battle of the future will be a battle of rapidly wheeling fleets of aeroplanes, and that the victory will lie with the stanchest motors and the most stable supporting surfaces.



PROFESSOR BELL AND HIS FAMILY WATCHING THE KITE-FLYING EXPERIMENTS AT BADDECK



"AWAKE, AWAKE! LOVE MAY NOT SING AGAIN"
DETAIL OF DECORATIVE FRIEZE PHOTOGRAPHED FROM LIVING MODELS BY DR. F. BENEDICT HERZOG
THIRD OF THE SERIES TO BE REPRODUCED IN THE COSMOPOLITAN

The Long Arm of Mannister

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

I. The Noxious Gift

With frontispiece illustration by Frank Snapp

Editor's Note.—The following is the first of one of the most remarkable series of tales that has appeared within the past quarter of a century. The author, Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim, needs no introduction to admirers of stirring and masterly fiction. The extraordinary interest of his stories, "The Malefactor," "The Great Secret," and "The Yellow Crayon," put Mr. Oppenheim in the very first rank of the writers of modern fiction.

In "The Long Arm of Mannister" Mr. Oppenheim will be found at his best. As the series progresses our readers will find in this astute and relentless hero a worthy successor of Sherlock Holmes and Monsieur Lecocq. One by one he runs to earth a bold and cunning band of conspirators who for ingenuity of device and daring of execution have few equals in the annals of fiction. The brave, keen, and resourceful Mannister copes single-handed with his enemies in a series of adventures that will keep the reader's interest alert to the very end.



LOOK behind—once more," the woman gasped, stooping a little from the saddle.

Even with that slight movement she swayed and almost fell. The man's hand supported her, he alone knew

with what an effort.

"There is no one in sight," he muttered, but he did not look. His heart was sick with the accumulated fear of these awful months.

They stumbled on again, a weary, heart-sickening spectacle. The woman's eyes were half closed, her cheeks were as pale as death, her black hair was powdered with dust, her clothing soiled and worn. She rode a small Mexican pony, itself in the last stage of exhaustion. By her side, on foot, with his left hand locked in the reins, the man staggered along. In her face was the white numbness of despair, the despair which takes no count of living terrors. In his the shadow of an awful fear remained. His eyes were glazed and framed in deep black rims. His mouth was open like a dog's, his knees trembled as he ran. Once

the woman had turned her head, and seeing him had shivered. He reminded her of one of those prairie-wolves into whose carcass the bullet from the last cartridge in his revolver had found its way. If her lips could have borne the effort, she would have smiled at the idea that it was for love of such a man that she had thrown away her life. The terror of this unending chase had eaten the manhood out of him. He had no longer any hope, any courage. He followed only the blind impulse of the hunted animal—to flee. He wore shirt and trousers only; his socks had gone, his feet were bleeding through the gaps in his rent shoes. Yet he had held himself bravely enough in the great world before the cup of Iseult had touched his lips.

A speck in the distance—a somber blur upon the landscape. He saw it and pointed. The effort of stretching out his hand overbalanced him. He fell in a heap upon the rough roadway, and for a moment lay still. Her pony halted, trembling in every limb, his forelegs planted outward, his nose close to the ground.

She leaned down toward him. "Gaston," she cried feebly, "are you hurt?"

He rose to his feet, and as he did so she

noticed that he kept his head studiously turned away from the direction whence they had come. He shook the dust from his rags of clothing, and gathered the reins once more into his hand. Of his hurts, if he had received any, he took no more notice than a dumb animal.

"Come on," he gasped. "There is wooded country ahead. We may find shelter. Come!"

"Look behind," she directed.

"No!" he answered, shivering.

"Look behind—I wish it," she insisted.

"It is better to know."

Slowly he turned his head. There was little room for expression left in his face, but she saw the slow dilation of his eyes, the animal drop of his jaw. He stood as one turned to stone, gazing back along the way by which they had come. As the woman understood, she drew one long sigh and slipped from the saddle, mercifully unconscious. The man did not heed her. His eyes were still fixed upon that speck in the distance, a cloud of dust, a man on horseback. Curiously enough, his most poignant feeling was one of relief. It was the end at last, the end of a chase surely more terrible than any since the day when sin itself was born.

She opened her eyes for a moment. "It is he?" she questioned.

"It is he," the man repeated, as one might tell the time to a stranger.

She pointed to the revolver in his belt, but he shook his head. She remembered that his cartridges were all gone.

"Kill me some other way," she pleaded.

"I could not," he answered. "I am not strong enough. I have no strength left. We have been very foolish, Christine. We should have waited in the city. There it would have been man to man at least. Now I am broken. I cannot strike a blow. I cannot even kill myself. I cannot kill you. I have no strength left. This flight by night and by day has robbed me of it. It was foolish!"

She turned her face to the ground with a little sob. "I will hold my breath and die," she declared. "He shall not see me like this."

The man stared at her dully. What did it matter, the rents in her garments, such trifles in the presence of death? He was a stupid fellow, and he had never gaged the extent of a woman's vanity.

The speck in the distance grew more distinct, the cloud of dust larger. Then there came to the man a last access of strength, a strength wholly artificial, begotten of the terror which lay like ice upon his heart. He plucked at the woman and half helped, half pushed her upon the waiting pony.

"He will catch us! He is here at last, Christine," he jabbered. "We must get to the wood. Perhaps we can hide, and strike him down when he is looking for us. I have a stone in my pocket I picked up. It is sharp—sharp as a knife! If I could get behind him—"

The woman shivered, but she suffered herself to be led. The pony staggered on as though every step might be its last. The man ran, breathing with difficulty, and with face almost black. And in their hearts they both knew that it was useless. Their pursuer was only cantering his horse, and he was gaining at every stride. Down the wind came the sound of his voice, the voice of the untired man who triumphs.

"Gently, my friends, gently! Do you not see that it is I, Mannister, who calls? Why do you hurry so?"

Over on his face went the hunted man, nerveless, and stricken with a new fear at the sound of that mocking voice. The pony stopped and swayed, collapsing rather than falling in the rough way. The woman lay there with her face to the earth and her arms stretched out. The man commenced to groan like a stricken animal, or else he too might have been taken for dead. So they lay when their pursuer, on a great bay mare as yet untired, rode up to them.

He sat on his horse looking from one to the other. He was a man of something apparently less than middle age, with smooth fair hair and face, which the hand of time seemed to have treated kindly. Only, a sudden and very terrible light flashed in his eyes as he looked down at the woman, a light which lingered, however, but for that single second, and passed away leaving his whole expression nonchalant, almost undisturbed.

"Upon my word," he observed, resting his left hand lightly upon his horse's flank, "I am distressed to have been the cause of so much suffering. You have been unreasonable, my dear Gaston, to force a lady to undertake a journey such as this. A few words with you, that was all I asked.

Surely, it is not worth while to have given me all this trouble, and to have put yourselves to such inconvenience! My dear Christine, I must confess that the state of your wardrobe distresses me."

Her shoulders shook, but she did not look up.

"And you, too, my dear Gaston," he continued, still sitting easily upon his horse and lighting a cigarette. "I must confess that it pains me to see you in such guise. We met last at the Cavalry Club, I think it was, the day young Pennant tried to wear a roll collar with a dress-coat. I remember your remarks upon the occasion, scathing but well deserved. You were always our recognized authority upon matters of the person. It grieves me to see you like this, Gaston. Is that indeed a shirt, the remnants of which you are still wearing! And, my dear fellow, pardon me, but your feet and hands—every finger-nail gone, I declare! I am ashamed to ask you, but, upon my word, when did you take a bath last?"

The man called Gaston staggered to his feet. With the poor remnants of his strength he threw himself against his persecutor, his nervous, bony fingers locked around the stone which was his only weapon. It was, after all, but a pitiful effort. The newcomer touched his horse with the spur, and his assailant rolled in the dust.

"Get up, my friend," the former remarked pleasantly, looking downward. "You and I must have our little conversation together, I suppose. Let us go as far as the woods there. We shall be better alone."

Slowly and painfully the fallen man staggered to his feet. The newcomer withdrew one foot from its stirrup.

"Hold on to this," he directed. "I will ride carefully."

It was barely a hundred yards to the border of the wood, but more than once the man faltered and almost collapsed. When at last they reached their destination, the sudden change from the dazzling sunlight to the cool darkness of the thick trees was too much for him. He groped for a moment like a drunken man, then staggered forward and fell. Mannister stooped down and dragged him to his feet. For a moment he held him at arm's length, studying him with all the immeasurable contempt of the brave man for a proved coward. Then he placed him on a fallen log, his back to a tree-trunk.

"Don't shake so, man," he said, feeling in his pocket and producing a flask. "Drink some of this. It will give you the sort of courage you need."

Gaston Sinclair grabbed at the flask, a sudden gleam of desire flashing in his glazed eyes. His nerveless fingers failed utterly to loosen the stopper. Mannister leaned over and took the flask from the hand which still clung almost passionately to it.

"You shall have your drink," he said. "Don't be afraid. Here!"

A turn of his strong sinewy fingers, and the stopper was out. He poured some of the brandy into a silver cup and held it out to the other man.

"Drink," he said. "Take it all. Don't be afraid. There is no poison in it."

The man drank and gasped and drank again. Mannister turned from him with the air of one who seeks to avoid an ugly sight. He looked through a gap in the trees out on to the plain, his eyes traveling backward along that rough road to where the woman still lay. As he watched she moved her position, sitting up on the roadside, her head buried in her hands, her attitude, notwithstanding her soiled and disheveled clothes, reminiscent of a former subtle and notable elegance. The man's face remained unchanged, but his fingers dug into the bark of the fallen tree on which they sat. This woman had been his wife. She had lain in his arms, her lips against his, her passionate whispering like wonderful music in his ears. She had been his, she had loved him for a while at any rate—perhaps even now! And she had brought him into the shadow of the greatest tragedy which men and women have woven on the loom of life. She had left him for this creature by his side, left him to become that most pitiable object on the face of the earth—a forsaken husband. Yet he felt no anger for her—little even for the poor companion of her flight. Understanding had come to him during the long nights and weary days of this wonderful chase. Up and down the world, across continents and seas, through great cities and across desert places he had followed them, his hand ever stretched out, until the fear which never left them had become a living thing, and their journeying a nerveless hysterical flight. He had left them no peace, no respite. When in some out-of-the-way corner of the world they had fancied themselves secure for a time, a

telegram had been handed to them—"I am coming"—and the chase had begun anew. And this was the end. They were broken—absolutely at his mercy—broken body and soul. He lit another cigarette, and turned away from the contemplation of that bent figure. Life, after all, was an unsatisfying thing.

He turned round suddenly. Sinclair had armed himself with a short stick, and his hand was lifted to strike. Mannister laughed as he struck down his arm.

"Don't be a fool," he said scornfully. "Can't you see that if I meant to kill you I could have twisted your neck at any moment? Sit down and listen to me."

Sinclair gasped. "Give me another drink," he begged.

Mannister measured him out a small quantity. "No more," he said firmly. "Sit down now. I want to talk to you."

The man groveled before him. His brain, giddy with the fumes of the spirits, held but one thought. He was to live! Mannister did not mean to kill him! It was unnatural—impossible!

"You are going to kill us, to kill us both!" he cried in a frenzied whisper. "We heard of the oath you took. A year ago I could have met you like a man. To-day we are broken, both of us. We have lived and slept with fear so long."

"Your lives," Mannister answered calmly, "are not worth a stray pin to me. Live or die, I am indifferent. You will come to no harm from me. If I had desired vengeance," he added, with a faint smile, "don't you think that I have it? You are not the Gaston Sinclair that you were, my friend. The lady, your companion, has apparently suffered, too."

Sinclair's body was shaken with groans. "If only we could have stopped!" he moaned. "Oh, it is terrible to be hunted! You begin to run—and you can't stop. You want to turn round and face the thing behind—and you can't. And your nerves snap, one by one, and your courage dies; you forget that you are a human being. You rush blindly on, always terrified. Every time you look behind your heart sinks; in every crowd you search frantically for one face; every resting-place you enter with a sob of fear. Locked doors are useless. There is a knock; you must open. A waiter, perhaps, but the sweat is on your forehead, you are shaking like a leaf. The

man thinks you are mad. Everywhere you are suspected, shunned. Every pair of eyes that meets yours seems to carry behind them the knowledge that you are running away. Oh, it is hell, hell!"

"This," Mannister declared, with a pleasant smile, "is most interesting. You have had quite an experience, my dear Sinclair, and you speak of it most eloquently. Now you will kindly abandon this somewhat melodramatic attitude of yours, and—listen to me."

The last three words were spoken with a sudden tense note of command. Sinclair, whose head had sunk between his hands, looked slowly up.

"Well?" he said.

"When I first left England and followed you to Genoa," Mannister said, "my intentions were perfectly simple and, I may add, absolutely primitive. I meant to kill you both on sight. I lost time just at first, and the chase became a long one. Lately I have had advices from England, and I begin to understand the game. It was a little more complex than I thought at first. It was a little more complex, I think, than you fully understood."

"I was a fool!" Sinclair groaned, "a hopeless, miserable fool!"

"You were the tool of clever men," Mannister continued. "So was I. It was part of a conspiracy. I can see that now. And while I have been away our friends over there have proceeded to strip me bare and divide the plunder. What was your share, my dear friend?"

"I cannot tell you anything about it," Sinclair groaned. "You know very well that I cannot. You know the penalty."

Mannister smiled. "You will never," he remarked suavely, "be nearer death than you are just now."

There was silence for several moments between the two men. The little wood was singularly free from all animal noises; not even a breath of wind was stirring in the trees. Mannister spoke again.

"You will probably," he said, "never go back to England. In that case you are safe from our friends. You have at least a chance of escape. From me, unless you obey, you have none."

"You said that you were not going to kill me," Sinclair declared sullenly.

"Under reasonable conditions, I am not," Mannister said. "Such desire as I had for

vengeance is—well, shall we say gratified? You will never again be the man you were."

"Curse you!" Sinclair answered bitterly.

"Curse those others, and your own vanity, not me," Mannister replied. "I wish you no further harm than has already come to you. But the truth I mean to know, and so surely as you refuse to tell me, so surely do you die!"

There was a moment's silence. Sinclair was thinking of all the things from which he must cut himself off forever. The clubs, the restaurants, the city haunts and friends—all these things must go. And yet it was something to live! Only an hour ago life would have seemed a priceless and wonderful gift. It was no time to bargain, this.

"It was Colin Stevens who planned it," he said slowly. "There were seven others who were in it."

"The names of the other seven?" Mannister demanded.

"Colin Stevens was the leader," Sinclair repeated unwillingly.

"The names of the other seven," Mannister said calmly, "or I shall wring your neck. It is not a pleasant death."

"Phil Rundermere."

"The blackguard! I saved him from ruin once," Mannister whispered softly. "Go on."

"John Dykes."

"Of course! Well?"

"Sophy de la Mere."

"Ladies, too!" Mannister murmured. "Well, she had no cause to love me. Go on."

"Fred Hambledon."

"Good! Who else?"

"Benjamin Traske."

"Poor boy! He went where he was led, of course. That makes five."

"Ernest Jacobs."

"False little brute!" Mannister murmured. "I judged he must have been in it. One more, Sinclair."

"You know enough," Sinclair muttered. "Let the other one go. He was led into it, as I was. He never did you any real injury."

"Perhaps not, Sinclair," Mannister answered smoothly, "but nevertheless a bargain is a bargain, if you please. I must know his name. Or shall I guess it? Dick Polsover, eh? Ah, I thought so! Your own particular friend, Sinclair. Well, it's hard to have to give him away, isn't it?"

"You know their names now," Sinclair said, with a sudden gleam of curiosity.

"What are you going to do? You cannot go back to England. You would never face it!"

"I am not quite so sure about that, my oversanguine friend," Mannister answered.

"If ever I do, you may go down on your knees and pray for those eight men—if you think it will do them any good. By the by, you, I suppose, were the decoy to get me out of England. It was for that purpose that you made love to my wife. What did you get out of it?"

"Five thousand pounds," Sinclair answered. "I was to have had more, but it has never come."

"A bad bargain," Mannister declared. "Why, you must have spent nearly that much running away from me."

"We have spent it all. We have not enough to live on for a month."

"I am afraid," Mannister declared, swinging his riding-boot against the trunk of the tree, "that in making you a present of the gift of life I am not doing you a very great service—you or the woman who is now dependent upon you. You will have to work, Sinclair, I am afraid. You never liked work, did you?"

"Haven't you nearly finished with me?" Sinclair answered. "I must look after—her. We need food."

"You will find plenty in the wagon out there," Mannister answered. "The lady whom you tactfully allude to as 'her' is already being attended to. I have a fancy for traveling comfortably, and notwithstanding this attack upon my fortunes, I am not quite a pauper. Do you know, Sinclair, I fancy that our eight friends may have been just a little disappointed. I never believed in keeping all my eggs in one basket. They looked upon me as a sort of Monte Christo, but there were more treasure-caves than one. Come, Sinclair, we will go. I have learned from you all that I required to know. Come to the edge of the wood. There is one thing more which I have to say to you."

Sinclair staggered up, a weak, broken-spirited creature of a man: he was bent almost double, and he reached scarcely to the other's shoulder. Mannister showed no signs of fatigue. His white-linen riding-suit was unsoiled; his tie and collar were immaculate. His hands, though brown, were unblistered, and his nails well cared

The Long Arm of Mannister

for. He might very well have been riding through the hills on a Simla picnic. If he had suffered through that tireless chase, his hard, bronzed face showed little signs of it. Compared with him, the creature by his side was negligible.

His left hand he laid upon Sinclair's drooping shoulder; with his right forefinger he pointed to where they had left the woman. A covered wagon was there now, and a fire burning. The woman herself was just visible, reclining in a camp-chair. Mannister's voice was slower and more deliberate.

"Sinclair," he said, "you see there your life. You have done me, as a man, the greatest injury which one man has learned in nineteen hundred years to inflict upon another. In leaving you alive upon the earth I make no pretense at forgiving you. To kick you into eternity would be, however, only the caprice of a child. The vengeance of God and man strikes deeper. The woman is yours by right of theft. I leave you together, and I leave you the care of her a charge upon your life. Only remember that my arm is long, and as you deal with her so shall you be dealt with by me."

"She loves me no more! She is weary already!" the man muttered. "There is no path in life which we could tread together."

"Too late," Mannister answered. "You must hew, one ax in hand, even if it be through the wilderness. And for the rest, the love of a woman is to be won by the man on whom she leans. You must win hers, Sinclair. You played the lover well enough, no doubt, when you took her from my home. See that you play it again, and to good purpose."

"I lied to her. I worked upon her jealousy," Sinclair muttered.

"My common sense has already assured me of that," Mannister answered, "else she would never have left me for you. Never mind. You must do your best. There is but one royal road through life for you, and along that road you must go hand in hand or alone to your grave. For the smaller matters, you will find that there is money enough in her name to keep you from starvation, and I shall require to hear of your marriage within two months. My divorce decree is before the courts."

"She will not marry me," Sinclair said sullenly. "We do not speak. All day and night she weeps because of what she has done."

"What you won once," Mannister said, "when surely everything was against you, you can win again now when she is alone in the world and the poor remnants of her honor are in your keeping. At any rate, you must try. Remember that it is for your life that you plead. Come!"

The two men approached the camp side by side, Mannister leading his horse by the bridle, tall, slim, debonair; Sinclair hobbling by his side, bent and broken, with dulled eyes and wandering footsteps. The woman leaned forward to watch them as they came. Her lips were parted, a tinge of color had come back to her cheeks. Her beautiful eyes were fastened upon Mannister; it seemed as though she were fighting with all there was of life left in her to draw from his stony face one single sign of recognition. He came and went among his servants, giving brief orders; once he almost brushed her skirts, and passed by with blank, unseeing eyes. She did not exist for him! He did not speak to her! He could ignore her so completely—he could act as though she were already dead! Faster and faster came her breath, and whiter grew her lips. She loved him! She had known it in the long nights, she had felt it like a mortal pain piercing her burden of intolerable shame. Now he was coming nearer—he had passed! He was upon his horse—how well he always looked on horseback!—and her fingers were gripping the shoulder of the poor creature whom she loathed.

"Remember," he said, looking down with a flash from his steely blue eyes. "Remember, Sinclair!"

His horse plunged, and he was galloping away. She sprang to her feet, a cry of anguish breaking at last from her dry lips.

"He is coming back!" she shrieked. "Tell me that he is coming back!"

"He is never coming back," Sinclair said sullenly.

She looked at him for one moment, and her heart sickened with loathing. Away along the level road the figure of the retreating horseman grew smaller and smaller. She tottered and fell forward upon her face. Sinclair sat still and understood why he was alive.

The next part of "*The Long Arm of Mannister*" will appear in the November issue.

The Two Ages

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

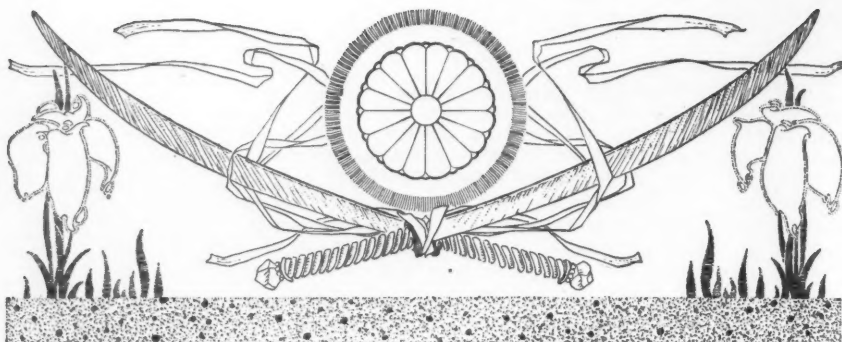
ON great cathedral windows I have seen
A summer sunset swoon and sink away,
Lost in the splendors of immortal art.
Angels and saints and all the heavenly hosts,
With smiles undimmed by half a thousand years,
From wall and niche have met my lifted gaze.
Sculpture and carving and illumined page,
And the fair, lofty dreams of architects,
That speak of beauty to the centuries—
All these have fed me with divine repasts.
Yet in my mouth is left a bitter taste,
The taste of blood that stained that age of art.

Those glorious windows shine upon the black
And hideous structure of the guillotine:
Beside the haloed countenance of saints
There hangs the multiple and knotted lash.
The Christ of love, benign and beautiful,
Looks at the torture-rack, by hate conceived
And bigotry sustained. The prison cell,
With blood-stained walls, where starving men went mad,
Lies under turrets matchless in their grace.

God, what an age! How was it that you let
Colossal genius and colossal crime
Walk for a hundred years across the earth,
Like giant twins? How was it then that men,
Conceiving such vast beauty for the world,
And such large hopes of heaven, could entertain
Such hellish projects for their fellow-men?
How could the hand that with consummate skill
And loving patience limned the luminous page,
Drop pen and brush, and seize the branding-rod,
To scourge a brother for his differing faith?

Not great this age, in beauty or in art.
Nothing is wrought to-day that shall endure,
For earth's adornment, through long centuries.
Not ours the fervid worship of a God
That wastes its splendid opulence on glass,
Leaving but hate, to give its mortal kin.
Yet great this age: its mighty work is man
Knowing himself, the universal life.
And great our faith, which shows itself in works
For human freedom and for racial good.
The true religion lies in being kind.
No age is greater than its faith is broad.
Through liberty and love men climb to God.

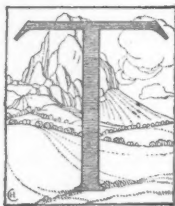




The World-Menace of Japan

THE ENERGIES OF THE ISLAND EMPIRE, DIRECTED TOWARD AG-
GRANDIZEMENT AND EXPANSION, HAVE BECOME A CAUSE OF
SERIOUS CONCERN TO OTHER COUNTRIES BESIDES OUR OWN

By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L.



THE question as to the admission of Japanese is common to Canada and the United States. But in the case of Canada the settlement of the question rests with the imperial government, which remains supreme in all things, neither the Dominion as a whole nor any one of its provinces having anything analogous to state rights; though the imperial government always feels itself morally bound to pay attention to colonial opinion. What, in the case of the United States, are the relative powers of the federal government and the government of the state, it is for American jurists to decide. What seems certain is that there can be no domestic legislation by treaty with a foreign power, though domestic legislation may follow as the necessary consequence of a treaty. When, for instance, the French emperor made a commercial treaty with Great Britain and carried it into effect, though

rather questionably, by his autocratic edict, the edict, not the treaty, was the legislative act.

The admission of Japanese to Canada can hardly fail in some degree to affect the question regarding their admission to the Pacific States of the Union. But admitted to Canada the Japanese, if their government insists upon it, apparently must be, the relations between Great Britain and Japan being what they now are. This Anglo-Japanese alliance is the last outcome of the anti-Russian policy of England, which dates from the Crimean War, a war into which England was practically drawn by three men, each of them with a motive of his own, that of Palmerston being antagonism to Lord Aberdeen; that of Sir Stratford Canning, resentment for a personal affront received from the Russian court; that of the emperor of the French, military glory for his throne and perhaps the assertion of his place in the circle of royalties, by whom he had been treated rather as a *parvenu*.

If the Japanese and Chinese are to be admitted at all, it would seem that they must

be admitted freely. The exaction of a large fine on admission prevents them from bringing their wives, thus limiting the emigration to the male sex, to which obviously there is grave objection.

Americans, it seems, are beginning to look with misgiving at this vast inrush of immigration, which, especially in great cities, the centers of politics and the press, must presently tell on the character of the nation, and, through its character, on its institutions.

No political constitution is perfect or will wear forever. Time, the great innovator, impairs if you do not mend. Franklin saw defects in the work of the founders, though he kept his doubts to himself. The adoption of Montesquieu's erroneous theory of separation between the legislative and executive spheres has interfered with the production of trained statesmen. Worse than this, the nation has been divided into two organized parties, formed upon principles now largely belonging to the past, yet still carrying on a perpetual war for power and place. But the Republic has been upheld by the character of its people. A short residence in a country town has been enough to reassure an observer who had felt misgiving about the political stability of the Republic. The character of the people was American, but how much more dilution it will bear, especially with elements so alien politically and generally so unused to republican government as the Semitic, the Calabrian, the Chinese, and the Japanese, it would be difficult to say. The public schools, it may be said, will accomplish the assimilation in time. But this will take time, and the assimilation, after all, may be rather intellectual than political or moral.

When the fathers of the Republic opened an asylum for humanity, they were perhaps thinking more of the unfortunate and the persecuted than of this torrent of alien blood. The immigration question is, in fact, the most serious that is before the American people, touching, as it does, the very life of the nation. Manual labor of certain kinds and domestic service it seems necessary to import. A native American, it may be assumed, seldom handles pick or spade. At the time of the Molly Maguire riots a visit to the disturbed district at once satisfied the inquirer that the disturbance was foreign. Rarely or only under peculiar circumstances apparently is the native

American woman seen in domestic service. A large immigration element therefore there must be. But it ought, if possible, to be so regulated as to prevent it from affecting the national character.

On the native American population the restraints common to all highly civilized races are no doubt taking effect, limiting its increase and, of course, its assimilating power.

As to the Japanese, little more than half a century has passed since Commodore Perry, accosting them with republican frankness, reunited them to the family of nations. The military and commercial features of Western civilization they have fully made their own, some of the commercial features rather too fully, as those who have had dealings with them and contrast their character with that of the Chinese know. But in tastes and habits, in moral, social, domestic, and political notions and ideals, the Japanese still seem to differ essentially from the people of the West. There is something even in the character of the valor, of which they have been making so splendid a display, different from that of the ordinary soldier. It has an air of fanatical self-devotion that reminds one of the three liegemen of Timur who, when ordered by him to prove to a stranger their devotion by committing suicide in different ways, at once obeyed. In the molding of Japanese character, religion has not played the part which Christianity as a moral system has played in molding the character of Christian nations. National feeling, since Japan has emerged from feudalism and become a nation, is evidently very strong and will be likely to delay fusion. It will, besides, always have a basis and source of renewal in their mother country. A mixed community of Whites and Yellows could, therefore, hardly be a success.

It is always to be borne in mind that the United States has already a vast population of negroes that are unassimilated and destined, it is to be feared, always unassimilated to remain. How much there is that the framers of the Constitution could not foresee!

On the military part of the problem it is for military and naval men to decide. The United States, having hitherto confronted the military and naval powers of Europe, is now suddenly called upon to face about, as it were, and present a front to

The World-Menace of Japan

Asiatic powers, the number and strength of which will not be determined till it is seen whether China is to be combined with Japan. Opinion seems to be still unsettled as to the ultimate practicability of the Panama Canal; while to strike round Cape Horn with sufficient celerity will hardly be feasible, even with the amendment of the law of nations enjoining a declaration of war. The United States might perhaps find an ally in Australia, where the demonstration of Japanese power and ambition has bred uncomfortable sensations. Canada, besides being included in the Anglo-Japanese league, will be helpless as a military power. Her naval fortress in British Columbia must speedily share the fate of Port Arthur. Her protectress, Great Britain, is far away, and her own military force, small in numbers, whatever may be its quality, is, from the great distances between her provinces, incapable of rapid concentration. A deliberate onslaught of either of the powers on the other is not to be apprehended. But the mine of ambition and jealousy, unfortunately, is everywhere charged, and it is possible that some dispute about the treatment of immigrants, such as that which has just been settled, might be the fatal spark. This, however, is a phase of the subject on which a civilian is neither competent nor very willing to dwell.

His temper the Japanese apparently has shown by his treatment of Korea. Korea has not been happy; her government has been described as tyrannical and corrupt, the corruption extending to the educational department, though education and learning are said to be held in high esteem. She has culture enough to have produced a series of novelettes, one of which was translated into French and published under the title of "*Printemps Parfumé*." It is a graceful little tale, very sentimental, and with a socialistic tinge. Korea would no doubt have fallen into the grip of the Russian bear had she not been snatched from it by the fangs of the Japanese wolf. But the government of a military satrap of Russia in an outlying province is said to be better than the government of St. Petersburg, while the comparatively low level of Russian civilization diminishes the gulf between the conqueror and the conquered.

It will presently be seen whether the object of Japan is extension of power or room for an increasing population. In the

first case, it is easily surmised that the mark of her ambition will be China. China, with her countless millions and her rich resources, flaccid and torpid as she is, seems to invite invaders who, playing over again the part of the Manchu Tartar, might seat a Japanese dynasty on the throne of Peking. It appears scarcely possible that she should not in some way be affected by an electrical current from Japan. The Western nations, at all events, will no longer be able, in the case of China, to treat the East as devoid of national rights, as mere plunder as to the division of which they have only to agree among themselves. Of such things as the opium trade forced on China by British power, the Lorch War, and the bombardment of Canton we shall hear no more.

The Philippines also are named as a possible mark of Japanese aggrandizement and expansion. Of what use those islands are to the American people otherwise than as a trophy, it is surely difficult to see. The trade does not appear to repay the cost of occupation. The native population is large, apparently undesirable, and such as to afford little hope of the creation of a daughter republic. A distant dependency may be desirable for military reasons, such as the protection of trade; but as a political adjunct it seems to be rather a barnacle, hardly suitable or salutary for a republic. If one may judge by the general expressions of American opinion, a bargain might not be impossible in this case.

The people who have most reason to dread Japanese aggrandizement undoubtedly are the Australians. Of this the Australians are sensible. They have been passing exclusion laws, barring out both Japanese and Chinese, somewhat weakening their own case at the same time by legislating, under the influence of their unions, against the perfectly free admission of labor of other kinds. To maintain the exclusion of Japanese cannot fail to be difficult in view of the present connection between the imperial country and Japan. Yet the thought of being compelled to admit Japanese, much more the thought of sharing Australia with them, seems to fill the hearts of the Australians with alarm and wrath. They declare their determination to go to any extremities rather than give way upon this point. A union of Anglo-Saxons and Japanese, the two races being alien in all their ideas and ways, and the

Japanese being intruders, would be ill assorted, almost monstrous. But what can the imperial country do? Apart from the league into which she has entered with Japan, can she undertake to protect a colony incapable of self-protection and on the other side of the globe against the aggression of a great neighboring power? When Australia and New Zealand were penal colonies, distance was no drawback, perhaps it was rather a recommendation. It is now a drawback of the most serious kind. This case may possibly cause England to reflect on the policy of an imperial system which involves her in such responsibilities; while as the colonies refuse, and must continue to refuse, protective preference to British trade, she gets little save the name of Empire in return. Affection undiminished, perhaps increased, she would have if the imperial tie were dissolved to-morrow.

It seems certain that the success of Japan, as a revolution in favor of the East, has been felt in India and has added somewhat to the unrest prevailing there. But the unrest prevailing in India is apparently confined largely to the educated and English-speaking class of natives, many of them trained in British schools and colleges, who have imbibed English ideas of constitutional

liberty and nationality, while many of them are competitors with the British for the state appointments in India, and some of them have mixed in British politics. The feeling of this party shows itself in an oriental vehemence of language which it is necessary to discount. It does not extend to the native masses, who have no ideas of political liberty and are not candidates for state appointments. The native princes, held on their thrones by British power, remained loyal even at the time of the mutiny. The army is loyal; notably so are the Sikhs and Ghurkas, who are the core of it. All the artillery and all the means of making ammunition are kept in British hands. Besides, what is still more decisive, Moham-medans will not conspire with Hindus. Nothing, therefore, at present threatens British dominion in India. But no British child can be reared in the Indian climate. *Hic terminus hæret.* That is the limit fixed by fate.

Speculation upon the probable movements of Japan, however, must depend largely on the real state of her exchequer. As moderation is not a leading feature of her character, her moderation in treating with Russia at Portsmouth seemed to show that she felt the limit of her resources, and needed at least time for recuperation.



The Secret Kingdom

By Thomas Wood Stevens

GIVE me to wear the wondrous cloak of song,
And let me crown your head with chaplets green,
And kneel before you as to some dim queen
Who lived before the fickle world went wrong;
Let me in this my love be gay and strong,
A minstrel-lord of some remote demesne,
Master of harp and sword and all between,
A prince, and peer of all your subject throng.

And let this be our secret, yours and mine.
I would not have all see you as I do,
So chapleted to fill a gorgeous dream,
And I (pale scribbler) show no haunting sign
To make men think on what I ask of you—
No sign of being what I fain would seem.

The Heir of the Broken-O

A New "Wolfville" Story

By Alfred Henry Lewis

Illustrated by W. Herbert Dunton



AS to the size of that bundle Peets inherits," reemarked the Old Cattleman, with the painstaking manner of one who would like to be accurate if he could—"as to the actool size of that bundle, I never has preeceise information. Peets himsef sheds no direct light on it, an' nacher'ly I don't go proselytin' 'round askin' him questions, bein' too well brought up by my folks. Boggs says once, in talkin' about it, that it's big enough to choke a cow; which statement, while calk'lated to excite admiration, don't go into details sufficient to justify a figger. The closest any gent ever comes to puttin' it down, bookkeep fashion, is Old Man Enright, who allows it's fifty thousand dollars. That's a big pot of money, fifty thousand is, an' if you-all don't mind I reckon I'll ring for the lick. The mention of sech giant sums shore leaves my mouth as dry as a covered bridge.

"Fifty thousand dollars!" repeated the old gentleman, after he had been refreshed. Then, musingly: "I recalls the first big money I ever rounds up; which it's a roll of ten thousand. I ain't likely to forget the sensation none. For the first week I thought that ten thousand was a million dollars; after that I simply knowed it was. How do I make it? Well, that's neither yere nor thar. Besides, a gent can't tell two stories at once, more'n a dog can chase two rabbits at once; wharfore, let's stick to the fifty thousand Peets inherits that time.

"An' yet, to be c'rrect, it ain't a inheritance, emanatin' as it does from folks who's no kin of Peets's. It's not exackly what I'd call a donation neither; it's more like a pick-up, an' sort o' reverts to Peets as the legit'mate froot of his eddicational bow an'

spear. You frequent hears me mention how Peets is that wise he vis'bly uplifts the mental average of Arizona. This time he proves it; an' it's for that reason I'm allers speshul glad the play comes off. It's refreshin', as markin' the troo valyoo of science, to have a eddicated sport like Peets up an' make a killin', by merely knowin' things at what book-sharps call the croocial moment.

"It's the Deacon who's the instrooment seelected by fate to confer on Peets that treasure; none the less the story, told proper, begins off to one side, with a malignant, p'isenous form of hooman varmint, who signs the books as Jaybird Horne. Likewise, the yarn possesses other elements of disj'intedness, doo to its bein' troo. Lies allers flies straight as arrers toward whatever they're aimed at, an' either misses or hurts or kills as the case may be. Trooth is different a whole lot. It's more apt to go wanderin' an' squanderin' an' zizzaggin' all over the map, like a pony with its bridle off. An' for causes obv'ous: Lies is artificial, an' framed up for a purpose. As ag'inst this, trooth is nacheral, an' in its 'nitial appearance at least, never has no ax to grind. Which if you'll only stop an' think, you'll see that this yere must be so.

"The commencement of things then is when that outcast Jaybird, ridin' a pinto pony an' hailin' from Lordsburg, comes bulgin' into camp. He makes a more or less mem'rabable debou; for a Red Dog loonatic called Curly Simpson, who's projectin' 'round Wolfville at the time, pulls his six-shooter, an' takes to cuttin' the dust about Jaybird's moccasins, as soon as ever he hits the ground.

"'I'm feelin' depressed an' low,' explains Curly that a-way, 'an' if you'll kindly dance a little, it may serve to cheer me up.'

"As though willin' to yoomer Curly, this

Jaybird shore does jump high an' sprightly, like a t'rangler; wharupon Curly gets pleased with his ag'il'ty to that degree he cracks off all six loads like the rollin' of a drum. When Curly's final cartridge is gone an' he's plumb inokyooous, Jaybird, as-soomin' a rattlesnake grin, prodooes a derringer an' puts a bullet through his foot.

"It 'ud be your locoed head," says Jaybird, "only most likely sech feats involves me with the Stranglers, for which I ain't got time. Likewise, when you next inaug'rates a *baile* of this deescription, either pack a second gun, or don't become so lib'rally profoose as to wholly empty the one you has. You sees yourse'f that either you ought to have saved your last cartridge, as a reeserve ag'inst the unexpected, or been wearin' another pistol so's to be ready, when called on, to back your crazy play. My own notion, private, is to allers have the second gun, as bein' better form. While a gent, without sacrificin' his standin', may permit his wardrobe to bog down to where he ain't got a change of shirts, he ought never to be found without a change of guns."

"Inasmuch as this eepisode comes off in front of the post-office, which is the next edifice to the Red Light, most of us is thar. When Jaybird finishes his oration, Enright, whose strong suit is bein' friendly to strangers an' makin' 'em feel at home, explains that Wolfville don't claim to be reesponsible for Curly, him hailin' from Red Dog.

"An' I certainly hopes," says Enright, "that, onder the circumstances, Curly's capers won't leave no sense of annoyance, nor op'rate with you to queer the town."

"None whatever!" returns Jaybird, mighty gala. Then, to all of us, "Gents, my name's Horne—Jaybird Horne; an' I makes no doubts but when this Curly Red Dog person gets acquainted with me, he'll respect me an' walk 'round me like I'm a swamp."

"Curly is freighted over to Red Dog on a buckboard, by virchoo of his game foot; an' Enright closes the incident by allowin' he's glad he gets it, as a lesson ag'inst bein' so inordinate an' plumb reedundant with his gun.

"Leastwise," says Enright, in concloo-sion, "I don't want Curly to come pirootin' over to Wolfville, givin' rein to his witless activities, no more."

"Let's go into yon s'loon," returns Jay-

bird, indicatin' the Red Light, 'an' forget it over a bowl of snake-water. Neither do I mind admittin', gents, seen' I'm feelin' some languid myse'f when I rides in, how that little gun-play, so far from irritatin', reelly relieves me an' falls in with my moods."

"With the start he makes, if Jaybird has the orig'nal roodiments of a white man in him, he might have climbed to what heights he chooses in public esteem. Wolfville is generous to the p'int of bein' a proverb. It has its tol'rant rooles. You comes to Wolfville, an' it's as though you're beginnin' life anoo. Your past is nothin' to that hamlet. It begins with you as you steps from the stage. It don't ask your name; it asks, 'What may we call you?' an' leaves you, as a proodent gent, to pick out what title is best adapted to your needs. As you go romancin' along from day to day, it watches you; an', final, it endorses you or lynches you as seems jest an' mete. All of which I endows you with former.

"Bein' moved up into commoonal fellowship, your Wolfville foocher is ashored. Should you go broke, it stakes you; should you marry, it shakes a festive laig at the weddin'; should a papoose be born to call you 'Daddy,' it gets drunk with you; should you fall sick, it sets up with you. Die? Shore, if you dies, it confers on you a hon'rabl sepulcher on Boot Hill, an' everybody attends the obsequies—that is, everybody who's out of jail. You notes, tharfore, that Jaybird's got the local makin' or breakin' of himself wholly in his own hands, an' can stand way up in the pictures if so inclined.

"That he ain't so inclined none cuts less of a figger in Jaybird's case perhaps, since it's plain from the jump he don't aim to remain. However, in them few days he does stay, he shore creates a black impression. An' at that I figgers it's more his atmosphere than what he does. He's plenty reepellant, is this Jaybird outlaw, an' you-all can smell villainy off him same as you smells fire in a house. Physic'ly, he's small an' wiry, with bow-laigs from livin' a heap in the saddle. His eyes is small an' has a weaselish look, same as belongs to that egg-suckin', hen-huntin' breed of animals who can see in the dark.

"Most of all, however, it's Jaybird's face that's ag'inst him. For one thing, it peters out into one of them little cat chins, sharp

The Heir of the Broken-O

an' bony at the p'int, broad at the corners of the jaw, like the jaws of snakes of p'isen sort—the chin of a murderer rather than a killer—croel, skulkin', savage! No discreet gent, after seein' it, would think of takin' off his guns while Jaybird's hanker-in' 'round.

"This Jaybird has one redeemin' trait; he's a born gun-sharp. Shore, he's among the soonest prop'sitions when he reaches for a six-shooter, I ever gets ag'inst. Not that I encounters him none lethal; barrin' the foot eepisod, wharin' Curly quits loser, he don't offer to shed no blood in Wolfville on that occasion of his trackin' in.

"It's over in Chihuahua, which is that fragment of the Wolfville body pol'tic where the Mexicans herd, that I has a chance of countin' up Jaybird's gun-play. This is what he does—an' I allers imagines he does it to fix himse'f reespectful upon the Greaser mind. He picks up six chips off the lay-out of a saddle-colored party who's dealin' monte, an' tosses 'em up in the air. They spreads out, an' hangs for a moment like six blots ag'inst the sky. That's all Jaybird reequires. As he tosses up the chips, his hand goes to his gun; it's 'Bang! bang! bang! bang! bang!' faster than you-all can count, an' when them chips hits the ground ag'in they're in dust an' little pieces.

"Which I witnesses some swift clean gun-playin' from time to time, but these yere performances of Jaybird is ondoubted the bloo-ribbon outburst of 'em all. Cherokee, who's himse'f a past-master with a Colt's 45, gives it out that, for suddenness an' ackeracy, he himse'f don't stand no more chance with Jaybird than a pa'r of treys in a jack-pot after the draw. That's straight; Jaybird, personal, shore does possess a genius for firearms.

"Throughout the ten days Jaybird sojourns in our midst he don't do nothin' much. He ain't what you'd call a drinker none, while at poker an' faro-bank he's even more sparin'. In talk he don't wax over-moonicative, an' if he betrays peccoliarities, it's in the way he seems'allers to be lookin' for some gent onknown. Not that he goes spyin' about open an' apparent, or takes to overtly rummagin' up the camp; still it's as plain as printed books he's on some gent's trail. It's this yere hunt for that onknown which takes him over into Chihuahua, the time he busts them monte-chips. Hunt as he may, however, Jaybird

don't find his man; an' one mornin' he flings the hull onto his little pinto hoss, an' hits the trail for the no'th like he's satisfied he's been dubb'in' 'round on a dead kyard.

"Folks in Arizona is so migratory that strangers, in their advents or departures, excites no reemark. No one, tharfore, heeds the goin' of Jaybird, more'n perhaps to exper'ence relief, same as if some centipede or stingin' lizard's disappeared. Neither does the camp lift up its astonished gaze none, when, mebb'y it's a week later, the Deacon comes weavin' in.

"This yere Deacon boy breaks on me first acrost the supper-table at the O. K. Restauraw; I notices him speshul because he's so plumb callow. His face is as smooth an' young as Faro Nell's; an' he's that guileless for looks you're overwhelmed with wonder constant as to how he comes to be caperin' about in Arizona at all—Arizona bein' some turgid.

"It's Boggs who names him 'the Deacon'; an', since his pin-feather innocence sort o' gives us a prayer-meetin' impression, we-all trails in an' calls him 'the Deacon' sim'lar. So far from resentin' said title, he not only answers to it, but acts pleased.

"An' yet, that air of he'pless innocence is a heap misleadin'. This Deacon boy is all the time a more deadly problem than even the cat-chinned Jaybird, an' owns a fitfuller Colt's. Which it goes to prove how deeloosive is mere looks that a-way, an' sets a philosophic gent to thinkin'. Laid side an' side, the egg of the eagle ain't in it with a goose-egg; but jest the same it holds a eagle.

"The Deacon ain't been a day in town before Jaybird, with his pinto hoss, comes canterin' in ag'in. Not that thar's anythin' irreg'lar or myster'ous in sech return; it's tryin' to read the brands on what follows which proves sech a puzzle to the pop'lar mind.

"Yere's how eevents takes to pilin' themselves up. It's well into the shank of the evenin', on the day Jaybird gets back, an' we're all a heap unbuckled an' reeaxed. Of a sudden, from some'ers out to the r'ar of Hamilton's dance-hall, we hears a gun bark once, short an' sharp, like the single bark of a dog.

"'Better sa'nter over, Jack,' says En-right, glancin' up from his poker-game, to Jack Moore—'better sa'nter over an' take a look in. One shot that a-way sounds

doobious; I've a notion some maverick's been put over the big jump.'

"Thar's a sentiment of oneasy cur'osity all 'round, which is sharpened when Jack returns, ridin' offishul herd on the Deacon.

"It's this yearlin', says Jack. 'Whatever do you-all reckon now he's done?'

"Which I shore can't say none,' observes Enright, layin' down his kyards.

"I should gamble not!' Jack retorts. 'I hopes I may be eaten by red ants if this roothless kid ain't bumped off that Jaybird. The latter prince of pistol-shooters is layin' out thar back of a mesquit bush, as dead as Santa Anna.'

"Him down that Jaybird party!' exclaims Enright, plumb took aback. 'Jack, it ain't feas'ble! It don't lay in his youthful moccasins!'

"Ask him,' says Jack. 'He won't deny it; if he does I'll jine the church!'

"It's in se'f-defense,' cuts in the Deacon. 'Jaybird goes for his gun, an' I simply beats him to it.'

"Do you-all mean to test'fy,' reemarks Enright, slow an' p'inted, 'that this Jaybird commences hostil'ties, an' that you hives him after he takes to domineerin' at you with his Colt's?'

"That's whatever,' replies the Deacon, a heap onshaken. 'An' as to Jaybird bein' sudden with his artillery, you don't want to forget I'm some abrupt myse'f.'

"Enright uplifts a reeprovin' hand. 'Stop,' he says. 'Son, this yere's onhinged you. Thar's gents present who witnesses former what that Jaybird could do. In the light of them exhibitions, I pronounces your statements preepost'rous. My advice is to say no more, but deevote yourse'f to silent meditations ontill the Strangers is convened.'

"That's one of the excellent feachures about a vig'lance committee, a feachure wharin they lays over reg'lar courts. All onbiased, they comes together before the witnesses grow lookewarm or the facts turn cold. The time that Deacon boy sends Jaybird flutterin' from his earthy perch, minutes don't elapse before the committee calls itse'f to order in the Red Light. What portion of the Wolfville public ain't otherwise engaged, likewise assembles to listen an' look on.

"Among the last, an' a heap up to the front, is a ven'erable gent with a full-moon face, an' a white fringe of beard all round it like a frill. In spite of his looks, the same

bein' genial an' benev'lent, an' plumb devoid of evil, thar's evidences onmistak'ble, in his rusty black surtout an' tall hat, that the ven'erable party is a law-wolf. None of us is shore; for it's only that evenin' Old Monte brings him in, an' we ain't had no chance as yet to feel him out personal. I'm thus elab'rate, since this aged cimarron develops into quite a figger subsequent, though at the go-off he lays mum an' dead, with nary move or word.

"When the committee's ready, Enright invites the Deacon to onfold.

"Which I already lays b'ar the facts,' responds the Deacon. 'I'm in the dance-hall virchuously disportin' myse'f in a quadrille bein' then an' thar pulled off to the strains of "Sandy Land." The last call has jest been given, "All prom'nade to the bar!" when the floor-manager signs it up to me that my cousin Jaybird wants to see me out back.'

"Your cousin!' says Enright.

"Shore, this Jaybird's my cousin; leastwise my half-cousin, his pap an' mine bein' half-brothers that a-way.'

"Quite right!' breaks in the moon-faced old law-wolf, who's posted in the public foreground, payin' interested heed. 'The lad's quite c'rrect, gents; their paps was half-brothers like he states.'

"Whoever is this disturbin' old person?' demands Enright, some shocked.

"He's a nov'lty to me,' returns the Deacon, as much amazed as Enright.

"Who'm I?' says the moon-faced gent in a protestin' tone. 'Why, I'm Jedge Bailey, of the Austin bar, incident'ly counsel for the Broken-O ranch. Also, I has business, pressin' an' private, with this yere culprit.'

"Which the Strangers,' says Jack, layin' a hand on the moon-faced party, 'has prior claims; an', onless you reestrains your troublesome vivac'ty so as not to interrupt that arm of jestice, I'll certainly have to lead you outside a lot an' side-line you ontill the Deacon's guilt is declar'd.'

"No offense, gents,' says the moon-faced person, mighty apol'getic. 'Most likely, later, you'll invite me to be heard.'

"Which if you-all knows anythin' worth hearin',' observes Enright, 'it's a cinch we shall.' Then, wheelin' on the Deacon ag'in, he reemarks, 'Proceed with them rev'lations.'

"Thar's mighty little more to tell,' says

The Heir of the Broken-O

the Deacon. 'Nacher'ly, I goes cavortin' out to meet my rel'tive. Not that we've been sech chums, neither—him layin' over me for age by consider'ble. Prior to this I ain't seen my Jaybird cousin but once, for closin' on three years, countin' from last spring's round-up, an' then our interview is mighty brief. However, when I meets him to-night, thar's no misreadin' the look on his face; he shore means killin'. He's standin' jest inside the outer rim of light from the r'ar winders of the dance-hall, an' the instant I appears he's got me covered. There's no time for salyoootations; an', bein' a nervous, high-strung sport myse'f, about the time Jaybird covers me I covers him. If anythin', bein' defter, I shades his play a trifle, an', as I says prior, beats him to it. Thar, gents, you've got it; I gives you the onmuzzled trooth.'

"About you-all bein' sech a flash-light artist with a gun," observes Jack Moore, 's'ppose you gives this convocation a spec'men of your handiwork.'

"Jack's been holdin' the Deacon's belt an' weepin, havin' secoored 'em at the start. Removin' the five cartridges that's left, he presents the Deacon with his empty armament.

"Belt that piece of iron on yourse'f," says Jack, 'an', as Enright gives the word, see if you gets the drop on me.'

"The Deacon smiles his smile of onsulied innocence, an' buckles on the Colt's. Enright counts, "one—two—three!" Thar's nothin' like it! Lightnin' hangs fire by compar'son! The Deacon's hand moves so quick it baffles the committee, an' he gets the cold muzzle on Jack before that exec'tive so much as loosens his own gun in its scabbard.

"That's s'fficient," says Jack, as he reclaims the Deacon's pistol; 'thar shore don't seem no elements of ondoon delib'ration about your work.'

"But why," demands Enright, 'should this Jaybird homicide seek to down you—you his cousin? Whatever is his motive?'

"That's too many for me," returns the Deacon. 'What I does know is that over in Shakespeare, on said former occasion I crosses up with him since I leaves the Brazos, he certainly does make some hostile motions. That time I has my eye on him, however; an' inasmuch as he understands all about me bein' some vehement with a gun myse'f, he refrains. Still, ropin' round for his reasons in gunnin' for

me, it may be thar's money in my rubbin' out. To be wholly frank, gents, I ain't none certain you-all couldn't borry ten thousand dollars on my skelp right now, back on the Brazos.'

"Folks," breaks in the moon-faced gent ag'in, 'I reckon I can eloocidate a heap.'

"Excoose me!" interrupts Jack Moore; 'I sincerely regrets bein' obleeged to buffalo a party of your ven'erable years, but you forces my hand by this onlicensed boisterousness.'

"Jack's on the verge of puttin' the moon-faced gent into the street, when Enright bids him desist. 'Go on,' says Enright to the moon-faced gent. 'Whatever's this eloocidation you allows you're equal to?'

"As I mentions former," returns the moon-faced gent, 'I'm Jedge Bailey, counsel of the Broken-O, the same bein' the ranch of the late Virge Horne. Which you-all may have heard of old Horne, gents—they called him "Nine-notch Virge," him havin' downed nine. But to get back. I've come invadin' into these regions on the trail of the said Virge Horne's heir an' laigatee, bein' the yooth now yere on trial. Also I desires to add that his cognomen is not "the Deacon," but Houston Horne. His pap cashin' in leaves him, as he stands yere, sole propriotor of the Broken-O herds, which are e-normous.'

"How e-normous?" asks Boggs, who's allers caught by any mention of cattle.

"How e-normous?" repeats the moon-faced gent. 'The Broken-O gets its runnin' irons onto nine thousand calves last spring.'

"Nine thousand calves!" says Boggs. 'That means forty-five thousand head of cattle on the range. Texas—yere he appeals to Texas Thompson—what's the valyoo of cattle on the Brazos?'

"All I saveys," says Texas, 'is that when my Laredo wife gets her divorce, they rounds up two hundred head of mine, an' sells 'em at public vandoo—to pay costs an' al'mony—for six thousand dollars.'

"Then this yere Broken-O outfit," says Boggs, 'ought to beat a million dollars!'

"Come, gents," breaks in Enright, rappin' for attention, 'this ain't no inquiry as to the market price of steers.' Then, to the moon-faced gent: 'What you tells is not without interest; but them eloocidations you promises ought to level themselves at what motives this Jaybird sport could have for wipin' out the Deacon. Onless deceased



"THIS JAYBIRD SHORE DOES JUMP HIGH AN' SPRIGHTLY. LIKE A T'RANTLER"

is loosed, I certainly sees no cause for him carryin' on like the Deacon describes. I'm free to reemark that this Deacon boy's tale, of how his Jaybird cousin tries to bushwhack him, looks plenty gauzy.'

"As to the Jaybird's motives,' resoomes the moon-faced gent, 'I'm comin' to 'em, an' when I names 'em, a black b'ar of your years an' sagacity will grasp 'em plumb instanter. Seein' him an' the Deacon—I accepts your name for the latter youth—is all the reelations old Virge Horne has, in case of the Deacon's gettin' wiped out it's up to that Jaybird murderer, as next of kin, to inherit the Broken-O. Likewise, I now ree'lizes the preeceise murderin' play the latter bandit has in felon mind. He's missin' from the Brazos country the moment the drug-sharps gives it out that Virge Horne's goin' to pass in his chips; an', in view of what's took place, I makes no doubt his design, that a-way, is to bootcher the right-ful heir, an' cl'ar a bloody path for himse'f to the estate. Gents—an' yere old moon-face acts like he's on the brink of a set speech—gents, this is shore a romancel'

"Romance, yes,' interjecks Enright; 'an' yet thar's a corner or two into which I trusts you'll shed a ray of light. How comes it, you bein' so thick with his dad, this yere Deacon youth don't know you none? Also, whyever ain't he home on the Brazos, instead of surgin' 'round yere.'

"As to them primary inquiries,' replies the moon-faced gent, 'he don't know me none because he never sees me none. I lives miles away from the Broken-O, in Austin; moreover, I don't get hooked up with Virge Horne, as counsel, ontill after this wanderin' heir vamoses his old man's ranch. As to this Deacon's reasons for thus abandonin' the paternal camp-fire, I leaves you to put them questions to him. If it's to be told, he's the party to tell it, not me.'

"Bein' by nacher frank an' open,' speaks up the Deacon, 'I shore don't hesitate to say why I leaves home, reeservin' nothin' back. I'm goin' on sixteen years at the time an' as a natif of Texas I boasts a haughty sperit. Thar's a right smart sprinklin' of Mexicans back on the Brazos, an' of course we-all Americans draws lines of social sep'ration. Among other matters, the boys has sep'rate swimmin'-holes, one for us an' one for the Mexican youth. One mornin' I goes down to lave myse'f a lot, an' I leaves you to jedge my chagrin, gents,

when I finds that Caucasian hole alive with Greasers. By way of reemonstrance, I turns in an' proceeds to chunk 'em up, when all of a sudden about twenty of 'em swarms ashore an' starts to crawl my hump. Thar's no use talkin', them Greasers certainly does frale me good an' fervent! As soon as I can make the round trip, I gets back to the swimmin'-hole from the ranch with a ro-gage shotgun an' fifty buckshot cartridges. I'll not put no figger on how many I cuts off, but, you hear me! I plays even for the Alamo right thar. When the massacre's over, it strikes me the neighbors somehow may find fault; some of 'em is mighty narrow that a-way, an' they may say I overplays my hand. With this on my mind, I streaks it for Arizona, an' never does go near the Broken-O ag'in. The trooth is, I don't aim to go back now, unless I receives guarantees.'

"Fear not!' puts in the moon-faced gent, reasshorin'ly; 'them Brazos neighbors long ago settles that what you does is nothin' but a boyish prank.'

"Well,' resoomes Enright, some thoughtful, 'the sityooation don't offer that concloosive evidence we demands before we stretches a gent. None the less I don't credit this Deacon boy's claims that the Jaybird pulls on him first. Thinkin' he observes suspicious moves on the part of that deceased rel'tive, when he meets up with him over in Shakespeare, the Deacon, bein' called from the dance-hall like he is, gets stampeded, an' slaughters the on-thinkin' Jaybird in his confoosion. Don't you regyard that as a s'lotion, Doc?'

"Peets has been uncommon silent doorin' the hearin', but at Enright's question he begins movin' up to the fore.

"This Deacon boy,' says Peets, not replyin' to Enright direct, 'tells us that the Jaybird has him covered. Now I examines departed, an' the bullet that takes him from us goes in his right side, jest below the shoulder, an', traversin' the body, lodges in the heart—a wound that's fatal frequent. To science all things is plain, an' the trooth easy to run down. Gents, the facts at issou ain't camped a minute ahead.'

"Tharupon Peets prodooes one of them jim-crow devices he calls a probe, an' enters upon experiments. We-all holds our breath to watch. Thar it is, shore enough! When Jaybird's arm is extended, same as is a gent's as he goes to shoot, the bullet hole



"THE DEACON COMES WEAVIN' IN"

is clean an' oninterrupted. Put his arm down by his side as in times of peace, an' var'ous an' sundry muscles, slidin' themselves one acrost the other, closes the bullet hole up. The probe won't enter."

"Goin' to a deduction, Peets gives his word as a medical sharp that the Deacon tells the trooth, an' corrals Jaybird after that brigand's in p'sition to wage war. That ends it; by direction of Enright we throws the Deacon loose, an' Jack Moore gives back his gun.

"'Tharby reestorin' your standin' as a cit'zen,' says Jack.

"Which I'm glad the kyards comes out of the box as they does,' reemarks Boggs, with a sigh of relief. 'The idee of hangin' a millionaire that a-way palls on me. Hangin' rich folks shore does go ag'in my grain!'

The next "Wolfville" story will appear in the November issue.

"If a millionaire is guilty, why?' demands Texas Thompson, some severe. 'Thar ain't one jestice for the rich an' another for the poor. For myse'f, I favors hangin' rich men. Rich men, speakin' gen'ral, comes to be a mighty sight like fat hawgs; as a roole they ain't no good to other people till they're dead.'

"You may be right, Texas,' returns Boggs, 'jest the same, when it gets down to hangin' a millionaire. them thoughts of all the fun he could have, blowin' in his bank-roll, shore op'rates to stay my hand. Hangin' a pore man now don't affect me so much; it's easier, like as if you're puttin' some suff'rer out of his misery.'

"It's six months later when Peets receives a letter from the Deacon, said eepistle runnin' in these words:

'Broken-O Ranch,
'On the Brazos.

'Mr. Peets, M.D.

'DEER SIR: My old pap makes a will, an' leaves a leg'cy to Jaybird as his nephly, that calls for five figgers to express. The balance of the Broken-O estate, the same bein' plenty rotund, he confers on me. The Jaybird's happily extinct, an' nacher'ly I inherits his share, thar existin' no one nearer of the Horne fam'ly. Havin' in mind my se'f-respect, I firmly refooses to profit by said Jaybird's deemise, a stand which you as a high-strung gent will justify. An' yet somethin' must be done with the Jaybird's share. Rememberin' what I owes to you-all, an' the noble science which you represents, I've decided to onload it on you, and yereby enclose a draft drawn ag'in the Austin bank for full amount, I remain,

'Yours trooly,
'Houston Horne.'

"What do you think yourse'f, Sam?' asks Peets. 'Would you accept said riches?'

"Would I accept?' says Enright. 'Doc, sech questions sounds plumb childish!'

"And then what?" I asked, as the old gentleman rapped the ashes from his beloved brier-root.

"Then what? My son, Wolfville's temperachoor, taken at normal, is high; but in the week which ensos on the heels of that Broken-O laigacy to Peets, it's shore carried to altitoods compared to which the term 'timber-line' sounds marshy."



Very truly
Helen Miller Smith

Helen Miller Gould

Recollections of a Former Private Secretary

By Ruth Fuller Field



MISS HELEN GOULD'S name had been before the public for several years and she was held in such reverence and appreciation for her work in the Spanish War and for the suffering victims of the terrible Windsor Hotel fire that it was with great nervousness that I looked forward to the interview I was to have with her. A friend had suggested me to her as a possible secretary, and I was to make a personal application for the position.

When I arrived at her magnificent white-stone mansion on the banks of the Hudson the butler, in simple livery, said that Miss Gould was waiting for me in the birch-tree. Startling as the statement sounded at first, I accepted it as appropriate that one should climb for a first glimpse of the woman who so towered in public esteem.

I was conducted down the steep bank toward the river to a clump of beautiful white birches and up a few short steps to a platform with seats all about. In a corner, very comfortably pillowed, sat Miss Gould. Books and papers showed that she was there for solitude and recreation.

Her greeting was most gracious, and business was approached at once. The questions she asked were absolutely to the point. One could only be fair and honest before that gaze, so kind, yet so penetrating. I was convinced before I went that I could be useful to her, and she seemed to read the conviction. In about three minutes all the arrangements were made as to salary, hours of work, and the day I was to report for duty, and I bade her good morning.

I was asked by interested friends about my first impressions of Miss Gould—about her dress, her hair, and other details so im-

portant to the average woman. I proved a most unsatisfactory observer, as there were only two impressions left in my memory—and they are very vivid to this day: her eyes, so wonderful in their kindness and yet so keen in looking way down below the surface, and the luminous depths of a solitaire pearl ring she wore. The gray of her eyes and the same color in the ring harmonized perfectly in their appearance of cold and reserved sympathy.

My first work consisted in copying a form which Miss Gould had been compelled to write in order to answer a certain class of appeals which had a note of sincerity, yet which, owing to their great number, she was unable to respond to except by a courteous reply.

In order to put me thoroughly on my guard in discriminating between worthy and unworthy cases, Miss Gould told me of an experience she had very early in her charity work. An appeal came to her one morning ostensibly from a woman on the East Side, in New York, who was in very great distress. She was soon to become a mother, and her husband was out of work. She had no money with which to make even the most necessary preparations for the little stranger's arrival. She did not ask for money, but for a few simple garments. Miss Gould gave her secretary instructions to purchase an outfit and take it to the address given. There being an unusual rush of work that morning, the secretary was unable to deliver the package in person, so she sent a messenger, fearing a delay might be dangerous. The following morning a letter was received expressing great appreciation of Miss Gould's generosity and announcing great consternation in the household of the distressed woman, as she had become the mother of two vigorous children. Miss Gould promptly despatched a duplicate outfit, and later in the day the secretary

visited the East Side tenement, climbed four flights of dark stairs, and knocked at the door on which was written with chalk the number given in the letters. A masculine voice called, "Come in," and she quietly opened the door, thinking, as she did not hear the cries of the twins, the family must be sleeping. Upon entering, she saw a wretched room with almost no furniture, and seated by an old table upon which was a half-emptied whiskey-bottle were two little old men—the "twins"—very happy, contented, and cordial in their cups!

I was soon given the whole general mail to read, Miss Gould's personal mail always being read by herself. Not the letters marked "personal," for nearly every letter bore that mark. Most people who ask favors evidently think that they are alone in doing so, and their idea is that, although people of wealth have secretaries, the duties of these indefinite persons are still more indefinite. Few who write realize that at the time their letters are received three hundred or more similar ones come into the house, and for Miss Gould to read them all would be a physical impossibility.

Some letters were immediately torn up. They were those beginning, "My dear Mr. Vanderbilt," or "My dear Mr. Carnegie," which would indicate at once that the writer was a professional beggar who had simply written the same letter to a list of people of wealth and had mixed them up in putting them in the envelopes.

As each letter was read marks were made on the envelope to classify it. Some marks would indicate "not worthy of a reply." In this class would go the absurd letters asking for a million dollars or a set of false teeth or money to conquer a foreign nation to the glorification of the United States.

Another mark indicated that an engraved form of refusal was to be sent. It read about like this: "Miss Gould feels that she cannot respond to your request. Not, she hopes you will believe, from any lack of interest or sympathy in the matter you present, but that the demands upon her time and purse are so great she is unable at this time to take the matter up." At the end of this engraved form would be put the name of the applicant and the date of the answer. Very frequently it would happen that in a year or even two years this form would be enclosed in a second appeal stating, "By this time you will, I am sure, be willing to

fulfil the promise made in the enclosed letter to comply with my request"—referring to the clause "at this time," the writer assuming that it was only at that moment Miss Gould was unable to respond.

Answering letters requesting charity was mechanical and could be put into the hands of the stenographer, while the large number of business letters from the heads of the various charities in which Miss Gould was interested demanded personal attention. The contents of these letters had to be thoroughly mastered and the important points jotted down on the envelope. As many of these had to be placed before Miss Gould, the file was always ready when she had a few minutes to spare; probably when she was in the hands of her hair-dresser or manicure or while she was eating a hurried lunch served on a tray in her room.

Miss Gould has the faculty of giving her mind to two things at once, each receiving absolute attention. She is quick in her decisions and definite in her answers. In submitting letters to her the ones of greatest importance were touched upon first, as she was liable to close the interview very abruptly. I do not remember ever having time enough to finish all the important matters at one sitting. Affairs kept Miss Gould rushed from morning till night, and she was the last person in the world who seemed to have the slightest claim to one quiet hour of her time.

Another important class of letters which had to be very carefully read and filed were those from "cranks." Under this head there were, at the time I severed my connection with Miss Gould, between three and four hundred. Some of these letters would savor of blackmail and would be placed in the hands of her lawyers for investigation. Some cranks would never write a second letter; others would write volumes daily. Occasionally one would indicate a strong desire to see Miss Gould, sometimes coming across the continent for that purpose, only to be met by an officer of the law who would quietly take him to the station-house, if he proved obstinate, or a train if his departure from town was deemed advisable.

Very frequently these letters would contain offers of marriage, which would usually be accompanied with a "wedding-ring" costing, sometimes as much as ten cents, and sometimes more. These valuable gifts were always returned to the sender by registered



Copyright, 1906, by Underwood & Underwood

LYNDHURST—MISS GOULD'S HOME ON THE HUDSON RIVER AT TARRYTOWN

mail, otherwise Miss Gould might be accused of keeping the ring without fulfilling her obligations.

She was not told of these letters from cranks, except when it became necessary for restraint to be put upon the writers or when a letter was so ludicrous that it seemed an opportunity to give Miss Gould, who was too serious and almost overburdened with her responsibilities, a chance for a good laugh. This was, however, seldom accomplished, as she could only see the pathos of the diseased mind capable of composing such nonsense.

A very interesting class of letters were the ones either asking permission to name a baby for Miss Gould, or to inform her that the child had been named in her honor. Some of these were so patently written in the hope of a monetary reward that they were not acknowledged, Miss Gould thinking it better to leave the parents in doubt as to whether the letter had been received than to wound their feelings by giving the real reason for not granting the favor asked or accepting the honor offered. Many children, however, all over the United States and some in foreign lands, now bear the name of Helen Gould. Photographs nearly always

accompanied these letters, and they became so numerous it was considered wise to form an album of the little faces, both black and white. There were over two hundred at that time, and doubtless there are still "Helen Goulds" coming into the world.

While many letters were very touching and often left the reader with tears in her eyes, others sent a chill of terror to the heart. Some poor distracted mother would write that two of her little ones had just died of smallpox and she was sure she was coming down with the same awful disease! Whether this was true or not it gave one great anxiety. The letter was dropped at once into a basket and taken to the furnace and burned, and the letters with which it had come in contact were fumigated and such personal precautions of disinfection as seemed necessary observed before business was resumed.

The gifts which Miss Gould received were many. Some had a large "string" attached (these were usually returned), and some were genuine expressions of the donor's appreciation of the work she was doing for the betterment of mankind. Among the latter class came many from soldiers and sailors. These "boys in blue" had the greatest love



TESTIMONIALS TO MISS GOULD'S PHILANTHROPY*

and admiration for Miss Gould; some because of personal benefits they had received while lying wounded or otherwise suffering from the effects of the war in Cuba; some because while in camp far from home in desolate and lonely inactivity they had been cheered by the many books her bounty had provided or by the talking-machines that brought them messages of home and "auld lang syne."

Miss Gould was always deeply touched by these gifts, and she took great pleasure in her cabinets of souvenirs from the soldiers and sailors. Her memory was so wonderful that the history of each gift was fresh in her mind, while it was necessary for anyone else to refer to a carefully compiled catalogue for the name of the giver and the tale the gift bore.

The walls of one room were well covered with cabinets of interesting souvenirs and with beautifully gotten up resolutions expressing the thanks of some institution, society, or other organization for some good and great deed. The policemen of New

York, who received such consideration and help at the time of the Windsor Hotel fire, presented her with a set of resolutions finely embossed; and the government, when she sent, unsolicited, a very large check to aid in the Spanish War, made its acknowledgment in this way.

Miss Gould was never persuaded to do any great act of charity unless with her own eyes and wise judgment she discovered the need. This need she did find when visiting the navy-yard, at Brooklyn. To get to the gate of the navy-yard she had to pass through streets lined with saloons and dives displaying the most enticing invitations and attractions for the sailors as they arrived from a long voyage—"Money changed," "Suits rented," "Boarding-houses recommended," "Entertainment provided." She quickly realized that the boys, so long from home, would be enticed into these places and never be able to get any farther while their money lasted.

The inadequate quarters of the Naval Branch of the Y. M. C. A. offered few at-



SOUVENIRS OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR, RECEIVED BY MISS GOULD FROM SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

*Probably no living person has so large a collection of these evidences of the spirit of benevolence as has Miss Gould. The very few shown in the above picture include a receipt from the Treasury Department for a check of one hundred thousand dollars, contributed toward the cost of the Spanish-American war, and resolutions of thanks for Miss Gould's kindness to the soldiers, adopted by the legislatures of New York and Wisconsin and by the war veterans of the village of Port Jervis, New York.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

tractions compared to the saloons filled with light, music, and food. No one could blame the sailors for passing the Y. M. C. A. by. They longed for freedom and recreation.

Miss Gould then gave the money to erect the great building of the Naval Branch of the Y. M. C. A. in Brooklyn, and filled it with all the attractions, except alcoholic drinks, that its neighbors offered — shooting-gallery, bowling-alleys, pool-tables, restaurant, swimming-pool, roof-garden, aerial piano, talking-machine, and story upon story of clean, bright, well-furnished sleeping-rooms. From the start the movement proved a great success. The boys took the greatest pride in getting to their "club-house." They were able to pay for their benefits and have something left to send to mother or sister or sweetheart. The feeling for the "club" grew so strong in their hearts that when they were in port and had shore leave for a few days they would make a trip of many miles for the comfort they found there.

When one leaves the city in the early summer for the country it is usually for rest and recreation. Not so with Miss Gould. At and about her beautiful home, Lyndhurst, at Tarrytown on the Hudson, she has many interests which keep her even more fully occupied than while in the city. Every Saturday morning the bowling-alley and club-house near the river are full of little and big girls learning to sew. Teachers come from New York, and if the full course is taken, these girls are able at the end to make a dress from start to finish, and if they have any talent, they can trim a hat in the latest fashion. Connected with the sewing-school is a library. Each girl may take a

book for herself every week and frequently one for a sister or her mother. Miss Gould is very fond of fairy stories, and has a great many of these on the shelves.

The sewing-school always closes in the autumn with a large party. Tents are put up and the lawns converted into a fair-land of games and sports. She always has some special entertainer for the occasion, besides the games here and there, in charge of some of her friends. The children move about class by class and each has a chance to try all of the sports and compete for the prizes. Miss Gould goes from one group to another, her face as merry as those of the

children, enjoying it all as much if not more than they do. While there are special prizes given to the winners of each game, no child is allowed to go home without one or two little gifts.

The large Gould kennels, after the passing of the famous prize-winning St. Bernard dogs, were converted into a modern cooking-school. Every opportunity is given the girls to



MISS GOULD PRACTISING WITH A RIFLE WHILE ON A TRIP IN THE FAR WEST

learn simple and economical cooking. These classes, as well as the sewing-classes, are, of course, free. On cooking-school days, Miss Gould frequently invites some friends for luncheon. The result of the morning's lesson is daintily served on the lawn near the school, and the little girls are proud indeed to prepare with their own hands food for their dear friend to eat. Miss Gould's praise of their efforts is always sincere and an inspiration to any who receives it. One may say her summers are lived for children. The boys of the town were beginning to feel that their sisters were getting all the fun on Saturdays, so Miss Gould started a class in camp cooking

for them. In this way they have learned how to prepare coffee and simple breakfast dishes, much to the joy and help of some of the mothers who are not blessed with girls. While I was with Miss Gould she built a large club-house for the little boys near Lyndhurst and had it equipped with a complete manual-training outfit and gymnasium. Many articles of hand-made furniture found their way to Miss Gould's rooms, and she took pride in asking guests to be seated in a very comfortable Morris chair "made by my little boys of Lyndhurst Club."

Her convalescent home for crippled children, Woody Crest, is another joy to her and also to the poor little chaps who were regaining their health so slowly in the city hospitals. Here, on a beautiful hill overlooking the Hudson, they have good food and pure air in abundance and are given work enough to keep them in fine condition. Each boy is allowed to sell whatever he produces with his own hands, either in wood carving, which they are taught by skilled teachers, or in a little garden where they are sometimes very successful in raising small vegetables. They are taught the value of money by the clever and practical matron, and when they go home after several months at Woody Crest, they always have quite a sum of money to show for their labors.

One fall Miss Gould arranged for over a hundred children from the Home of the Friendless, one of her pet charities in New York, to come by trolley as far as Dobbs Ferry and then by carriages to Lyndhurst on a "nutting" excursion. The day before they were to come she discovered that some one had gathered all the chestnuts from under the trees. The children must not be disappointed, so several bushels of nuts were ordered from New York, and before the children arrived the nuts were scattered broadcast under several trees. The children were overjoyed at finding quantities of nuts, and were wholly unconscious of the fact that in the haste to prepare for their sport several oaks and hemlocks were called upon to father the chestnuts found in great profusion under their branches.

Each summer Miss Gould spends a month or six weeks at her home in the Catskills. Not even here, in the sleepy little town of Roxbury, does she give herself any rest. The first long trip she took in her automobile she made from her home in Tarrytown to Roxbury accompanied by two of her secretaries. It was the first motor-car ever seen in the mountains, and it excited much interest all the way. In order to rest we walked a great deal, and as the weather for the most part was perfect, this was a delightful way of seeing the country. One



MISS GOULD DRINKING AT A MOUNTAIN SPRING WHILE ON AN AUTOMOBILE TRIP TO HER SUMMER HOME IN THE CATSKILLS

very warm day we had walked up a long hill and were far beyond the car, where our drinking-cups were. We were quite thirsty, and as there was a delightful little mountain brook near by we could not resist the temptation to quench our thirst in the manner of the small boy, without the formality of a cup.

That summer, while in Roxbury, Miss Gould gave a great lawn-fête for the benefit of some branch of the Y. M. C. A. General invitations were sent out to all



SOME OF THE MENAGERIE FEATURES IN THE "GREAT CIRCUS" GIVEN BY MISS GOULD FOR THE CHILDREN LIVING IN THE VICINITY OF HER SUMMER HOME

the towns around Roxbury, and people came from miles and miles for the privilege of being entertained by Miss Gould and shaking hands with her. She received them all with her gracious manner, even though the fatigue was very great. To preclude any embarrassment from a possible shower during the fête she had a huge tent erected on the beautiful lawn back of Kirkside, which would shelter at least five hundred people.

The children who had accompanied their parents were entertained during the afternoon by one of the secretaries in the parlors, by some sleight-of-hand tricks. Three exhibitions of these tricks were given during the afternoon to crowded rooms, and as the

charge was ten cents admission, the receipts were swelled considerably. Admission to the grounds was fifty cents. Without any fatigue, and with no embarrassment to her purse, Miss Gould could have written a check for the amount of the receipts that were handed over to the worthy institution as a result of the fête; but she enjoyed giving her personal attention to raising money and giving the people a chance to help, and the details of such an affair, however fatiguing, were never considered anything but a pleasure.

After a day or two of rest, the tent still standing on the lawn offered possibilities, and it was suggested by one of Miss Gould's guests that a circus be given for the children. A small country village with its proverbial two rival stores vying with each other as to the most useless articles to carry in stock is not a "happy hunting-ground" for an artist to construct lifelike wild animals from the jungle. However, materials in the shape of fur rugs, gray cotton, etc., were collected, and the children of the town kept on the *qui vive* as to what the "Great Circus," as it was advertised by flaming posters through the town, could mean. Even the small boy who was dressed in bright orange and red to figure as the mahout to escort the elephant did not know what his duties were to be until he was given the stick with which he was to control the wild beast. An admission of one cent was charged for the benefit of a newly organized baseball club, and as the children were as-



BRANCH OF THE Y. M. C. A. ERECTED BY
MISS GOULD FOR THE SAILORS AT
THE NEW YORK NAVY-YARD

sembling, the band—one lone phonograph—played martial music. Then from a shed near by came the animals “one by one,” the elephant, escorted by the proud “mahout”; the camel, the black bear, led by a “cullud mammy”; the giraffe, and others. The procession was stately and dignified and creative of silent awe among the children until the elephant and the giraffe began to “do” a cake-walk, when they entered into the merriment of the occasion and applauded enthusiastically. Side-shows were open for those who had a penny to spare, where such things as a “human pump,” a “horse with its tail where the head ought to be,” a “fortune-telling Gipsy,” and numerous other attractions could be seen. Before the afternoon closed each child had a

chance to ride in the automobile and also on the back of Miss Gould’s favorite saddle-horse, Bird.

One morning, a short clipping from a New York paper was handed to Miss Gould stating that a young lad had been arrested for vagrancy and put in the “cooler” in Tarrytown. He said he had stolen rides on freight-trains and traveled over a thousand miles to find Miss Helen Gould. He was that morning taken to New York and sent to the House of Refuge on Randalls Island. Miss Gould was interested to know something of a boy who had made such an effort to find her and sent one of her secretaries over to the Island to talk with the boy and get an idea of what he wanted.

A very homely but shrewd-looking boy was brought in, and he had a straightforward and interesting tale to tell. For three years he had traveled in search of adventure. His life began in Georgia, where his very early years were spent in dodging blows from parents, brothers, and sisters. School was only a passing memory of beatings, and when he was ten years old he was bound out to one of the “wickedest” farmers in the locality. His inclinations were not along agricultural lines, and his wits were ever keen as to a way not to do his work. One afternoon he hid under a freight-truck and spun over the country in search of pastures new. Before morning he was afraid of being discovered, so he thought he had better jump off and spend the day in some woods until he could again take a night train. In jumping, however, he “hurted his leg,” as he said. He crawled to some bushes by the track and lay there for hours before a track-walker found him in a very faint condition, and took him to his home. It was discovered that his leg was broken. For three weeks he was forced to accept the hospitality of the track-walker, which he did with a great deal of fortitude, as those were the first days of ease and comfort he had ever known.

As he was beginning to walk he had the terrible fear staring him in the face that he would soon be returned, “C. O. D.,” to his cruel master. His thoughts turned toward the West, and one morning, before the family was awake, he was comfortably seated in a smoking-car tearfully telling the conductor that he had lost his ticket, but that his poor mother was dying and he must get to her. His story was so convincing

that everyone believed him. Could he not do some work for his passage? The men in the "smoker" heard his tale and one said: "Here, sonny, is a box of matches. You fly around here and when anyone wants a light you give it to him and charge a penny." He was such a clever little chap his pocket was quickly filled with pennies, and at the end of the journey he was quite a capitalist.

His story went on and on, and it took many visits before the details of his "beating" the railroads were finished. At times he was "run in" for a week or two, but these were merely interesting episodes to him. His memory for lines of railroads was remarkable. His statements in this regard were often verified, and in no instance did he make a mistake. He came at last to the time when he was in the middle West on his return from California. He heard some one talking about Helen Gould and her love for children and decided to try to see her and ask her to help him lead a better life.

Miss Gould felt that it was her duty to do something for the boy and sent a secretary every week for months to talk to him, read to him, and give him a Sunday-school lesson. Finally his good behavior won his release from the House of Refuge to go to Miss Gould's home for boys, at Woody Crest, in Tarrytown. On the day he was to be taken to Woody Crest, the secretary made purchases of clothing and a "silker." The great longing of his heart seemed to be to own a silk handkerchief,

which he called a "silker." Conventionality in dress was as distasteful to him as conventionality in living seemed to be, and he was not as pleased with his new outfit as it had been thought he would be. His knowledge of New York was limited, as the only visit he had made there was while on his way from the "cooler" in Tarrytown to Randalls Island, yet he remembered every street he had been in that day. His freedom was to begin with a dinner in a little restaurant in Forty-second Street, where he was told he could order what he liked. He first chose a large cup of black coffee, with the promise of another cup and perhaps two more when that was gone; then butter, a lot of it (he had never had enough butter), and a plate of "sinkers," which were found to mean crullers. A steak was suggested, but he said he was afraid of his stomach, as they did not live "high" on the Island. Pie was substituted.

The indigestible meal finished, next came a visit to Miss Gould at her home in Fifth



BOYS' CLUB BUILT AND MAINTAINED BY MISS GOULD AT TARRYTOWN



WOODY CREST—A HOME FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN MAINTAINED BY MISS GOULD AT TARRYTOWN

Avenue. She was waiting for him in her sitting-room and received him with tears in her eyes. He admired the beautiful flowers about the room, and when Miss Gould asked him which he liked best, he pointed to a white lily in a beautiful vase by itself, and said, "That one, for it looks like you." This, of course, touched Miss Gould deeply, and she said in an aside to one of her

secretaries, "He seems like a little white lily blossoming out of the mud." We called him that later with a sad smile on our faces.

His joy was unbounded when he reached Woody Crest, and his wings of freedom were well developed during his first weeks in the country. Unfortunately, however, he could hear the trains of the New York Central puffing past, and his great longing for adventure probably overcame him. In his oldest clothes, and with plenty of money purloined from the pockets of the other boys, he departed one morning, never to be seen again.

Society, as it is known to-day, in New York, does not interest Miss Gould in the least, except to deplore its shallowness. Her visiting-list is very long, and it is the duty of one secretary to keep this list in order and up to date. The newspapers are carefully read each morning, and if the death of one of her friends is reported her card is sent to the family. If it is a near friend, she never neglects sending flowers, though she rarely attends a funeral. She is very particular to retain many of her mother's friends, and with these older members of society she seems the happiest. Each day during "the season" her secretary hands her the "At Home" cards for that day. She selects the ones on whom it is possible for her to call, and to the others cards are sent. It is her custom to select "first days," as she tries to avoid "crushes." She is very susceptible to the effect of crowded, stuffy rooms. She is very diffident about meeting people and prefers to pay her respects to the hostess and quietly retire.

She usually receives her friends informally at her home on Tuesdays during the winter, but gives two or three receptions during the season. She rarely gives large dinners, and when alone she lives very simply.

Miss Gould is extremely methodical in her business affairs. She has a large room in each of her houses fitted up as an office with all the conveniences of a well-regulated business establishment. Her work is well organized and kept up in such a manner that when she wishes information on any subject connected with any branch of her work it can be given her at once. All in her employ realize how valuable to her are minutes and even seconds.

She has accounts in five or six different banks, each one devoted to a separate interest, so she can know at once how much each

one costs her. Bills against her are all paid on or before the tenth of each month, and it is the duty of one secretary to verify accounts, classify the bills, and make out hundreds of checks for Miss Gould to sign. This she does mechanically as she listens to the reading of letters or discusses some point with one of her secretaries; yet not one check is signed that she does not fully understand. Occasionally one is laid aside for a word of explanation. The various check-books are then balanced, and everything is placed in readiness for the next month. She, of course, has her personal account to which no one has access but herself.

Miss Gould is a great student of the Bible. One winter she attended classes and lectures in Bible study every day in the week and some days would go to two or three different ones. So interested was she that winter in these lectures that, being unable to attend all that were given, she would send her secretaries to different lectures to take notes, and later, during some of the fragments of hours when she was compelled to take a little rest, the secretaries would, in turn, give her synopses of the lectures they had heard.

Miss Gould is a member of the Dutch Reformed Church, but she was at one time interested in the Salvation Army movement and gave it a considerable sum of money.

Her three houses are well filled with beautiful pictures collected by her father. She has never made an addition to this collection. In her possession are superb canvases by many of the old masters, particularly of the Barbison school. Corot seems to have pleased Mr. Gould beyond all other painters, as he bought no less than seven or eight of his famous canvases. Miss Gould is very generous in loaning her pictures for exhibition in various parts of the country. One hardly realizes the trouble and risks entailed in sending a valuable canvas to an exhibition. Of course these pictures are heavily insured against fire as they hang. When their removal is contemplated the basis of insurance has to be changed and new papers gotten out. Then there is great danger from railroad disaster, or from merciless thieves who are ready with a sharp knife to cut the picture from the frame, or from envious people who in a moment of frenzy will ruthlessly slash the canvas.

When the first hotel for women was opened in New York, Miss Gould was having extensive alterations made in her house in

Fifth Avenue. Rather than send her pictures to storage she allowed them to be hung in the parlors of that hotel.

At one time, finding that one of her secretaries was well versed in the art of using firearms, Miss Gould thought it would be a fine opportunity to learn to shoot. She went into this as she does into each new fancy, with enthusiasm and persistency. A target was placed in one end of the cellar of her city house, and lights were arranged to give the best results for shooting. A good supply of firearms was procured, and the work began. Every morning for a month, she took an hour or so to practise shooting with rifle, revolver, and pistol, with both right and left hand. At the end of that time she had become more expert than her teacher, and it was rarely that the bell of the bull's-eye did not ring when she shot with

either hand. She was anxious to have several members of her household learn to shoot, and in all I think there were seven or eight who fired their first shot in that cellar, and all became expert shots, without one accident occurring.

To her servants, whom she prefers to call "help," she is most kind and considerate, making their duties as light as possible and arranging to give them time for solitude or recreation. While she takes very little recreation herself, she seems to feel that it is essential in the lives of those about her. She has in her employ at her country place men who have grown old in the service of her family. She keeps them on her pay-roll as long as they are able to report for the light duties imposed upon them; when they are no longer able to work in some instances they are provided for during the rest of their lives.

Miss Gould's School Days

By Ivy Ross

It must have been two days that we were sitting near each other, with only a desk between us, before I discovered that the prim girl with the thin, piping voice was the elder daughter of Jay Gould. I may have heard that my new neighbor in the big schoolroom was Helen Gould, probably had, but if so the name had no significance, and this was most likely the case with the other scholars. She might just as well have been Helen Brown or Helen Smith, for there is no class of moneyed distinction with wholesome girls of fifteen or thereabout.

There was really nothing about her specially to attract our attention, except that she was plainer than the plainest of us in her dress, and most studious. She was much better behaved, too, than the best of us, which was probably the reason that only one girl ever became at all chummy with her.

She was never late; she never failed in her lessons; her deportment was always exemplary; she never talked in study hour, never hid candy in her desk, and always relied upon her own ability, not the ability of others, when examination time came around. Sometimes I think we envied her, were almost jealous of her school work. I am quite sure I was, still I do not think Helen Gould was any brighter than the average girl of her class. Her great point was industry. Had she been a poor girl working her way through school, one to whom every moment meant sacrifice, she could not have been more thorough, more conscientious, more studious.

Helen Gould's friend was studious also, and I

often thought arithmetic was the bond of sympathy between them. Although it must be close on to twenty-five years since we sat in the big schoolroom, I fancy I can see Helen now, poring over her "sums."

She wore a simple little dark cloth frock, not expensive, with no pretensions to being stylish. Her dark-brown hair was drawn back from her face, much as she wears it now, only perhaps a little tighter and primmer, and was braided in the back. She wore a white linen collar and always looked immaculate and painfully neat, as though she never played, never romped, never had a good time. Perhaps behind her timid, diffident nature were possibilities for fun, but if so these characteristics acted like stern bodyguards protecting her from might-be friends and preventing them from knowing her real self.

Even in those days she had been taught the value of money. Once we were talking about religion, and our conversation drifted to churches. I asked her what church she attended, and to my surprise she said: "Sometimes this one and sometimes that, but generally Doctor So-and-So's. We have no pew of our own, you know," she remarked, adding by way of explanation, "My father cannot afford one."

One or two years only she remained with us at the school, then she left, I heard, to complete her education at home. She slipped away and out of our lives as quietly as she had come into them, keeping, as far as I ever knew, the friendship of only one girl, the girl who liked arithmetic.





THEY READ THE LETTER SHOULDER TO SHOULDER; AND SO, WITHOUT SPEAKING, SAT
FOR A LONG MOMENT AFTER THEY REACHED THE END

(*"The Crucible"*)

The Crucible

By Mark Lee Luther

Author of "The Henchman," "The Mastery," etc.

Illustrated by Hermann C. Wall

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT



THEY were not unpar-
donably late, yet were
tardy enough to render
their coming conspicu-
ous to what seemed to
Jean an ultramodish
company which peopled
not only Mrs. Van Os-
tade's drawing-room,
but the connecting music-room and library
as well.

Julie met them with observant eyes,
nodded "Yes, Craig; I know" to Atwood's
great news, murmured a conventional word
of regret to Jean that both their calls
should have been fruitless, made two or
three introductions to those who chanced to
be nearest, and with the lift of an eyelid set
in motion the mechanism of a statuesque
butler; whereupon Jean found herself
hazily translated to her place at table be-
tween a blond giant, who took her in, and a
shadow-eyed person with a pointed beard,
who languidly quoted something resembling
poetry about what he called the tinted
symphony of Mrs. Van Ostade's candle-
light.

"How clever!" said Jean, at a venture,
and welcomed the voice of her less ethereal
neighbor.

"Corking race!" remarked the giant,
beaming at her over the rim of his wine-
glass.

This was concrete, if indefinite.

"You mean——"

"Yesterday—France. Wonderful! Gum-
miest kind of course—two days hard rain-
fall, you know. I've been saying, 'I told
you so,' all day. Didn't surprise me in the
least. I knew her, d'ye see, I knew her."

Jean looked as intelligent as she could
and hoped for a clue. The big man checked

his elliptical remarks altogether, however,
and, still beaming, awaited her profound
response.

"Is she French?" she hazarded.

"But it was a man won. The sporting
duchess you mean drew out."

"I'm speaking of the horse," Jean
struggled.

"Horse! What horse?" ejaculated the
giant. "I'm talking automobiles."

She judged frankness best. "There is
nothing for it but to confess," she said. "I
know nothing about automobiles. I never
set foot in one in my life."

Her companion wagged a large reproach-
ful finger. "Don't string me," he begged.
"You must have been in one of those
piffling little runabouts?"

"Never."

"Well, then, a cab—an electric cab?"

"Not even a 'bus."

He shook his head solemnly and besought
the attention of the petite guest in mauve on
his left. "What do you think," Jean
heard him begin, "Miss Fanshaw here——"

Then the shadow-eyed seized his chance.
"I hail a kindred spirit," he confided softly.
"To me the automobile is the most hideous,
blatant fact of a prosaic age. Its coarsen-
ing pleasures are for the few; its brutal sins
against life's meager poetry touch the un-
privileged millions."

"Rot!" cut in the giant, whose hearing
was excellent. "The motor is everybody's
servant. As for poetry, man alive! you
would never talk such drool again if you
could see a road-race as the man in the car
sees it. Poetry! It's an epic!"

While the battle raged over her—for the
man with the pointed beard showed un-
expected mettle—Jean evolved a working
theory of the uses of unfamiliar forks and
crystal, and took stock of her other fellow-
guests. It was now, with a start of pleas-

ure, that she first met the eye of MacGregor, whom she had overlooked in the hurry of their late arrival. His smile was encouraging, as if he divined her difficulties, and she took a comfort in his presence which Atwood's, for once, failed to inspire.

Craig seemed vastly remote. He was in high spirits and talking eagerly to an odd-looking girl with a remarkable pallor that brought out the vivid scarlet of her little mouth and the no less striking luster of her raven hair, which she wore low over the ears after a fashion Jean associated with something literary or theatrical. She wondered who the girl was, what Atwood saw in her, and whether they knew each other well.

Of his own accord her neighbor with the beard enlightened her. "Pictorial, isn't she?" he said. "Preraphaelite, almost, as to features; hair Cleo de Merode. I hope Mrs. Van Ostade pulls the match off. They're so well suited; clever, both of them, and in different ways. Then, her money. That is a consideration."

"Is it?" groped Jean.

"Rather! Wealthy in her own name, you know, and virtually sure of her uncle's fortune. I'm curious to see what effect she'll have upon his work. For the artistic temperament marriage is twice a lottery. I've never dared risk it myself."

Jean sighed for the dinner's end, but when it came and the women left the men behind, she sighed to be back with her loquacious seat-mates, talk what jargon they would. Her sex imposed no conversational burden upon anyone here; she fitted naturally into none of the little clusters into which the rustling file dissolved. If Julie meant her kindness, she reasoned, this was the time to show it; but her hostess remained invisible. In this crisis, she made a lucky find of a portfolio of Craig's sketches, none of which she had ever seen.

While turning these drawings, she was approached by some one, and, looking up with the expectation of seeing Mrs. Van Ostade, met instead the gaze of a very old and excessively wrinkled lady, who, without tedious formalities, calmly possessed herself of the sketch Jean had in hand.

"They're amazingly deft," she said, after a moment. "Even the academic things have their charm. Take this charcoal, for instance. It's not the stereotyped Julien study in the least. They couldn't extin-

guish the boy's individuality. Somewhere here there is another still better."

"You mean this, don't you?" Jean asked, delving into the portfolio for a bold rendering of a human back.

"Ha!" said the old lady, staring. "Of course I do. But what made you think so?"

"It was the only one of the Julien studies you could mean," returned Jean promptly. "He did not draw like this till the year he exhibited."

"You are a close student of Mr. Atwood, my dear," came dryly. "Perhaps you are a critic of contemporary art?"

Jean reddened, but, surprising the twinkle behind the sarcasm, laughed. "Is it probable?" she asked.

"It's possible. Half the celebrities I meet seem young enough to be my grandchildren. But you are telling me nothing. Are you one of Julie Van Ostade's discoveries? She collects geniuses, you know. What is your name?"

Jean told her. "It means nothing, you see," she smiled. "I am only a student."

"Of painting?"

"No; sculpture."

"Are you! But you look original. Where are you at work? I hope you don't mind my questions? I'm an inquisitive old person."

Jean named her school and mentioned Richter. "But I have accomplished nothing yet," she added.

"Ha!" said the old lady again. "Then it's time you did. I shall ask Richter about it. If I forget your name, I'll describe your eyes. There is something singularly familiar about your eyes."

The men and Mrs. Van Ostade made a simultaneous entrance, and the latter at once bore down on Jean's catechist. "Peroni will sing," she announced with a note of triumph. "He volunteered as a mark of respect for you."

"Really!" The octogenarian's smile was extraordinarily expressive. "Yet they call him mercenary."

The opening bar of an accompaniment issued from the music-room, and Jean joined the drift toward the piano. She wondered who this sprightly personage might be, and then, in the magic of the singer's voice, forgot to wonder.

In the babel following the hush MacGregor leaned over her chair. "So the irrepressible conflict is on?" he greeted her.

Jean's welcome was whole-hearted. "Craig has told you?" she said softly.

"Yesterday. I wish you both all the usual things. I ought to have seen it from the first, I suppose, but as a matter of fact I did not. Certainly I never figured you in the lists when I spoke of the battle royal. Any war news?"

"We have exchanged calls without meeting."

"Preliminary skirmishes."

"Next came the dinner-invitation. Not exactly a war measure, should you say?"

"Knowing Julie, yes. I should call it the first engagement."

"And the victor?" said Jean.

"Apparently yourself."

"I don't feel especially victorious," she said, a little wistfully. "What makes you think the battle is on? Oh, but we must not talk this way here," she immediately added. "We have eaten her salt."

"What if the salt is an ambush?" queried MacGregor. "Besides, I never pretended to be a gentleman. Look over this menagerie carefully, guileless child! Do you suppose Julie usually selects her dinner-guests after this grab-bag fashion? Not to my knowledge. It's her study and pride to bring together people of like tastes. The seating of a dinner-party is to her like a nice problem at chess. Do you think it a mere chance shuffle that settled your destiny at table? Do you know one automobile from another?"

"No."

"Of course not. And half the time you hadn't a glimmer of a notion what the decadent poet with the Vandyke beard was driving at?"

"More than half."

"Neither should I. But perhaps the general talk amused you?"

"I could not make much of it."

"Sensible girl! Neither could most of the talkers. But—here was where you scored a point—you looked as if you did. The minor poet and the motormaniac couldn't wait their turns to bore you. Then, point number two, your gown. Logically, it's point number one, and a big point, too. I happened to be watching Julie when you arrived. Yes; you scored. Lastly," he enumerated, "you bagged Mrs. Joyce-Reeves."

"What! The woman who talked to me about Craig?"

"You're surprised to find her here? So

was Julie. She invited herself. Julie met her somewhere this afternoon and mentioned that she was giving a dinner. Mrs. Joyce-Reeves asked questions—you discovered that trait of hers, probably—and said she'd be punctual. Quite royal, isn't she? She is strong enough to be as eccentric as she pleases. How did you fall in with her?"

"She came to me while I was turning over some of Craig's sketches."

"Pretending to enjoy yourself, but really feeling as lonesome as Robinson Crusoe?"

"Almost."

"That is very likely why she spoke to you. She does that sort of thing, they say. It's one of her eccentricities. I think your motormaniac is edging this way," he added. "Yes, and your poet, too. Can it be that you are going to score again!"

With the three men grouped round her chair, Jean had an intoxicating suspicion that she was scoring, provided MacGregor's embattled theory held; and when Mrs. Van Ostade herself came up, just as the blond giant, under fire from the Vandyke beard, was begging her to set a day for her initiation into the joys of motoring, a certain rigidity in Julie's smile convinced her that MacGregor was right. Atwood's opportune arrival in his sister's wake charged the situation, she felt, with the last requisite of drama. Mrs. Van Ostade's eye was restless, however staccato her smile, and Jean, conscious, but no longer unhappy, under its regard, reflected that even without its terrible lorgnon it had its power. Then, even as she framed the thought, she beheld its sudden concentration, tracked its cause, and caught its glittering rebound from the nether edge of her too tempestuous petticoat. For an instant the brown eyes braved the black, then struck their colors, conquered.

Luckily for Jean the leave-takings began at once, and she passed out among the first. Some hitch in the carriage arrangements delayed her a moment in the vestibule, however, and MacGregor came by. Noticing the trepidation which she could not conceal, he paused.

"Are the honors doubtful, after all?" he whispered.

Jean shook her head. "No," she answered grimly; "not doubtful in the least. She won."

Then Craig put her in the coupé and asked if it had not been a jolly evening. "It was a mixed crowd for Julie," he said, "but

it seems she wanted to show you all sorts. You see how absurd it was to dread coming. Every time I laid eyes on you, you were holding your own. Miss Hepworth asked who you were. Did you notice her? I want you to know her. You mightn't think it at first blush, but she's very stimulating; at least I always find her so. We had a famous powwow. I should like to paint her some time against a sumptuous background. What did you think of her hair?"

Jean's response was incoherent. Then an illuminated turning brought her face sharply from the shadows.

"Jean!" he cried. "What is it? What's wrong?"

"Myself. We had best face it—face it now; better now than later. I am only a drag upon you, a handicap—not the kind of woman you should marry. You must marry a stim—stim—stimulus."

Atwood's arms went round her. "And so I shall," he answered, "so I shall the first minute she'll let me. To-night even! Do you understand me, Jean? Why shouldn't it be to-night? What do you say?"

Jean said nothing. What folly she had uttered! Give him up! All the primitive woman in her revolted from the sacrifice. He was hers—hers! Could that pale creature love him as she loved him? Could Julie love him as she loved him? Julie! A gust of passion shook her; part anger with herself for the weakness to which she had stooped, part hot resentment against this superior being who set traps for her inexperience. For it was a trap, that dinner! MacGregor was wholly right. There was war between them; the night had witnessed a battle. What was it all but a maneuver to humble her before her lover, prove her unfitness, alienate his love?

Then Craig's words took on a meaning. "I'm in earnest," he was saying. "It isn't a spur-of-the-moment idea. These three days I've had it in mind to ask you to slip off with me quietly and without fuss. We've never been conventional, you and I. Why should we begin now? Nothing could be simpler. It is early yet—little more than ten o'clock. I'll drop you in Irving Place long enough for you to change your dress and pack a bag. Meanwhile I can pick up my own and make sure of the clergyman. That part is easy, too. I'll ask a friend of mine who lives not five blocks off. His wife and sister will be our witnesses. Then the

midnight train for Boston and a honeymoon in some coast village."

"But the protrait?" she wavered.

"The best of reasons. The sensible thing is to marry before I begin work. Don't hunt for reasons against it, dear. None of them count. It's our wedding, not Mrs. Grundy's. We'll let her know by one of the morning papers if there's time to give notice on our way to the train. Julie I'll wire."

A blithe vision of Julie digesting her telegram flitted across Jean's imagination with an irresistible appeal. "I'll need half an hour, Craig," she said, as the carriage halted.

A VISITOR FROM HOME

JULIE's congratulations reached them three days later at the decayed seaport, an hour's run out of Boston, which they had chosen at laughing haphazard in their flight. It was a skilful piece of literature. Ostensibly for both, its real message was for the errant Craig. There were delicate allusions to their close companionship of years, so precious to her. To him, a man, it had of course meant less. A woman's devotion—but she would not weary him with protestations. What she had been she would always be. She bore him no unkindness for shutting her out at the momentous hour; she knew marriage would raise no future barrier. That was all.

"Dear old Julie!" said Atwood. "It did cut her. She's been my right hand almost. Not many endearments between us—surface tendernesses. Some people think her hard, but she's as stanch as stanch. Did I tell you how she nursed me through typhoid?"

"Yes."

"That showed! Or take our Irving Place days. Many a play or concert she gave up for me—and gowns! She believed in me from the first. I can't forget that. What nonsense to talk of marriage shutting her out! We must not let her feel that way, Jean."

"No," said the wife; for to such charity toward the beaten enemy had she already come. Indeed, her happiness had softened her to a point where she questioned whether MacGregor did Julie complete justice. He was a man of strong prejudices, set, dogmatic; even, she suspected, a man with a grievance, for Craig now told her that some-

thing in the nature of an engagement had once existed between his sister and his friend. Might not Atwood's insight be the truer? She began to put herself in Julie's place, and then, without much difficulty, saw herself acting Julie's part. Ambitious for Craig, scheming for him always, self-sacrificing if need arose, why should she not resent his marriage to a nobody whom she knew only as a model?

This flooding charity likewise embraced Mrs. Fanshaw. Her mother's chronicles of the small beer of Shawnee Springs had continued with the punctuality of tides. The weekly letter seemed to present itself to her mind as an imperative duty, like Wednesday's prayer-meeting, Saturday's cleaning, or Sunday's church-going. Duty bulked less prominently in Jean's view of it, but she had answered, desultorily at first, and then by habit, almost with her mother's regularity. Yet she had told little of her life. The changes from the cloak-factory to department store, from store to the Acme Company, and from the dental office to the studio had been briefly announced but, despite questions, never lengthily explained. Now she felt the need for confidence. Feelings quickened in her which she supposed atrophied, and under their impulsion she wrote her mother for the first time the true history of her flight from the refuge and traced the romance there begun to its miraculous flower.

A second note from Mrs. Van Ostade, received two days later, voiced in the friendliest way her acceptance of things as they were. She wondered whether they had formulated any plans for living? Her suggestion was that for the time being they make the freest use of her much too spacious home. Craig knew how burdensome it had seemed to her since Mr. Van Ostade's death; he would remember how often she had urged his sharing it. Well, why not now? It need be only temporary, if they wished; merely for the critical present. It could easily be arranged from a financial point of view. When had he and she ever quarreled over money! And the domestic problem was as simple. Wouldn't they consider it? She meant literally *consider* not decide. They could decide on the spot, for come to her they must on their return. She claimed that of them at least. They should be her guests first; then—but no more of that now.

They read the letter shoulder to shoulder; and so, without speaking, sat for a long moment after they reached the end.

"Well?" he said at last, with a vain reading of the still face.

"Well, Craig?"

"Bully of her, isn't it?"

She assented.

"And practical," he added; "more practical than our air-castles, I dare say."

A quick fear caught at her throat. "Could you give them up, Craig?"

"Give them up!" he exclaimed. "Give up the air-castles that we've planned while drifting in the bay, roaming the fields, watching the sunset from this dear window? Never! We'll have our own home yet. But it does mean time, as Julie says, and this is a critical period in my affairs. I feel it strongly."

"And I."

"It would be practical," he said again thoughtfully. "We must admit it, Jean. How Julie seems to set her heart upon it! We owe her some reparation, I suppose. We might—at least, till the portrait is under way. Oh, but you must decide this point."

"No," she answered. "Your work must decide. But need we worry over it now?"

"Indeed we'll not," he declared. "When we reach town will be soon enough, as Julie says. Come out for a row."

The end of the honeymoon came sooner than they had planned. A third missive from Julie, laid before them at breakfast, asked when she might look for them and added that Mrs. Joyce-Reeves also wished enlightenment, as she should soon be leaving town. Jean herself had urged a prompt return for the portrait's sake, but it seemingly needed his sister's spur to prick Craig to action. Time-tables immediately absorbed him. Noon saw them in Boston and the evening in New York, where, a week to a day, almost to an hour, from the fateful dinner, they passed again through Mrs. Van Ostade's door.

Throughout the homeward journey Jean had shrunk from this moment, and though he said nothing she divined that Craig himself dreaded facing Julie. But the actual meeting held no terrors. Mrs. Van Ostade greeted them cordially and at once led the way to the suite of rooms set apart for their use.

"This is your particular corner," she said at the threshold, "but the whole house, remember, is yours."

"My books!" exclaimed Atwood, bringing up in the little living-room, the charm of which won Jean instantly. "My old French prints! Have you moved me bag and baggage, Julie?"

"I did send to your rooms for a few things to make you comfortable. I think you'll find the essentials. Had I dared," she added, turning smilingly on Jean, "I should have laid hands on your belongings, too."

They came upon discovery after discovery as they traversed the successive rooms. Julie's deft touch showed itself everywhere. Flowers met them on every hand, and a great bowl of bride's roses lavished its fragrance from Jean's own dressing-table. Her face went down among their petals.

"You don't mind?" murmured Julie at her side. "I wanted to do something, belated as it seems."

Atwood caught up one of the dainty trifles with which the dressing-table was strewn. "See, Jean!" he called. "They're yours. That is your monogram."

Nor did Mrs. Van Ostade's thoughtfulness stop at their welcome, or yet at the almost imperceptible point where, the portrait deciding, their status as guests changed to a relation less transient. It concerned itself with the revision of Jean's wardrobe, with the more effective dressing of her hair, with the minutiae of calls and social usages.

Jean had no gallant sense of pupilage—the thing was too delicately done. Often Julie's lessons took the sugar-coated form of a gentle conspiracy against Craig, who, his sister confided, had in some respects lapsed into a Bohemianism which needed its corrective. A portrait-painter, she reasoned, must defer to society more than other artists. It was an essential part of his work to acquaint himself sympathetically with the ways of the leisured class who made his profession commercially possible. Mrs. Joyce-Reeves furnished a concrete illustration. Even if the studio stairs had not proved too great an obstacle for her years, how enormously more to Craig's advantage it was that he could paint her here! Coming to this house, his sitter entered no alien environment. She retained her atmosphere.

"I make it a point to serve tea at their afternoon sittings," she added. "And I try to chat with her whenever I can. It draws her out, lets Craig see her as she really is, makes up for his lack of knowledge of her personality."

Plastic as she was under coaching, Jean nursed a healthy doubt of the wisdom of Mrs. Van Ostade's constant presence in the studio. When had Craig so changed that the chatter of a third person helped him to paint?

Moreover, Craig was openly dissatisfied. "I'm only marking time," he fretted, as he and Jean sat together before the canvas after Mrs. Joyce-Reeves's third sitting. "All my preconceived notions were merely blind scents. I'm not getting at the woman behind."

"Yet it's wonderfully like her," she encouraged, studying the mocking old face.

"So are her photographs! Is that portraiture? Look at their stuff," he cried, catching a handful of unmounted prints from a drawer. "See what Huntington did with her girlhood! See Millais's woman of thirty! Look at Zorn's great portrait! Take Sargent's!"

"But none of them has painted her old age," she reminded. "You have that advantage."

"And what have I got out of it? Wrinkles!"

Crossing Madison Square a day or two later, Jean met MacGregor. He had congratulated them promptly by letter and sent them one of his desert studies which he knew to be a favorite; but she had not come face to face with him since her marriage. She wanted to speak to him, for an unfulfilled penance hung over her, and almost her first word was a confession of her feeling that she had done Julie an injustice.

He listened with a caustic stare. "Buried the hatchet?" he remarked.

"If there ever was a hatchet. I'm not so sure there was. I think we both misjudged her."

"Both, eh!" snorted MacGregor huffily. "I dare say. After all, I'm a raw young thing with no experience."

"No; seriously," Jean laughed.

He changed the topic. "Is the portrait coming on?" he asked.

"Craig is despondent."

"Good thing!" he ejaculated. "Stimulates the gray matter." His face went awry, however, when she mentioned Julie's theory and practice. "So it's the tea-drinking Mrs. Joyce-Reeves our mighty painter thinks most important," he broke out acidly, after violent bottling of comment more pungent. "Fine! What insight! What originality!"

Jean's eyes snapped loyally. "Don't be disagreeable," she retorted. "You know Craig doesn't think anything of the kind."

They separated with scant courtesy, but she had not quitted the park before MacGregor's tall figure again towered over her.

"Enlighten the brute a little further," he said with elaborate meekness. "What is to become of your work? Richter says you haven't darkened his door since your marriage."

"Four whole weeks!"

"Oh, jeer away," he grumbled. "Honey-moon or not, it's too long."

"I must think of Craig's interests first."

MacGregor lifted his hat. "Your father also dabbled in clay—and matrimony, I believe," he said, and left her definitely to herself.

She admitted the justice of his reminder when her cheek cooled, and, turning into a cross-town street, set a straight course for Richter's. The swathed model of a colossal group called "Agriculture," which he had in hand for a Western exposition, hid the sculptor as she pushed open the door of the big studio, and when she finally came upon the little man it was to discover Mrs. Joyce-Reeves beside him in close examination of an uncovered bit of foreground where a child tumbled in joyous, intimate communion with the soil.

They broke out laughing at sight of Jean.

"I told you I should ask Richter," declared the old lady briskly. "His answer was to show me this."

Jean flushed at this indirect praise from the master. "Mr. Richter let me have a hand in it," she said.

"A hand! He told me he should have had to leave the figure out altogether if you had not experimented with the janitor's baby."

"He did not tell me," Jean laughed.

"Why didn't you?" demanded Mrs. Joyce-Reeves abruptly. "Why didn't you encourage the girl?"

"I think praise should be handled gingerly," he explained.

"Is it such moral dynamite! I don't believe it."

She beamed her approval of Jean's physical endowments as well, lingering in particular upon her eyes. Suddenly she gave a little cluck of surprise, whipped out a handkerchief, and laid it unceremoniously across the girl's lower face.

"Do you know Malcolm MacGregor?"

she demanded. "Yes? Then I'm the owner of your portrait. It's called 'The Lattice.' Atwood's wife, MacGregor's inspiration, Richter's collaborator—my dear, you are very wonderful. Shall I take you home? I've promised your husband a sitting."

Jean said she must remain and work. She had thought only to run in and appease Richter, but between his grudging praise and MacGregor's goad, she found her fingers itching for the neglected tools; and she was into her comprehensive studio-apron before Mrs. Joyce-Reeves's electric brougham had purred halfway down the block. The sculptor squandered no more compliments that day, however. Indeed, he swerved heavily to the opposite extreme, but Jean dreamed audacious dreams over the potential copying of a battered antique, and the afternoon was far gone when she reluctantly stopped work.

Leaving Richter's door, she beheld her husband swinging gaily down the street. He waved to her boyishly and quickened his steps.

"Good news?" she queried.

"The very best," he said. "I've got my interpretation, Jean! Got it at last! And it came through you!"

For some reason, he told her, Mrs. Joyce-Reeves had arrived earlier than her appointment. Julie was out, but luckily she caught him, and so an hour of vast significance tamely began. By and by his sitter mentioned Jean, her work, and Richter's opinions, and plied him with kindly inquisitive questions about their love-affair and elopement, till—all in a lightning flash—it came to him that here, peeping from behind the worldly old mask which everybody knew, was another, unguessed Mrs. Joyce-Reeves with a schoolgirl's appetite for romance.

"And that is what I want to paint," he declared. "Cynic on the surface, romanticist at heart."

The way home was too ridiculously short, and they pieced it out with park and shop-window saunterings. The future was big with promise. Both should wear the bays.

"For something she dropped set me thinking," Atwood said. "She sees, like all of us, that children are your forte, and she thinks that in this day of child study your talent can't fail to make its mark. The janitor's baby seems to have swept her off

her feet. She said the janitors, proud race though they be, must not be allowed to monopolize your time. Then she spoke of her great-grandchild, and I think there's something in the wind."

Jean trifled with the intoxicating possibilities for a dozen paces. "Oh," she said finally, as if shaking herself awake, "Richter would never consent to my trying such things yet."

They composed their frivolous faces under the solemn regard of Julie's butler, who told Jean that a caller awaited her in the library. "A lady from out of town," he added.

Jean wondered "Why the library?" and then, advancing, wondered again as a silvery tinkle reached her ears; but the chief marvel of all was the spectacle of Julie Van Ostade and Mrs. Fanshaw in amicable, even intimate, converse over afternoon tea.

THE NEW STUDIO

SURPRISE held her at the threshold an instant, whereupon a rare, beaming, even effusive, Mrs. Fanshaw, whom Jean's memories linked with calls from the minister, bore down on her, two steps to her one, and engulfed her in a prolonged embrace. Then, holding her daughter at arm's length in swift appraisal of her dress and urban air, "Death brought me," she explained.

"Death!"

"Your great-aunt Martha Tuttle died last Friday at Brother Andrew's in Pater-son," she announced in lugubrious tones with which her blithe visage could not instantly be brought in harmony. "I am on my way home from the funeral."

"I've been trying to persuade your mother to break her journey here for a few days," Julie contributed, with a fugitive smile; "but she says she must hurry away."

"Amelia expects her little stranger any time now," murmured Mrs. Fanshaw chastely. "But I will stop overnight, perhaps part of to-morrow, thanking you kindly, Mrs. Van Ostade."

"Pray don't," deprecated Julie, moving toward the door. "This is Jean's home, you know. Unfortunately, I'm dining out this evening."

Jean learned of Mrs. Fanshaw's haste and Julie's engagement with equal relief. She felt no snobbish shame for her mother's rusticity, but she did fear her babbling

tongue, and her first word on Julie's withdrawal was one of caution.

"Not a syllable about the refuge here," she charged. "Neither Craig nor I wish Mrs. Van Ostade to know. Remember, mother."

The visitor's eyes widened. "Oh," she observed slowly, "I don't see——"

"We see," Jean cut her short. "You must respect my wishes in this."

"All right," assented Mrs. Fanshaw, with amazing meekness. "Is your husband on the premises?"

"You will meet him soon," she replied, thinking it expedient that Julie or herself should first give Atwood some hint of what lay in store for him.

"He is really quite well known, isn't he? I've taken more notice of magazine pictures since I heard I had another son-in-law. I hope he's not wild. They tell of such goings-on among artists and models. I seem to recollect, though, they were French."

"Craig is a gentleman."

"I'm bound to say his sister is a lady," Mrs. Fanshaw replied to this laconic statement. "Is she any connection of that Mrs. Quentin Van Ostade the papers mention so much?"

"Julie is her daughter-in-law."

"You don't tell me!" She was impressed to the verge of awe. "Why, that makes you sister-in-law to Mrs. Quentin Van Ostade's son!"

"He is dead."

"Dead!" Her face paid the late Mr. Van Ostade the fleeting tribute of a shadow. "What a pity! But I presume his mother still sees something of his widow?"

"Oh, yes."

"And comes here sometimes?"

"Frequently."

Mrs. Fanshaw resurveyed her surroundings as if they had taken on historic interest. "You've seen her?"

"Yes."

"I mean really met her—been introduced?"

"Yes," Jean admitted, without humility.

Her mother eyed her with respectful interest. "I hope you'll keep your head, Jean," she admonished solemnly. "This is a great come-up in the world for you."

An impish impulse took shape in Jean's brain, and, under cover of showing the house, she guided Mrs. Fanshaw by edifying stages to Craig's temporary studio and the great work.

"A portrait he's doing," she dropped carelessly.

Her mother as carelessly bestowed a brief glance upon the canvas. "What a wrinkled old woman," she commented, turning away. "But I suppose it is the money your husband is thinking of?"

"Partly."

"What will he get for it?"

Jean pondered demurely. "It is hard to say. Perhaps a thousand, perhaps two thousand dollars."

"What!" She wheeled upon the portrait. "Why, who is the woman?"

"Mrs. Joyce-Reeves."

The effect was as dramatic as Jean's unfilial fancy had hoped.

"The Mrs. Joyce-Reeves of Fifth Avenue and Newport?"

"And of Lenox, Aiken, and Ormond—yes."

Mrs. Fanshaw's attitude toward the portrait became reverential. Here was hallowed ground! "Have you met her, too?" she asked finally.

"Yes."

"You have *talked* with her?"

"Only this afternoon."

"Here?"

"She was here to-day for a sitting, but I ran across her at Mr. Richter's studio."

"That is where you go to—"

"To model; yes." Then, with great calm, "Mrs. Joyce-Reeves admires my work."

A chastened, pensive, almost deferential, being, who from time to time stole puzzled glances at her ugly duckling turned swan, let herself be shown to her room and smartened for dinner, to which she descended at what seemed to her robust appetite an unconscionably late hour. Here the fame of her son-in-law and the even more disconcerting attentions of the butler combined to make her subjugation complete.

Sweet as was her victory, however, Jean had no wish to see her mother ill at ease, and she rejoiced when Craig exerted himself to entertain this visitor whose subdued, almost shy, manner was so bewilderingly at variance with the forbidding image his fancy had set up. Moreover, he succeeded. If Mrs. Fanshaw's parochial outlook dulled the edge of his choicer quips and anecdotes, his boyish charm, at least, required no footnotes; and before the dinner ended she was bearing her gustful share in the conversation

with such largess of detail that a far less imaginative listener than he might have reconstructed therefrom the whole social and economic fabric of Shawnee Springs.

To Jean, who in dark moments had longed to forget it utterly, the narrow little town recurred with sharp unlovely lines. Forget it! She could as easily forget that this was her mother. Flout it as she would, it yet stood closer to her than any spot on earth. Its censure and its respect were neither despicable; her rehabilitation in its purblind eyes was a thing desirable above all other ambitions. Then, presently, in this hour when she craved such justification deepest, its possibility, even its certainty, came to her. She had slipped away to answer one of the more imperative letters which Craig's detestation of affairs left to her, and as she mused a moment over her finished task the drift of Mrs. Fanshaw's monologue in the room beyond penetrated her reverie.

She was talking, as Jean had heard her talk times innumerable, with endless variations upon a single theme. But the burden of her laud was no longer Amelia! Now it was Jean—her childish spirit, her school-time precocity, her early love of shaping things in clay, her promise, her beauty, her future—Jean, always Jean! And as the girl at the desk drank it in thirstily, she foresaw the end. Signs there had been already that Amelia was wavering on her pedestal—her husband and her husband's family, the proud Fargos, had impaired her sainthood; and now in the tireless, fatuous, sweet refrain, Jean read her own elevation to the vacant niche. Hot tears blinded her. It might not be the noblest compensation, but it was the dearest.

If Mrs. Fanshaw's coming marked the dawn of another day in Jean's spirit, its effect on her external welfare was less happy. Her relations with Julie were beyond question altered, though precisely where the difference lay was not easy to detect. Intuition, rather than any overt act or word of Mrs. Van Ostade's, told her this, for their surface intercourse went on much as before; but, elusive and volatile as this changed atmosphere was, she nevertheless knew it for something real, alert, and vaguely hostile. Yet this aloofness, if aloofness it could be called, was so bound up in Julie's propaganda on behalf of Craig's career that Jean took it for a not unnatural jealousy.

Atwood fed the flame with repeated acknowledgments of his wife's share in solving his riddle, the fervor of which leaped from bud to bloom with tropic extravagance as the portrait went rapidly forward and the judgment of MacGregor and other experts assured him of its strength. His sister, Jean noted, always took these outbursts in silence. The portrait expressed a Mrs. Joyce-Reeves with whom she was unfamiliar, either over the teacups or elsewhere, but she had the breadth to recognize its bigness and set her restless energy to work to exploit it with all her might.

Of her methods Jean perhaps saw more than Mrs. Van Ostade supposed. For a fortnight Atwood let the nearly finished portrait cool, as he said, and busied himself at his regular studio with such illustrative work as he was still under contract to deliver. This was Julie's opportunity. That Atwood was painting Mrs. Joyce-Reeves was no secret—a discreet paragraph or two had sown the seed of publicity in fertile ground; and Julie furthermore let it leak out among those it might interest that the sittings took place beneath her roof. Skilful playing of influential callers who rose eagerly to allusions to the opinions of the critics—Mr. Malcolm MacGregor, for example—would lead usually, in strictest confidence, to a stolen view of the masterpiece. By such devices—and others—it came to pass that Atwood, happily ignorant of the wire-pulling which loosed the falling manna, found himself commissioned to paint three more persons of consequence as soon as his engagements to Mrs. Joyce-Reeves and the publishers would permit.

Craig ascribed it all to society's proneness to follow its bell-wethers. "But I never gaged Mrs. Joyce-Reeves's true power, the magic of her mere name," he said repeatedly. "Three orders on the bare gossip that she has given me sittings!"

Julie begged Jean not to undeceive him. "At least not yet," she qualified. "He is quixotic enough to throw his chance away if he thought I used a little business common sense to make his art pay. I've never dared let him know the labor it cost to interest Mrs. Joyce-Reeves—not that it was illegitimate or in any way underhanded. All this is as legitimate as the social pressure a clever architect brings to bear and nobody thinks of censuring. But illusions are precious to Craig; they feed his inspiration. So I say

let him enjoy them while he can. Let him think commissions drop from the skies."

Jean doubted the truth of this estimate of Craig, but she did full justice to Mrs. Van Ostade's motives and to the signal success of her campaign, which, for all she knew of such matters, might be, as Julie said, legitimate and at this time even vitally important. The necessity for a change of studio, which now recurred, seemed logical, too.

"You now see for yourself, Craig, how unsuited to portrait work your old quarters are," Julie argued. "Virginia Hepworth won't mind coming here—she is next, you know; but you can't go on in this way indefinitely. Of course it's possible that you may find it desirable to take a temporary studio at Newport for the summer; but in the fall people will expect a city studio worthy of your reputation."

Atwood was tractable. "We must have a look around," he assented.

"I have looked around," announced his sister; "and I've found something you couldn't possibly better. It has every convenience—a splendid workroom, a large reception-room, a dressing-room, and an extra chamber which would be useful for the caterer when you receive. It will require very little redecorating, though they're willing to do it throughout if we like."

"That sounds like the Copley Studios."

"It is."

Atwood laughed. "Must it be the pink-tea district, after all, Julie? Boy in buttons at the door, velvet-coated poseur—Artist with a capital A—in the holy of holies. What will old Mac say! Jean, what do you think?"

She felt Julie's compelling eye upon her and resented its domination; but she saw no choice of ways. "The velvet jacket isn't compulsory, is it?" she said lightly. "Why not look at the studio?"

"I'll drop in the first time I am near," he agreed.

Julie coughed. "I ventured to make an appointment," she said. "They only show it by special permission of the owners, the Peter Y. Satterlee Company. Mr. Satterlee himself offered to be at the building at twelve o'clock to-morrow, if that hour will suit. To deal with him in person would be an advantage."

"Would it?" responded Craig hazily. "Very well. Can you go, Jean?"

"If you want me," she returned, feeling outside the discussion.

"Of course. I count on you and Julie to browbeat the real-estate shark into reducing the summer's rent. All I shall be good for is to tell you whether there is a practicable north light."

Jean came late. Richter had abruptly taken her off the spirit-mortifying antique to aid him with one of his lesser studies for the Western exposition, and the forenoon had been absorbing. To watch Richter model was much; to help him a heaven-sent boon to be exercised in fear and trembling and exceeding joy. The stroke of twelve, which should have found her with Craig, saw her but leaving Richter's door. The distance was short, however, and at a quarter past the hour the overupholstered elevator of the Copley Studios bore her without vulgar haste aloft.

It was all vastly different from Craig's unfashionable top-story back, a mile or more down-town. No shabby street confronted this temple of the fine arts; its benign façade overlooked a trim park and the vehicles of elegant leisure. No base odor of cabbage or garlic rose from the nether lair of its janitor; no plebeian tailor or dressmaker debased the tone of its lower floors. Its courts were of marble, and its flunkies had supple spines.

The door to which Jean was directed stood ajar, and she let herself in to encounter other mighty differences. The entrance to the down-town studio precipitated the caller squarely into the travail of artistic production, but the architect who planned the Copley Studios had interposed a little hall with a stained-glass window-nook and a reception-room of creamy Empire fittings between genius and its interruptions.

From the studio proper issued Julie's level tones, presumably in discussion with Peter Y. Satterlee, for Jean heard Craig's meditative whistle in another direction. Following a small passage, she came upon him studying the convolutions of a nervous jet of steam which found vent among the myriad chimneys of the nearer outlook.

"Will it do?" she smiled.

"Splendidly—almost too splendidly. Julie and the magnificent Satterlee are settling terms, I believe. Behold your studio, sculptress mine! This is the extra chamber of Julie's rhapsodies, otherwise a bachelor's

bedroom about to be dedicated to nobler ends. And my workshop is next. We shall virtually work side by side."

He pushed open the connecting door, and they entered the studio. Julie and a globular man in superfine raiment stood like ill-balanced caryatids in support of either end of the mantelpiece.

"I agree to everything," he was saying. "The leases shall be ready to-morrow."

The voice signaled some cell in Jean's brain. The face, which he turned immediately upon her, gave memory its instant clue, and she felt her skin go hot and cold under Peter Y. Satterlee's earnest gaze.

"Have you a double, Mrs. Atwood?" he asked, after a moment's idle discussion of the studio.

She tried to face him calmly. "A double? I think not."

"Why?" demanded Julie.

Satterlee pursued his investigations with maddening care. "It's a most extraordinary resemblance, particularly as to eyes," he said. "There was a young woman, a dentist's wife, living in a Harlem apartment of ours—the Lorna Doone it was—who might be Mrs. Atwood's twin. You didn't marry a widow, sir?" he broke off jocularly.

Atwood laughingly shook his head. "How curious!" he exclaimed. "What was her name?"

"There you have me," admitted the agent, after brain-fagging efforts. "I can't recollect. I sold the property very soon."

THE WARNING

RID of them all, Jean was tormented by a host of replies and courses of action, any one of which, she believed, would have blunted the edge of Julie's suspicion. For she was suspicious! There could be no doubt of it. To Craig she longed to offer some explanation, but her love bade her reject anything short of the whole truth even as it told her that the whole truth was impossible. Every hour of her wedded happiness heaped proof on proof of the joy he took in the belief that he alone had filled her heart. And was he not right? Had not his dear image persisted since their forest meeting! Paul had never displaced it. In truth, it had shone the brighter because of Paul. But how put this holy mystery in words!

She took refuge in an opportunism not unlike Amy's. Did not time and chance rule the world! Yet her peace of mind was fitful, and she shunned the Copley Studios with a fear which harkened to no argument. So it fell out that, pleading her own work whenever Craig, himself absorbed in the Hepworth portrait, asked her opinion of his sister's ideas, the new studio's furnishing went forward without her and in unhampered accord with Julie's ambitious plans.

How far-reaching these plans were she first adequately perceived through MacGregor, whose card came up to her one evening when both Atwood and Mrs. Van Ostade were out.

"I counted on finding you alone," he owned with characteristic bluntness. "Craig has gone to the Salmagundi doings, of course—I'm due there later; while I happen to know that Julie is dining with her mother-in-law. I met Julie this afternoon at the Copley Studios."

"Then you saw Craig's new quarters?"

"Yes. Have you seen them?"

"Why do you ask that question?"

"I gathered that you hadn't."

"I went there the day Craig took the place."

"And have not returned! Why?"

"I am working hard with Richter."

"So he tells me. Don't overwork. Art isn't everything."

"Aren't you inconsistent?" she laughed.

"Lord, yes! Consistently inconsistent. Life would lose half its sparkle if I weren't. But the new studio would interest you. I don't often trouble the pink-tea district, but an errand took me into the Copley building to-day just as Julie entered, and she offered to show me through."

His meditations became irksome.

"Well?" Jean prompted.

"Julie should have been a stage-manager," he said. "Her scenic instinct is remarkable. She sees Craig's place peopled with a fashionable portrait-painter's clientele and has set her properties accordingly. His Italian finds—his tapestries, his old furniture, his Pompeian bronzes—the new grand piano, and the various other newnesses, all present themselves as background for society drama. I take off my hat to her. She, too, is an artist, an artist of imagination. It is all perfectly done. Nothing lacks but the fashionable portrait-painter."

"And the drama?" Jean suggested.

"Oh, that is being looked after. She plans a house-warming of some sort. You haven't been consulted?"

"No."

"Neither has Craig, I dare say. Perhaps the idea only took shape while she talked with me. I can't give you the technical name of the function, but it will be worthy of the manager's reputation. The scheme is to get Mrs. Joyce-Reeves's portrait, Miss Hepworth's, and mine—yes, mine!—before as many as possible of the opulent beings who itch to hand their empty faces down to posterity. By the way, I want to see the Hepworth portrait."

She took him to the studio and brought the unfinished picture to the easel. MacGregor turned off a warring light, chose a view-point, bestrode a chair, and lapsed into a long silence. Jean tried to read his rugged face, but finding it inscrutable, herself studied the canvas. Fuller knowledge of Craig's sitter had failed to reveal the qualities of mind he found so stimulating; but now, confronting the immobile counterfeit, she hit with disturbing certainty upon the truth that Virginia Hepworth's appeal was physical and to men as men.

A moment afterward MacGregor confirmed her intuition. "I don't know her any better," he said. "Outwardly she is the same neurotic creature I've seen all along. Apathetic with other women, she stirs to life and takes her tints from the particular male with whom she chances to be. Craig has missed an opportunity to dissect a chameleon."

"You think it's a failure!"

"Psychologically, I do; technically, no. In color, texture, it is masterly. Don't distress yourself about its success; it will be only too successful. I think it will even have the bad luck to be popular."

Jean's loyalty rose to do battle. "It's to Craig's credit that he could not see her truly," she retorted. "If she takes her tints from the man with whom she talks, then he has painted into her something of himself, something fine. But wasn't it hers for the moment? Why, then, shouldn't he show her at her best, not her worst?"

MacGregor laughed immoderately. "That is stanch and wifely and—nonsensical. It is not a portrait-painter's business to supply the virtues or the vices. His palette ought

to contain neither mud nor whitewash. It is his duty to see things as they are."

"But how can you expect Craig to see Miss Hepworth as she is? He's not——"

"Forty-three, like myself," suggested MacGregor, as she hesitated. "Say it! It makes your fling concrete, personal, feminine."

Jean's wrath cooled in a smile. "I was going to add, cynical," she said. "Is that a personality?"

"It's wide of the mark, whatever we call it. I'm no cynic. If I were, I should merely stand by and laugh, not interfere."

"Don't put it that way."

"It amounts to interference. I can't cheat you, and I don't fool myself into thinking my talk about Craig's work is impersonal. Neither is what I say about Julie impersonal. Of course you've heard that she jilted me for Van Ostade? Eh? I thought so. Don't think you must say you're sorry. I'm not sorry. I'm thankful for my escape. That sounds bitter to you. Perhaps I am bitter, but the bitterness is for myself, not her, and it doesn't sway my judgment of her influence upon Craig by a hair's breadth. He thinks it does, naturally, and he discounts my warnings. But I know, and you *will* know, if you don't see it yet, that he must shake her off. Otherwise he's damned."

Jean kindled from his fiery earnestness. "What must I do?" she asked. "Do you think the new studio is a mistake?"

"No; I don't say it is. Craig had to come up-town. I'm not maintaining, either, that he can't paint under such conditions. Some men they stimulate. It isn't the studio; it's the commercial campaign it stands for which makes my gorge rise. Mind you, I don't censure Craig for not grasping Miss Hepworth in character. His youth is responsible for that fluke. But if he listens to Julie he'll soon be painting everybody at their best moments. He'll take orders like a factory—yes, and execute them like a factory—shallow, slap-dash, characterless vanities all of a mold, which fools will buy and the future ignore. There is no lost soul so tortured as the fashionable portrait-painter who has once known honest work. You must save Craig from such a fate. Don't think he is too strong to succumb. I've seen men with as much promise as his go under. Help him keep his feeling fresh. Make him paint even the mediocrities as they are."

"How shall I begin?"

"Throw Julie overboard," answered MacGregor instantly. "I did not come here to mince words. I want to bring this home to you before I leave the country. I sail for Africa day after to-morrow."

"For Africa!"

"Yes. This is good-by. A magazine has made me an offer I can't afford to refuse."

She was oppressed by a great loneliness. "Then I must fight it out single-handed?" she said.

"You would fight single-handed if I were here, I'm afraid. Nobody can help you much. The most I can do is to try to convince you that you must fight. You must show Julie her place, and show her soon. Don't be soft-hearted about it. She's not soft, trust my word. You are dealing with an enemy—understand it clearly. She is an enemy and a clever one. Julie could not prevent your marriage, but she may break it."

She paled at the conviction of his tone. "I can't believe it!"

"Can't you? I tell you the process of alienation has begun. Doesn't Craig think you indifferent about the studio?"

"Perhaps. I had reasons——"

"Chuck them away."

"And he knows I've been busy with Richter. Craig himself is lukewarm about the studio."

"You must not be. It may be your battle-ground. I don't say it will; but it may be, and it behooves you to look after your defenses." He glowered at the painted face a moment, then, "You may know that the Chameleon was Julie's own choice for sister-in-law. Yes? It's a fact worth thinking over. Good-by, Jean, and good luck! I haven't been agreeable, but I've spoken as a friend. You feel that, I hope?"

"Yes," she answered unsteadily; "and thank you."

MacGregor winced as her voice broke. "Buck up, buck up!" he charged. "You'll win out, sure!"

She brooded over his words till Atwood's return, but without seeing her way; and a restless night suggested only courses too fantastic for the light of day. She could not repeat MacGregor's warnings to Craig, nor could she voice them as her own; while to attack Julie openly seemed maddest of all. She could only drift and bide a time to assert herself with dignity.

Such a chance seemed to offer at luncheon when Mrs. Van Ostade asked Craig for suggestions regarding the decoration of the small room off the main studio. "It has never been done up, you know," she continued. "The last tenant did not occupy it at all. We shall need it, however, and I think it should be put in order at once. I'll use my own discretion if you don't want to be bothered."

"But that is Jean's affair," he said.

Julie's eyebrows arched. "Really!"

"She and I settled it in the beginning that she should have that room for her work."

His sister drew her knife through an inoffensive chop with bloodthirsty vehemence. "Indeed!" she returned.

"I will look after its decoration," put in Jean quietly.

Mrs. Van Ostade's dusky skin shadowed over with the dull red which marked her infrequent flush. "It must be in harmony with the other rooms," she said sharply. "At times it will be necessary to throw everything open."

"Of course."

"And it should be done immediately. In fact, Mr. Satterlee promised to look in at the studio about it at five o'clock to-day."

Jean was staggered, but she could not hesitate. "I will meet Mr. Satterlee," she answered.

Julie's thin lips parted in a travesty of a smile. "You are sure it would be agreeable?" she asked.

Atwood lifted his eyes at her tone. "Agreeable, Julie?" he said. "Why do you give the word that twist? Why shouldn't it be agreeable?"

Jean felt like an animal in a trap, but she faced Mrs. Van Ostade with head erect and unflinching eyes. "Yes; why?" she demanded.

Julie seemed to weigh a reply which prudent second thought bade her check. "How tragic you two have suddenly become," she drawled. "Isn't it possible that the exacting Richter may have a prior claim? I am only too happy that Jean can find time to revisit the studio—and meet Mr. Satterlee. I hope, Craig, you will be present yourself?"

Atwood looked frankly distressed over the rancorous turn the discussion had taken. "If you'll wait for me, Jean," he said, "we

will walk over together. Miss Hepworth is to give me a sitting at three."

Jean went heavy-hearted to her room and flung herself down to wonder dully how it would end. Drowsiness overtook her in these unprofitable questionings, and, spent with her wearying night, she fell into a deep slumber which shut out all thought till a knock called her back to face reality smugly embodied in a servant with a card-tray.

Paul! The bit of pasteboard fluttered to the floor. What brought him here? Then, perceiving a gleam of human curiosity light the face of the automaton with the tray, she gripped her self-control and bade the man tell Doctor Bartlett she would see him.

"It's Amy," explained the dentist, rising from a respectful survey of Mrs. Van Ostade's drawing-room. "Nothing will do her but that you must come up to the flat. It isn't a thing I could 'phone or I wouldn't have broken in on you like this."

"But what is it?"

"The drummer. Amy thinks he means to shake her, and she's gone all to pieces. I ran in there to ask for the rent, which is 'way behind, and found her all in a heap. It was no place for P. B. Amy needs another woman and needs her bad; and it seems to be up to you. I know it's tough, asking you to go back to the Lorna Doone where every stick of furniture—"

"I'll go," she interrupted. "If Amy didn't need me, I know you would not have come."

"I'm afraid I can't wait to ride up with you," Paul apologized. "You see, I'm only here between appointments, and—"

"I understand. Besides, I must see Mr. Atwood first."

She mounted hurriedly to the studio where Craig must still be at work, but hesitated on the threshold. The door was half open, and, unseen herself, she saw both painter and sitter. Virginia Hepworth had dropped her pose and had come behind Craig's chair. Neither spoke, though his brush was idle. They merely faced the canvas in a silence the long-standing intimacy of which stabbed Jean with a jealous pang and sent her away with her message unspoken. She trusted Craig, but she could not trust herself, and deemed it the part of wisdom to leave word with the dispassionate butler that a friend's sickness would prevent her going to the studio.

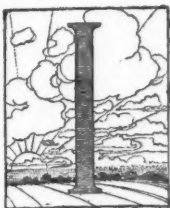
The concluding instalment of "*The Crucible*" will appear in the November issue.

The March of Kelly's Army

The Story of an Extraordinary Migration

By Jack London

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The following instalment of "My Life in the Underworld" describes one of the most interesting of Mr. London's tramp adventures.



It was once my fortune to travel a few weeks with a "push" that numbered two thousand. This was known as "Kelly's Army." Across the "wild and woolly West," clear from California, General

Kelly and his heroes had captured trains; but they fell down when they crossed the Missouri and went up against the effete East. The East hadn't the slightest intention of giving free transportation to two thousand hoboes. Kelly's Army lay helplessly for some time at Council Bluffs. The day I joined it, made desperate by delay, it marched out to capture a train.

It was quite an imposing sight. General Kelly sat a magnificent black charger, and with waving banners, to the martial music of fife and drum, company by company, in two divisions, his two thousand countermarched before him and followed the wagon-road to the little town of Weston, seven miles away. Being the latest recruit, I was in the last company of the last regiment of the Second Division, and, furthermore, in the last rank of the rear-guard. The army went into camp at Weston beside the railroad track—beside the tracks, rather, for two roads went through, the Chicago, Milwaukee, & St. Paul, and the Rock Island.

Our intention was to take the first train out, but the railroad officials "coppered" our play and won. There was no first train. They tied up the two lines and stopped running trains. In the meantime, while we lay by the dead tracks, the good people of Omaha and Council Bluffs were bestirring themselves. Preparations were making to form a mob, capture a train in Council

Bluffs, run it down to us, and make us a present of it. The railroad officials copped that play, too. They didn't wait for the mob. Early in the morning of the second day, an engine, with a single private car attached, arrived at the station and sidetracked. At this sign that life had renewed on the dead roads, the whole army lined up beside the track.

But never did life renew so monstrously as it did on those two roads. From the west came the whistle of a locomotive. It was coming in our direction, bound east. We were bound east. A stir of preparation ran down our ranks. The whistle tooted fast and furiously, and the train thundered past at top speed. The hobo didn't live that could have boarded it. Another locomotive whistled, and another train came through at top speed, and another, and another, train after train, train after train, till toward the last the trains were composed of passenger-coaches, box-cars, flat cars, dead engines, cabooses, mail-cars, wrecking-appliances, and all the riffraff of worn-out and abandoned rolling-stock that collects in the yards of great railways. When the yards at Council Bluffs had been completely cleaned, the private car and engine went east, and the roads died for keeps.

That day went by, and the next, and nothing moved, and in the meantime, pelted by sleet and rain, Kelly's two thousand hoboes lay beside the tracks. But that night the good people of Council Bluffs went the railroad officials one better. A mob formed in Council Bluffs, crossed the river to Omaha, and there joined with another mob in a raid on the Union Pacific yards. First they captured an engine, next they made up a train, and then the united mobs

The March of Kelly's Army

piled aboard, crossed the Missouri, and ran down the Rock Island right of way to turn the train over to us. The railroad officials tried to copper this play, but fell down, to the mortal terror of the section-boss and one member of the section-gang at Weston. This pair, under secret telegraphic orders, tried to wreck our train-load of sympathizers by tearing up the track. It happened that we were suspicious and had our patrols out. Caught red-handed at train-wrecking, and surrounded by two thousand infuriated hoboes, that section-gang boss and assistant prepared to meet death. I don't remember what saved them, unless it was the arrival of the train.

It was our turn to fall down, and we did, hard. In their haste, the two mobs had neglected to make up a sufficiently long train. There wasn't room for two thousand hoboes to ride. So the mobs and the hoboes had a talkfest, fraternized, sang songs, and parted, the mobs going back to Omaha on their captured train, the hoboes pulling out next morning on a one-hundred-and-forty-mile march to Des Moines. It was not until Kelly's Army crossed the Missouri that it began to walk, and after that it never rode again. It cost the railroads slathers of money, but they were acting on principle, and they won.

Underwood, Avoca, Walnut, Atlantic, Anita, Adair, Casey, Stuart, Dexter, Earham, Desoto, Vanmeter, Booneville, Commerce, Valley Junction—how the names of the towns come back to me as I con the map and trace our route through the fat Iowa country! And the hospitable Iowa farmer folk! They turned out with their wagons and carried our baggage and gave us hot lunches at noon by the wayside; mayors of comfortable little towns made speeches of welcome and hastened us on our way; deputations of little girls and maidens came out to meet us, and the good citizens turned out by hundreds, locked arms, and marched with us down their main streets. It was circus day when we came to town, and every day was circus day for us, for there were many towns.

In the evenings our camps were invaded by whole populations. Every company had its camp-fire, and around each fire something was doing. The cooks in my company, Company L, were song-and-dance artists and contributed most of our entertainment. In another part of the en-

campment the glee-club would be singing—one of its star voices was the "dentist," drawn from Company L, and we were mighty proud of him. Also, he pulled teeth for the whole army, and, since the extractions usually occurred at meal-time, our digestions were stimulated by a variety of incident. The dentist had no anesthetics, but two or three of us were always ready to volunteer to hold down the patient. In addition to the diversions of the companies and the glee-club, church services were usually held, local preachers officiating, and always there was a great making of political speeches. A lot of talent can be dug out of two thousand hoboes. I remember we had a picked baseball nine, and on Sundays we made a practice of putting it all over the local nines. Sometimes we did it twice on Sundays.

Last year, while on a lecturing trip, I rode into Des Moines in a Pullman—I don't mean a "side-door Pullman," but the real thing. On the outskirts of the city I saw the old stove-works, and my heart leaped. It was there, at the stove-works, a dozen years before, that the army lay down and swore a mighty oath that its feet were sore and that it would walk no more. We took possession of the stove-works and told Des Moines that we had come to stay—that we'd walked in, but we'd be blessed if we'd walk out. Des Moines was hospitable, but this was too much of a good thing. Do a little mental arithmetic, gentle reader. Two thousand hoboes, eating three square meals, makes six thousand meals a day, forty-two thousand meals a week, or one hundred and sixty-eight thousand meals for the shortest month in the calendar. We had no money. It was up to Des Moines.

Des Moines was desperate. We lay in camp, made political speeches, held sacred concerts, pulled teeth, played baseball and seven-up, and ate our six thousand meals a day, and Des Moines paid for them. Des Moines pleaded with the railroads, but they were obdurate; they had said we shouldn't ride, and that settled it. To permit us to ride would be to establish a precedent, and there weren't going to be any precedents. And still we went on eating. That was the terrifying factor in the situation. We were bound for Washington, and Des Moines would have had to float municipal bonds to pay all our railroad fares, even at special rates; and if we remained much longer she'd have to float bonds anywhere to feed us.

Then some local genius solved the problem. We wouldn't walk. Very good; we should ride. From Des Moines to Keokuk on the Mississippi flowed the Des Moines River. This particular stretch of river was three hundred miles long. We could ride on it, said the local genius; and, once equipped with floating-stock, we could ride on down the Mississippi to the Ohio, and thence up the Ohio, winding up with a short portage over the mountains to Washington. Des Moines took up a collection. Public-spirited citizens contributed several thousand dollars. Lumber, rope, nails, and cotton for calking were bought in large quantities, and on the banks of the Des Moines was inaugurated a tremendous era of ship-building. Now the Des Moines is a picaresque stream, unduly dignified by the appellation of "river." In our spacious Western land it would be called a "creek." The oldest inhabitants shook their heads and said we couldn't make it, that there wasn't enough water to float us. Des Moines didn't care, so long as it got rid of us, and we were such well-fed optimists that we didn't care either.

On Wednesday, May 9, 1894, we got under way and started on our colossal picnic. Des Moines had got off pretty easily, and she certainly owes a statue in bronze to the local genius who got her out of her difficulty. True, Des Moines had to pay for our boats; we had eaten sixty-six thousand meals at the stove-works; and we took twelve thousand additional meals along with us in our commissary—as a precaution against famine in the wilds; but then think what it would have meant if we had remained at Des Moines eleven months instead of eleven days. Also, when we departed, we promised Des Moines we'd come back if the river failed to float us.

It was all very well having twelve thousand meals in the commissary, and no doubt the commissary "ducks" enjoyed them; for the commissary promptly got lost, and my boat, for one, never saw it again. The company formation was hopelessly broken up during the river trip. In any camp of men there will always be found a certain percentage of shirks, of helpless, of just ordinary, and of hustlers. There were ten men in my boat, and they were the cream of Company L. Every man was a hustler. For two reasons I was included in the ten. First, I was as good a hustler as ever "threw his feet," and, next, I was "Sailor Jack." I

understood boats and boating. The ten of us forgot the remaining forty men of Company L, and by the time we had missed one meal we promptly forgot the commissary. We were independent. We went down the river "on our own," hustling our "chew-in's," beating every boat in the fleet, and, alas! that I must say it, sometimes taking possession of the stores the farmer folk had collected for the army.

For a good part of the three hundred miles we were from half a day to a day or so in advance of the army. We had managed to get hold of several American flags. When we approached a small town, or when we saw a group of farmers gathered on the bank, we ran up our flags, called ourselves the "advance boat," and demanded to know what provisions had been collected for the army. We represented the army, of course, and the provisions were turned over to us. But there wasn't anything small about us. We never took more than we could get away with. But we did take the cream of everything. For instance, if some philanthropic farmer had donated several dollars' worth of tobacco, we took it. So, also, we took butter and sugar, coffee, and canned goods; but when the stores consisted of sacks of beans and flour, or two or three slaughtered steers, we resolutely refrained and went our way, leaving orders to turn such provisions over to the commissary-boats whose business was to follow behind us.

My, but the ten of us did live on the fat of the land! For a long time General Kelly vainly tried to head us off. He sent two rowers, in a light, round-bottomed boat, to overtake us and put a stop to our piratical careers. They overtook us all right, but they were two and we were ten. They were empowered by General Kelly to make us prisoners, and they told us so. When we expressed disinclination to become prisoners, they hurried ahead to the next town to invoke the aid of the authorities. We went ashore immediately and cooked an early supper; and under the cloak of darkness we ran by the town and its authorities.

I kept a diary on part of the trip, and as I read it over now I note one persistently recurring phrase, namely, "Living fine." We did live fine. We even disdained to use coffee boiled in water. We made our coffee out of milk, calling the wonderful beverage, if I remember rightly, "pale Vienna."

While we were ahead, skimming the

The March of Kelly's Army

cream, and while the commissary was lost far behind, the main army, coming along in the middle, starved. This was hard on the army, I'll allow; but then, the ten of us were individualists. We had initiative and enterprise. We ardently believed that the grub was to the man who got there first, the pale Vienna to the strong. On one stretch the army went forty-eight hours without grub; and then it arrived at a small village of some three hundred inhabitants, the name of which I do not remember, though I think it was Red Rock. This town, following the practice of all towns through which the army passed, had appointed a committee of safety. Counting five to a family, Red Rock consisted of sixty households. Her committee of safety was scared stiff by the eruption of two thousand hungry hoboes who lined their boats two and three deep along the river bank. General Kelly was a fair man. He had no intention of working hardship on the village. He did not expect sixty households to furnish two thousand meals. Besides, the army had its treasure-chest.

But the committee of safety lost its head. "No encouragement to the invader," was its program, and when General Kelly wanted to buy food, the committee refused to sell. It had nothing to sell; General Kelly's money was "no good" in that burg. And then General Kelly went into action. The bugles blew. The army left the boats and on top of the bank formed in battle array. The committee was there to see. General Kelly's speech was brief.

"Boys," he said, "when did you eat last?"

"Day before yesterday," they shouted.

"Are you hungry?"

A mighty affirmation from two thousand throats shook the atmosphere. Then General Kelly turned to the committee of safety.

"You see, gentlemen, the situation," said he. "My men have eaten nothing in forty-eight hours. If I turn them loose upon your town, I'll not be responsible for what happens. They are desperate. I offered to buy food for them, but you refused to sell. I now withdraw my offer. Instead, I shall demand. I give you five minutes to decide. Either kill me six steers and give me four thousand rations, or I turn the men loose. Five minutes, gentlemen."

The terrified committee of safety looked at the two thousand hungry hoboes and collapsed. It didn't wait the five minutes. It

wasn't going to take any chances. The killing of the steers and the collecting of the rations began forthwith, and the army dined.

And still the ten graceless individualists soared along ahead and gathered in everything in sight. But General Kelly fixed us. He sent horsemen down each bank, warning farmers and townspeople against us. They did their work thoroughly all right. The erstwhile hospitable farmers gave us a cold reception. Also, they summoned the constables when we tied up to the bank, and loosed the dogs. I know. Two of the latter caught me with a barbed-wire fence between me and the river. I was carrying two buckets of milk for the pale Vienna. I didn't damage the fence any; but we drank plebeian coffee boiled in vulgar water, and I had to throw my feet for another pair of trousers. I wonder, gentle reader, if you ever essayed hastily to climb a barbed-wire fence with a bucket of milk in each hand. Ever since that day I have had a prejudice against barbed wire, and I have gathered statistics on the subject.

Unable to make an honest living so long as General Kelly kept his horsemen ahead of us, we returned to the army and raised a revolution. It was a small affair, but it devastated Company L of the Second Division. The captain of Company L refused to recognize us; said we were deserters, traitors, scoundrels; and when he drew rations for Company L from the commissary he wouldn't give us any. That captain didn't appreciate us, or he wouldn't have refused us grub. Promptly we intrigued with the first lieutenant. He joined us with the nine men in his boat, and in return we elected him captain of Company M. The captain of Company L raised a roar. Down upon us came General Kelly, Colonel Speed, and Colonel Baker. The twenty of us stood firm, and our revolution was ratified.

But we never bothered with the commissary. Our hustlers drew better rations from the farmers. Our new captain, however, doubted us. He never knew when he'd see the ten of us again, once we got under way in the morning, so he called in a blacksmith to clinch his captaincy. In the stern of our boat, one on each side, were driven two heavy eye-bolts of iron. Correspondingly, on the bow of his boat, were fastened two huge iron hooks. The boats were brought together, end on, the hooks

dropped into the eye-bolts, and there we were, hard and fast. We couldn't lose that captain. But we were irrepressible. Out of our very manacles we wrought an invincible device that enabled us to outdistance every other boat in the fleet.

Like all great inventions, this one of ours was accidental. We discovered it the first time we ran on a snag in a bit of a rapid. The head-boat hung up and anchored, and the tail-boat swung around in the current, pivoting the head-boat on the snag. I was at the stern of the tail-boat, steering. In vain we tried to shove off. Then I ordered the men from the head-boat into the tail-boat. Immediately the head-boat floated clear, and its men returned into it. After that snags, reefs, shoals, and bars had no terrors for us. The instant the head-boat struck, the men in it leaped into the tail-boat. Of course the head-boat floated over the obstruction and the tail-boat then struck. Like automatons the twenty men now in the tail-boat leaped into the head-boat, and the tail-boat floated off.

The boats used by the army were all alike—made by the mile and sawed off. They were flatboats, and their lines were rectangles. Each boat was six feet wide, ten feet long, and a foot and a half deep. Thus, when our two boats were hooked together, I sat at the stern steering a craft twenty feet long, containing twenty husky hoboes who "spelled" each other at the oars and paddles, and loaded with blankets, cooking-outfit, and our own private commissary.

Still we caused General Kelly trouble. He had called in his horsemen, and substituted three police boats that traveled in the van and allowed no boats to pass them. The craft containing Company M crowded the police boats hard. We could have passed them easily, but it was against the rules. So we kept at a respectful distance astern and waited. Ahead, we knew was virgin farming country, unbegged and generous; but we waited. White water was all we needed, and when we rounded a bend and a rapid showed up we knew what would happen. Smash! Police boat number one goes on a boulder and hangs up. Bang! Police boat number two follows suit. Whop! Police boat number three encounters the common fate of all. Of course our boat does the same thing; but, one, two, the men are out of the head-boat and into the tail-boat; one, two, they are out of the tail-boat

and into the head-boat; and one, two, the men who belong in the tail-boat are back in it, and we are dashing on. "Stop!" shriek the police boats. "How can we?" we wail plaintively as we surge past, caught in that remorseless current that sweeps us on out of sight and into the hospitable country that replenishes our private commissary with the cream of its contributions. Again we drink pale Vienna and realize that the grub is to the man who gets there.

Poor General Kelly! He devised another scheme. The whole fleet started ahead of us. Company M of the Second Division started in its proper place in the line, which was last. And it took us only one day to get ahead of that particular scheme. Twenty-five miles of bad water lay before us—all rapids, shoals, bars, and boulders. It was over that stretch of water that the oldest inhabitants of Des Moines had shaken their heads. Nearly two hundred boats entered the bad water ahead of us, and they piled up in the most astounding manner. We went through that stranded fleet like hemlock through the fire. There was no avoiding the boulders, bars, and snags except by getting out on the bank. We didn't avoid them. We went right over them, one, two, one, two, head-boat, tail-boat, tail-boat, head-boat, all hands back and forward and back again. We camped alone that night, and loafed in camp all the next day while the army patched and repaired its wrecked boats and straggled up to us.

There was no stopping our cussedness. We rigged up a mast, piled on the canvas (blankets), and traveled short hours while the army worked overtime to keep us in sight. Then General Kelly had recourse to diplomacy. No boat could touch us in the straight-away. The ban of the police boats was lifted. Colonel Speed was put aboard, and with this distinguished officer we had the honor of arriving first at Keokuk on the Mississippi. And right here I want to say to General Kelly and Colonel Speed that here's my hand. You were heroes, both of you, and you were men. And I'm sorry for at least ten per cent. of the trouble that was given you by Company M.

At Keokuk the whole fleet was lashed together in a huge raft, and, after being wind-bound a day, a steamboat took us in tow down the Mississippi to Quincy, Illinois, where we camped on Goose Island. Here the raft idea was abandoned, the boats

"O City!"

being joined together in groups of four and decked over. Somebody told me that Quincy was the richest town of its size in the United States. When I heard this I was immediately overcome by an irresistible impulse to throw my feet. No "blowed-in-the-glass profesh" could possibly pass by such a promising burg. I crossed the river to Quincy in a small dugout; but I came back in a large river-boat, down to the gun-wales with the results of my thrown feet. Of course I kept all the money I had collected, though I paid the boat hire; also I took my pick of the underwear, socks, cast-off clothes, shirts, "kicks," and "sky-pieces"; and when Company M had taken all it wanted there was still a respectable heap that was turned over to Company L. Alas, I was young and prodigal in those days! I told a thousand "stories" to the good people of Quincy, and every story was "good"; but since I have come to write for the magazines I have often regretted the wealth of story I lavished that day in Quincy, Illinois.

It was at Hannibal, Missouri, that the ten invincibles went to pieces. It was not planned. We just naturally flew apart. The Boiler-Maker and I deserted secretly. On the same day Scotty and Davy made a swift sneak for the Illinois shore; also McAvoy and Fish achieved their get-away. This accounts for six of the ten; what became of the remaining four I do not know.

As a sample of life on the road, I make the following quotations from my diary of the several days following my desertion:

Friday, May 25th. Boiler-Maker and I left the camp on the island. We went ashore on the Illinois side in a skiff and walked six miles on the C. B. & Q. to Fell Creek. We had gone six miles out of our way, but we got on a hand-car and rode six miles to Hull's, on the Wabash. While there we met McAvoy, Fish, Scotty, and Davy, who had also pulled out from the army.

Saturday, May 26th. At 2.11 a. m. we caught the Cannon-ball as she slowed up at the crossing. Scotty and Davy were ditched. The four of us were ditched at the Bluffs, forty miles farther on. In the afternoon Fish and McAvoy caught a freight while Boiler-Maker and I were away getting something to eat.

Sunday, May 27th. At 3.21 a. m. we caught the Cannon-ball and found Scotty and Davy on the blind. We were all ditched at daylight at Jacksonville. The C. & A. runs through here, and we're going to take that. Boiler-Maker went off, but didn't return. Guess he caught a freight.

Monday, May 28th. Boiler-Maker didn't show up. Scotty and Davy went off to sleep somewhere, and didn't get back in time to catch the K. C. passenger at 3.30 a. m. I caught her and rode her till after sunrise to Mason City. Caught a cattle train and rode all night.

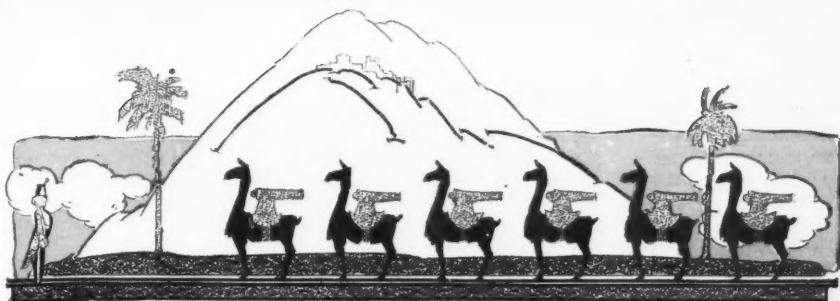
Tuesday, May 29th. Arrived in Chicago at 7 a. m. . . .

And years afterward, in China, I had the grief of learning that the device we employed to navigate the rapids of the Des Moines—the one-two-one-two, head-boat-tail-boat proposition—was not originated by us. I learned that the Chinese river-boatmen had for thousands of years used a similar device to negotiate "bad water." It is a good trick all right, even if we don't get the credit. It answers Doctor Jordan's test of truth: "Will it work? Will you trust your life to it?"

"O City!"

By James Leroy Stockton

In country lanes he pitied lambs thin fleeced;
 He pitied wounded butterflies denied
 The rapture of the flight their torn wings tried,
 The nectar of their fairy-flitting feast.
 The city's stream of want that never ceased,
 The keen-eyed blind, the mendicant who lied—
 These hardened him, till all the human tide
 Of need could pass, his pity unreleased.
 O City! Must thy cheats so hard to gage,
 Thy common sight of woe one cannot heal,
 Hand over such a hopeless heritage?
 Must he become indifferent to pain,
 Who once, suffused with tenderness, could feel
 Compassion for a linnet drenched with rain?



Tim Lloyd and the Llama

By Ellis Parker Butler

Illustrated by Gordon Ross

IF you ever saw a llama in a circus menagerie you know what the beast is like. It looks as if it started out to be a camel and then, when it got to be about half-grown, decided it would be a sheep, but found it couldn't quite make it, got disheartened, and just let it go at that. That comes as near describing the llama as anything can. It has a mild, heart-sick eye and a gently undulating neck, and the front part of it walks with a great deal of dignity while the hind part just comes along any way it can. I can't remember ever having seen a painted landscape where the artist had put in a llama to add to the beauty of his picture. The llama isn't that kind of an animal, but it is useful. It has the load-carrying habits of the camel, and the climbing habits of the goat, and these combine to make it a good animal to have around in the Andes, where all the roads run pretty much straight uphill, except those that go straight downhill on the other side. I shouldn't say "straight," either, for the roads are usually either going around some jut of rock on the edge of a precipice or dug into the side of the mountain like the first spoonful out of a saucer of ice-cream. Poor country for automobiles, but first class for showing off a llama.

The natives were quick enough to see the advantages of the llama in that sort of coun-

try, and had already been using it as a ship of the mountain for some one or two thousands of years when Tim Lloyd struck Toluca, looking for a job or a gold-mine or anything else that was in his line, and nearly anything was in his line. Along about 1840 he had been a horse-thief by profession, up in the States, but too many went into the business, and it did not pay any longer, so he struck out into new lines, and after trying all kinds of jobs here and there, he started for California in 1852, and didn't get there. He got to some point on the coast of Peru and decided that there must be a lot of gold left in that country, and as he had been continuously seasick for over three months and was getting sicker every day, he landed and struck inland. That was how he happened to reach Toluca. He had a foolish idea that because Toluca was halfway up the side of the mountain-range he would be safe from seasickness, and that he might be able to settle down there in comfort, and go at his old trade of horse-stealing until he got a fair start in the world.

The first thing he found was that there were no horses, and the second was that earthquakes were so frequent and violent that he was usually as seasick as he had been on the ship. For a country with a republican form of government Toluca was too fluctuating to be a success. A new president would just get into office and have the

Tim Lloyd and the Llama

palace nicely barricaded when an earthquake would shake the palace and the barricades and the surrounding territory, and when things quieted down the new president was as apt as not to find himself outside the town-limits, or if he remained where he had been when the disturbance commenced he might find the whole town shifted out from under him and another president set up in his place. It was all a gamble; shaking for the presidency, you might say.

When Lloyd arrived in Toluca he found the nation in the midst of war. There had been a rebellion some years before, and the rebels had established themselves on the heights above Toluca and formed a separate nation. They called it Dacco, and it was a pretty safe place to have a nation. It was a South American Switzerland, all mountain-heights and fastnesses, and just the place for a free-born people to set up business and guy the whole world. A citizen could sit on the edge of Dacco and throw his melon-rinds over into Toluca, and feel pretty safe in doing it. The fastnesses of Dacco could not be taken without artillery, and nothing on wheels could ever hope to reach those heights. The war had been going on for about thirteen years, but it had rather lagged for the last twelve of them, for the Daccans did not dare come down to fight, and the Toluccans could not go up. It was a poor sort of war. No people but a lot of half-breeds would have been satisfied with it, but these took more pride in it than you would have expected. They talked about it all day, and whenever a stranger visited Toluca they bragged about it to him. Well, when you can't have a big war the best thing to do is to make the most of the one you have, and the fewer are killed the more there are left to brag.

But the minute Tim Lloyd heard about the war he saw what was the matter. He went around to the arsenal and looked at the artillery, and then he went to the edge of the national domain and looked at the roads,



MAJ.-GEN. LLOYD

and he put one and one together. There were the roads leading into the territory of Dacco, and there was the artillery to demolish all the Daccan fortifications, and he thought, in that one minute, of a thing that the Andeans had not thought of in the two thousand years they

had lived in those hills. Of course the Andeans had not had artillery for that length of time, but that does not prove that they had ever thought of what Tim Lloyd thought of. He thought of the Toluca Llama Artillery Brigade. This is the story of the Toluca Llama Artillery Brigade, and it is a plain and simple story, just the story of Lloyd and the llama, without any heart-interest, or pathos, or anything to make a good story of it.

The señorita with the big black eyes didn't come into Lloyd's life until later, and that was lucky, for no man could have stood the stress of that señorita and that group of llamas at one time. Even Lloyd couldn't.

The trouble with the Toluccan artillery was that it would work only one way. It was all right to make war with on the level, or downhill, but it was no good for an up-hill campaign, and as there wasn't any level ground on that part of the map, and as all the nearby nations were more altitudinous than Toluca, the artillery wasn't very useful. It sounded good in the annual reports of the secretary of war, and that was about all that could be said for it. But Lloyd thought of the plan of discarding the wheels of the six mountain-guns of small caliber, which weighed about one hundred pounds each and threw a four-pound ball. Here were six good cannons going to waste, and hundreds of gentle-eyed llamas were pining away for a chance to serve their country. Add a cannon, which can shoot, to a llama, which can climb, and you have a mountain-battery than can do anything but climb a tree or shoot rapids.

Lloyd went right to the president, who was a tall, dark man with fierce mustachios, and proposed his plan. All he

wanted was to be made a sort of assistant major-general and have a right to stick one hand into the treasury when the other government officials were not crowding it too full of hands. The president was perfectly courteous about it, and agreed at once. Creating assistant major-generals was like play to him, and he could do that all day and not feel fatigued. Lloyd was about the only man in Toluca who was not a major-general already, and the president had begun to feel that the business of making major-generals was falling behind the record, so he was delighted. He made Lloyd a major-general on the spot and placed him in charge of the Toluca Llama Artillery Brigade, and placed his name on the pay-roll as entitled to draw a twenty year monthly cumulative salary. This was the only kind of salary the republic of Toluca paid. It was based on twenty years' service, divided into monthly instalments, and each month the proper amount was credited to the office-holder on the books of the republic, and allowed to accumulate during the rest of the twenty years. At the end of the twenty years the office-holder had a nice sum coming to him, if the republic didn't have a revolution and cancel the debt in the meantime. But the republic always did revolve and cancel.

As soon as Lloyd had this official confirmation of his plan he went to work. He had the six guns fixed on strong but small carriages that could be strapped upon the backs of the llamas. His first plan was to have the guns point forward, but he changed that. The llama hasn't the right neck for a forward-pointing gun; it is a long neck, like the prow of a gondola, and gently sways from side to side. This is graceful, but it is not admirable in a gun-carriage that is to be

used more than once. A gun-carriage that, just as a charge is to be fired, sways its neck across the muzzle of the gun, not only disconcerts the gunner's aim, but immediately needs a new head, and it does not pay to put a new head on a llama. It is cheaper to get a new llama. A new one, even if untrained in the duties of a gun-carriage, works better than an old one with a new head roughly attached. In the midst of battle's thunderous roar is no time to put new heads on llamas. So Tim Lloyd had the carriages made so

that the llamas were rear-firing. This made it necessary to reverse the llamas when the enemy was approached, but it had two advantages: if it was necessary to retreat the llamas were already pointed in the right direction, and they could keep up a steady fire as they retired from the field.

The llamas that Lloyd selected were not the ordinary Andean llamas. These, while light on the feet and perfectly willing workers, are more timid and are smaller than the Patagonian llama, which stands two hands higher, and is easily recognized by its black wool. The Patagonian llama is quite as sure of foot as its Andean cousin,

but is less lamblike and has more of the general character of the mule, combining a sweet disposition with a strongly marked intellectuality. As the commerce of Toluca had grown the smaller Andean llama had given less and less satisfaction, and there had arisen a demand for a common carrier of greater tonnage, and this had led to the introduction of the Patagonian llama. At the time Tim Lloyd reached Toluca the native llamas were used only for short hauls and what might be called the suburban traffic, while the trunk lines employed the Patagonian llamas exclusively. Lloyd chose six stalwart black beauties from the



THE SEÑORITA WITH THE BIG BLACK EYES

latest shipment to arrive and began to train them.

He was assisted by the entire army of Toluca, from the generalissimo to the last private in the ranks. Day after day Lloyd and the generalissimo and the army towed the six Patagonian llamas to the maneuvering-grounds adjoining the city of Toluca, anchored them there, and held a sort of Fourth of July celebration. This was to teach the llamas to "stand fire." The llama does not, by nature, admire the sound of firearms. It is a gentle, retiring animal, and in its native state likes to get as far from a gun and as quickly as it can. An untrained Patagonian llama, upon hearing a gun, will desert its friends and family and native land, and will desert them on the jump, and it is a rapid and enthusiastic jumper on such occasions. At such a time the Patagonian llama cares nothing for a few South American republics: it reels them off by dizzy leaps, and runs on until it bumps into an ocean, and then runs in circles until it is exhausted and drops.

Tim Lloyd anchored the six llamas between four posts each, and began their education. He educated them progressively, beginning with one firecracker, and when they were able to stand that noise without getting weak in the knees, letting them have a whole bunch at once. Then he went on progressively with one rifle shot, a platoon volley, a company volley, and the grand slam of the whole army—infantry and artillery—exploding at once. He had regular sham battles for those llamas—charges, retreats, ambushes, mine explosions, and all the rest; and presently the llamas didn't mind it at all. They just stood around and ate grass and let the battle rage. They got so they liked it, or seemed to like it. A man can never be sure what a llama likes or does not like. Ages of servitude have taught it to conceal its real feelings and gently dissemble. In some ways it is a most womanly beast.

The llamas did not seem to care, and the practice was fun for the people of Toluca. Every day they would crowd out to the maneuvering-grounds and loaf around while the sham battle went on, and feed the six llamas out of their hands. The people of Dacco did not like it so well. They were sure of only one thing, and that was that Toluca was getting ready to prosecute the war with greater vigor, and they sat around

on the heights above Toluca and watched the sham battles and chattered among themselves, trying to guess what was up. It all did Tim Lloyd's heart good and made a new man of him. He was right in the public eye all the time, and he wore the Toluccan military costume that befitted his rank. It was a very different life from that of a horse-thief, that being a far less showy business and leading one to retire from the public gaze rather than stand boldly forth. He was now very happy. Plans were under way for a new campaign against Dacco as soon as the llamas should be perfected in their parts, and Lloyd felt that he and his llama brigade would play the most important part in the campaign. There seemed nothing too high for him to look forward to. Success against Dacco would make him a leading candidate for the presidency, and with his llama brigade as a nucleus he might hope to lay all South America under his feet. If that happened he felt that he would be justified in proclaiming himself emperor. He would add another "L" to his name, and rise superior to all the other Lloyds. He would establish a dynasty of Lloyds. That was before he met the black-eyed señorita. He never became emperor of South America.

On the second day of July, 1853, Major-General Lloyd pronounced the llamas "safe." They had become supremely indifferent to the horrid noises of war. They would stand or recline in the midst of a cannonade without moving an ear, except to switch off a fly, and would gaze with dreamy, gazel-like eyes at the army of Toluca as it banged away in concert or *ad lib.* They were more worried by the attentions of a common house-fly than by the awful panoply of destruction. Through the fire and smoke of the sham battles they would wend their way with undisturbed dignity, as a Massachusetts schoolma'am might coldly pass, with unattending eyes, through the group of loafers at the corner grocery. Tim Lloyd selected the Fourth of July for the final trials.

He had christened the six llamas as befitted the conquerors they were to become. The names he gave them were George Washington, Napoleon Bonaparte, Zachary Taylor, Andrew Jackson, Davy Crockett, and Marquis de Lafayette, and he chose the Marquis de Lafayette for the first trial.

It was a great day for Toluca. Her beauty and her chivalry were gathered on the maneuvering-grounds, which were about

two miles wide and three miles long, the largest level territory in the domain. A target was built against the side of the mountain, and one of the guns was strapped to the back of the marquis, who turned his long neck and gazed back at the strange tube with which he was being loaded, with sad but unresentful eyes. Tim Lloyd led the marquis two hundred feet from the target and reversed him. Major-generals and colonels surrounded the marquis on three sides, and nine-tenths of the population of the city of Toluca crowded as close as possible. The president was there with a red sash across the snowy expanse of his full-dress shirt-bosom; all the ministers were there, from the minister of war to the minister of education; the school children were there, in rows; the señoras and señoritas were there in mantillas and rosy-red complexions, many of which were natural; and on the heights above, the people of Dacca were present, as in a gallery. It was a brilliant scene, something like a cross between a comic opera and a convention of farm-hands. Nothing marred the pleasure of Toluca except a slight drizzle of mist, but in the excitement of the time no one minded that.

Tim Lloyd advanced to the open space in front of the llama and saluted the president, and the president returned the salute. He saluted the generalissimo, and the generalissimo returned the salute. He saluted everyone who required a salute, and everyone he saluted returned the salute. This occupied half the afternoon, and then he saluted the flag and the populace, and all that time the patient llama stood like a statue, gazing off into the hills across the valley. Nothing in the world could have remained so quiescent, except a hitching-post. A llama has some admirable qualities.

At a signal from Lloyd the gunners rushed forward from the caisson and rammed the powder-bag into the muzzle of the gun, rammed the round shot home, and rammed

the wad home on top of that, and stood stiffly at attention. The Marquis de Lafayette, with twisted neck, watched them with careless indifference. At another signal the gun-captain stepped forward and pressed a long needle into the touch-hole of the cannon, and inserted the long fuse, made of a paper tube three inches long, filled with powder, through which ran a stout double thread that had been soaked in powder and dried. The two ends of



IT WAS A BRILLIANT SCENE, SOMETHING LIKE A CROSS BETWEEN A COMIC OPERA AND A CONVENTION OF FARM-HANDS

the thread waved gracefully three or four inches above the top of the fuse, like aigrets, and the Marquis de Lafayette looked back at them and was proud. He had an idea he was being decorated for conspicuous service, and stood calmly waiting for a medal to be hung around his neck. He bent down his head as the gun-captain walked to his front, but no medal was placed upon it; the gunner stood on tiptoe and aimed the gun at the target. He lowered the muzzle a bit, and hiked the hind legs of the llama a few inches to the left, and stood at attention. The llama was aimed. The llama was ready.

Tim Lloyd uttered the word. From ten paces to the rear a gunner ran forward with the smoking lunt-stick. The people of Toluca held their breaths. The llama looked on with utter unconcern. The gunner touched the smoking tip of the lunt-stick to the end of the fuse. The señoras and the señoritas clapped their hands to their ears. The civilians looked at the gun. The major-generals and privates looked at the target.

The next moment all the beauty and the chivalry of Toluca, the school children, the president, and everybody else ducked. The army fell flat in rows, like grain before the scythe of the reaper, and the president sat down and rolled over on his face. In two seconds there was a mass of beauty and chivalry spread out flat on the ground, from two to six deep, and surrounding the Marquis de Lafayette like a human harvest. An earthquake couldn't have knocked them flatter.

At the touch of the lunt-stick to the fuse the Marquis de Lafayette turned his head and looked backward with an amused smile for one second. Then he jumped. There had been too much drizzle for that fuse. It did not go off with a flash and a bang. It spat and sizzled like a teased kitten, and the Marquis de Lafayette looked at it with mild surprise. It annoyed him. It was something he had not been drilled to understand. Then the first spark sputtered off and fell on his thin wool, and he ripped out a little bleat of terror. Cold chills ran down his four legs, and his eyes swelled into a glare of fright. His ears went up, stiff and rigid, and he breathed hard. Then another spark—a bigger and fatter one—spurted out of the fuse and fell on his back. That was when he jumped. Then he began to waltz around

himself, and that was when the population of Toluca lay down. The thing the Marquis de Lafayette wanted was to know what sort of new-fashioned hornet was digging into him; what the population wanted was to get right down close to the soil, and it got there. It crowded right into the dust and snuggled down and breathed hard. That gun was pointing to a different point of the compass every tenth of a second, and it was due to go off almost any time along about then. The wrong time to stand up and make a prediction regarding the direction in which a gun is going to shoot is when the gun is strapped to the back of a highly insulted Patagonian llama and the llama is revolving.

The people of Dacco looked down over the edge of their children's-size republic and wondered what was the matter with Toluca. They couldn't quite make out whether Toluca was having a private earthquake of its own, or whether the nation had set up a brand-new religion of Patagonian llama-worship and was giving it a trial.

Just then Tim Lloyd, who was farthest from the loaded llama, and resting across the secretary of war, with his foot on the head of the secretary of education, looked up with one eye and saw that the Marquis de Lafayette was beginning to buck, and that every time he bucked he depressed the muzzle of that cannon, and just as he looked up the muzzle was depressed right in his direction. If that gun had gone off at that second the Patagonian llama would have bored a hole immediately through Major-General Lloyd, diagonally, and would have spoiled him. He yelled once and got on his feet and ran like a scared rabbit, jumping high, so that if the cannon-ball came his way he would save as much of his legs as he could. The generalissimo, knowing that Tim Lloyd knew more about llama artillery than anyone else, having trained it, yelled once and ran after Tim Lloyd, jumping high. He was a good jumper. Then the secretary of war, having faith in the wisdom of Tim Lloyd and the generalissimo, in matters of llama tactics, yelled and jumped high after them. And then the army and the populace and the school children and the president and the rest of the government and the señoras and the señoritas all yelled, and got up, and ran after Tim Lloyd and the generalissimo, and jumped high. And the Marquis de La-

fayette bleated once, as a fresh spark hit his back, and kept right on revolving.

It all happened in about three seconds, and at the third second Tim Lloyd and the population were swarming up the side of the mountain into Daccan territory like a flock of excited steers on the stampede, with Tim Lloyd in the advance and gaining at every leap. The Daccans gave one frightened look,

grazing peacefully at one edge of the grounds, dropped like a log.

It takes a good deal to scare a Patagonian llama. Of course any kind of llama can be frightened in one way or another, but to give one what would be called a thorough and permanent scare takes a genius. Convulsions of nature, dynamite explosions across the street, and such little things are not sufficient, but



THAT GUN WAS POINTING TO A DIFFERENT POINT OF THE COMPASS EVERY TENTH OF A SECOND

decided that the llama-worshippers had set up a brand-new fanatical male and female crusade against them, and skipped for the other side of South America, all except one or two who had rheumatism, who stopped to run up a white flag, and turn the country over to Tim Lloyd. As the white flag fluttered to the breeze a gun boomed forth on the Toluccan maneuvering-grounds, and the Patagonian llama turned one somersault, and Andrew Jackson, who had been

when a llama—even a Patagonian llama—awakes from a sweet moment of introspection to find a hornet on its back, and that a red-hot hornet with pale-blue smoke, it grows anxious. When the red-hot hornet spits out noise like a cat and every so often gives a fresh red-hot sting, the llama concentrates its mind and evolves a real panic. But when the incandescent hornet spits and smokes and stings, and then explodes and throws the llama head

over heels, the llama simply gets up and runs.

By the time the president of Toluca was shaking hands with Tim Lloyd and congratulating him as the conqueror of Dacco the Marquis de Lafayette was pretty well along on his way to his childhood's home. He had a heart-felt, whole-souled way of running that would make an automobilist, out to break a record or a speed-law, ashamed of himself. He stretched out his neck and shut his eyes and simply made his

legs go. He was traced afterward by the visions of him that inhabitants gained as he passed by. They saw only a streak of black—which was the marquis—and a streak of metallic color—which was the gun—and he was gone beyond the horizon. He ran through South American nations like a ready spender through a ten-dollar bill, and in 1856 a mariner reported him standing on the tip end of Patagonia with his forefeet in the sand and looking longingly in the direction of Tierra del Fuego.



The Desolating Adventures of Jean Baptiste

By Virginia Berkley Bowie



ocean engulf me. I embrace them tenderly and depart.

Of the voyage I have no wish to speak. I find myself embarked upon an ocean, immense and sinister, which, with a terrifying motion, rises into great waves. Prostrated, I remain below in my cabin, praying for a death which does not arrive.

After many days we reach land. I am made giddy by the clamor which surrounds me on all sides. New York astonishes me.

RECEIVE a letter from America offering me a position in the city of New York. My mother is inconsolable at the thought of being separated from me; my sisters weep upon my neck, fearing lest the

I have never before seen such bustle, such agitated life, varied and extraordinary.

I establish myself in a pension which my employer recommends. Madame herself presides over our table at meals. I, Jean Baptiste, am seated between Jim Maddigan, professor of boxing, a man silent and powerful, and Silas Higgins, doctor of patent medicine, who converses with loquacity. There are others present, but with them I do not concern myself.

Madame is large, fat, and a little brusque, but the daughter of madame is entirely charming. She is called Mamie, and sometimes Mame. She is blond, with hair of a beautiful red, her eyes blue, her skin of an incomparable whiteness. One seeing such perfection of feature, a shape so sumptuously rounded, the poise of the head so gracious and noble, would have believed himself

gazing upon Hebe. Her eyes—very blue, the blue of the periwinkle—are, at the same time, lively, caressing, thoughtful, intelligent, and good, revealing a character and a soul. Her high and rounded forehead betrays her seriousness, her elevation of intellect. She loves greatly the works of Marie Corelli, and reads continually "The Sorrows of Satan."

I adore her, as do all those in the pension, but I fear to lay my heart at her feet. Already Maddigan looks upon me with an eye of coldness, fearing lest I become a rival successful for the hand of Mame; but Higgins seeks daily more and more the honor of my presence.

To-day Mame has smiled upon me, and, in the afternoon, we go together to the park. I have then the intention of declaring my love.

Higgins has called me aside. He departs suddenly from New York to attend the funeral of his grandmother, and he begs me to accept from him this gold watch and chain, engraved with the crest of Higgins, and long an heirloom in his family, which he wishes to bestow upon me in token of his great friendship. I am deeply moved by this proof of affection, and embrace him with tears.

Accompanied by Mame, I stroll toward the park, my heart suffused with joy. We pause at a corner drug-store for the purpose of drinking a soda. Even here we find new evidences of our affinity of soul. At the same moment, we together demand an essence of strawberry.

We reach the park, and seat ourselves on a bench beneath some trees. It is a beautiful summer afternoon, full of sunshine. Everything seems touched with golden light, the clear blue sky, the heavy foliage, and even the neatly graveled walks. Little boys and girls tumble about on the grass and call to one another from a distance, while squirrels run nimbly along the ground, without fear, and eat from the hand.

I am stifled with emotion. I believe it possible for Mame to hear the palpitation of my heart. I attempt to speak but can only stammer with awkwardness.

All immediately, I gather courage to lay my devotion at her feet, to express the violence of my hidden love. I impart to her that, since knowing her, my sun has risen and set in the heaven of her cerulean eyes, and that my life will be filled with everlasting darkness should she not consent to

smile upon me. No longer will it be possible for me to live!

She replies, very modestly, that she can wed no man whose soul is not exalted above the sordid interests of modern society. A soul congenial to hers must be filled with a burning desire to benefit one's fellow-creatures, and must resemble, in all respects, the heroes depicted by that great authoress, Marie Corelli.

I hasten to assure her that my character conforms to her ideal in every particular; and we linger until so late that Mame is apprehensive of the anger of madame.

On again reaching the steps of our pension, a hand is laid suddenly upon my shoulder. I find myself in the grasp of a gigantic officer of police. Behold the infamy! I am arrested, I am taken into custody, charged with larceny of the watch bestowed upon me by the generous Higgins! A gentleman has been robbed, the thief is tracked to the pension, and, behold, I am discovered with the missing property!

I declare my innocence. I implore them with tears. I entreat them to spare me. In vain! I am torn from the arms of my adored one, and am incarcerated in a prison!

After a time, I am brought up for trial. I am overcome, and they are obliged to support me to the dock. I tremble as I look upon the man who is to decide my fate.

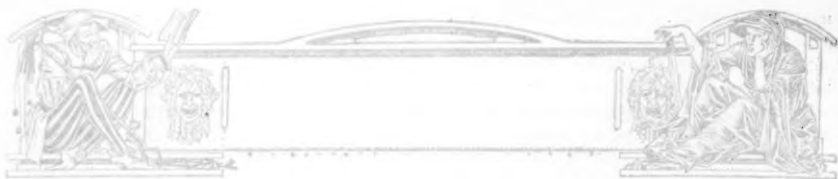
But fortune is with me. I behold the face of my employer, who comes to testify concerning my good character, and the face of madame, who will declare the perfidy of Higgins. I tell my story. The judge, deeply moved, conceals his visage. He believes in my innocence, as he knows familiarly the record of Higgins. That infamous man has already been many times in jail!

"You are discharged," says monsieur the judge.

I am innocent, I am free, I fly home to my adored one; but, alas, she looks upon me with an eye of coldness! Since yesterday, she is the betrothed of Jim Maddigan!

Behold the perfidy of woman! A true coquette, she has destroyed the illusions and broken the heart of Jean Baptiste! I am desolated; I have no longer a wish to live! Unhappy one, I go to destroy myself!

To-day, I saw a beautiful blonde behind the counter of the confectionery shop. She is truly adorable, with superb hair and a dazzling complexion. Perhaps, after all, I am not entirely desolated.



Has Simple Love Ceased To Be Dramatic?

THE REGRETTABLE FACT THAT THE DRAMATISTS' CRAZE FOR COMPLEX AND MORBID LOVE PROBLEMS IS DRIVING THE OLD-TIME IDYLIC STORIES OF ROMANCE FROM THE BOARDS

By Alan Dale



If all the world and love were young"—as they used to be!

The simplicity and prettiness of the good old love story! He was lithe and twenty-three; she was slim and just eighteen. 'Twas at a garden-party that they met. He thrilled as he saw her fair and supple loveliness silhouetted against the dark-green foliage, and she—ah! she fluttered, and knew not why, as the telltale carmine dyed the pallor of her chalky cheek. But it was in four acts, and it had to be spun out. Her Haughty Pa had ordained that she should wed another, and she hated the horrid another. It was not until we had all been gloriously miserable and intensely sympathetic for three whole hours that pure love triumphed. They were married. They would live happily ever after, and have dozens of children.

We used to like that sort of thing, and we used to get a good deal of it. In those simple and non-analytic days love was just young and poetic, invariably culminating in happy marriage and the very chime of the wedding-bells. In plays and in novels this idyl always satisfied us. We rarely asked for more, and we seldom got it. I don't say that we never got it, for the psychology of love has always been utilized by clever playwrights. But we had not reached our pres-

ent "advanced" condition. We did not pooh-pooh easy legitimate love, and we did not contemptuously sniff at the primitive love story—the story that, after all, has inspired our finest poets, moralized our most delightful art, and given a radiance and a glamour to prosaic life.

That was—if you will allow me to say so—pure, boiled love. It was love served up in the most digestible and most readily assimilated fashion. It could be partaken of by invalids; it left no distressing results. It was not complicated, and it was none the worse for that. It had none of the modern appointments, and it appealed to the mob. For it is the mob, though we pretend to think otherwise, that has non-complicated tastes and an inability to fathom the fashionable sophistries of the hour.

The primitive love story with the hero at lithe and twenty-three, and the heroine at slim and just eighteen is no longer used in our dramatic productions except as a side-issue—as something that merely delays the vital point.

The hero in the next stage of progress may be lithe and twenty-three—though that doesn't matter so long as the girl he loves is unhappily married—to another! It is one of the "gay notes that people the sunbeams." There is a slight complication. The playwright who has not advanced as far as some still clings to the solution of a happy marriage. But she has a husband, and bigamy

is unpardonable. So for three acts we get distress that is less idyllic than that which we used to demand. They are both miserable, and if you can't feel terribly sorry for her it is because you are old-fashioned. Didn't she know what she was doing when she married the disagreeable one! However, all ends well. The disagreeable one is plied with heart disease in its most convenient and play-popular form. This disease is very simply arranged. In Act I, the victim says suddenly and apropos of nothing at all, "It is very odd that I have a strange pain in my left side." And in Act IV, just as the hero has said good-by to her forever, for he will never degrade her by asking her to elope, her husband drops dead and leaves the way clear for happy wedlock.

That was—if you will allow me to say so—boiled love flavored with a suspicion of cayenne. In the days when novels by poor old maligned Ouida were considered the very height of impropriety—in the days before Corelli had shown how far a Perfect Lady can go—such a story would have been discussed quite seriously, with pros and cons that our sophistication of to-day would deem impressively ludicrous. We should have questioned the morality of a hero who dared to cast sheep's eyes at a "married woman," and what Mr. B. Shaw calls "middle-class squeamishness" would have been given a magnificent airing.

Next stage in our love diet: She is lovely and moral, but she is tied for life to a lunatic. It did not matter in the least until she met Him, and they fell to discussing Life in all its Significance down by the sad sea waves. (You will note that even at this stage an effort is made to flavor with poetry, as witness the "sad sea waves.") She admits that she does not love her husband. Can you blame her? Could you love a lunatic? He offers most plausible pretext to her for worshipping him. And that she soon does. She loves him with all her married heart, and at the close of the piece the playwright takes considerable pains to impress upon the audience that she did the correct and only womanly thing when she made her poor lunatic hubby quite comfortable, put him in charge of a reliable keeper, and stole off to happiness with the Only One She Had Ever, or Could Ever, Love!

That is—if you will allow me to say so—stewed love. It is beginning to be indigestible and something of a strain to the

stomach. Still it is comparatively—just comparatively—harmless, and to-day we pass it by derisively. Our critics would call it "romantic and slightly harrowing," but they would not discuss its propriety, for after all, why—oh, why—should lovely lady waste her young life on a lunatic—an unappreciative and wholly unnecessary lunatic?

The next stage takes us farther in the progress we are making toward to-day. She is of course lovely. She has had a saucy past. Once when she was a mere chit of a gell, a handsome stranger came to her home in the Wooded Glen. (We haven't even yet discarded poesy.) It was the first time she had ever noted a Man, with the sole exception of Haughty Pa, who is never looked upon as a man—and I can't imagine why. So she loved him. They met at the brook each day. She washed clothes, and he sat with the sun glinting upon his fair hair. They loved, but they were *not* married. The infamous creature wooed her under false pretenses, and she had to leave the Wooded Glen. She had a terrible time, and a perfectly terrible child.

In the play she has forgotten the terrible time and the perfectly terrible child. She appears in a bright-red gown, as the wife of a loving husband who worships her for her girlish ways. Ah! She is so happy. They live the simple life. They sit in their pretty suburban home, reading Emerson's essays under a red lamplight. Sometimes a shadow crosses her mobile features, as she suddenly comes to the conclusion that her past should never be forgotten. And you can bet that it isn't. The rest of the piece is devoted to the return of her past, in the form of a blackmailer; to her horror-stricken heroics; to the effort to conceal everything from the hero; to the plight in which she finds herself; to a last-act confession and to hubby's forgiveness. All ends well. It shouldn't, but it does, and the audience is pleased.

That is—if you will allow me to say so—fricasseed love, with a Pinero bean as flavoring. It isn't at all good for the healthy appetite, but it is offered to the public with the idea that the public is suffering from fatigue of the decent sentiments. It is gastronomically clever, and well seasoned, with not too much spice, but a chasm yawns between simple boiled love and this fricasseed thing. We are progressing with a vengeance. This sort of play doesn't call forth any tirades

to-day. It is most usual. Think of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," "Iris," and a whole galaxy of 'em. Oh, no, we don't mind this a bit. We are continuously reminded that art need not be moral. Art is a thing apart, and it may be beautiful, even if it be hideous! We really hate to show ourselves up as provincial, or as freighted with "middle-class squeamishness." It takes real courage for a critic to up and say that a piece belonging to the fricasseed-love caliber is improper.

For the end is not yet.

Now we get a hero who is very sick and oppressed. He loves a simple maid who is most anxious to be his wife, but the poor lad dares not propose. He has discovered that his Haughty Pa, who went to heaven or elsewhere before the play opens, lived a dual life. The feeble constitution that this admirable hero owns, and that he is always flaunting in the face of the audience, is mere inheritance. Ah, he has inherited it, poor chap! Through no fault of his own (and also through no fault of the audience) he came into the world a measly thing. He discovered this by listening at the key-hole to Haughty Pa's deathbed confession, one drear night when the moon lay low and the swish of the outgoing tide on the pebbles of the beach sounded solemnly like a requiem! (Beautiful thought, eh!) The play goes dankly on till its last act with the entire cast moaning and groaning. The simple heroine cannot and will not understand, and you envy the simple heroine, and think how joyous it must be to be a fool. His mother, in a pure-white cap, feels very badly about it and woulds that she could make amends. Still, he feels that it would be impious to marry the simple maid who is singing something in an adjoining room, and occasionally bursting into tears to vary the monotony of her music. The conclusion of course is that he commits suicide, and the moral, equally of course, is "the sins of the fathers—" which carries weight with it.

That is—if you will allow me to say so—curried love with an Ibsen twang. Not so very long ago we used to get quite indignant about it. (I never did, because I always called it silly rubbish, and was instantly snubbed as a non-understanding idiot.) To-day Ibsen's variation of the love theme is looked upon as quite the proper caper. We forget its curried flavor, because in plays of

this sort a leading actor, or more often a leading actress, gets a fine chance to do some full-fledged acting.

One more step, please. But doesn't it seem an awful long way from the garden-party where He, who was lithe and twenty-three, met Her, who was slim and just eighteen?

This time we deal with duchesses and ladies of title in the drawing-rooms of Mayfair. Everybody plays bridge, and talks in epigrams—brilliant things such as "Be good, and you'll be unhappy" or "Tis better to have hated and won than not to have married at all." Breezy sayings like that, you know! The heroine is a duchess who never sees her husband, though she would know him if she met him in the street. She has given her love to somebody else. Her husband devotes his life to a music-hall artist. (Note that sad sea waves and Wooded Glen and purling brooks have long been abandoned.) The talk in this sort of play is revolting. There are decrepit Lotharios and unlovely suffragettes. They discuss love as though it were the measles—a mere child's disease that can easily be overcome with a little care and nursing.

The duchess, however, has a child that she never sees. The husband is the father of the child, and he is very fond of it. Just as she has determined to live her life with the man of her choice, and he has decided to let her do so (and a jolly good riddance!) the angel-child gets scarlet fever, and the situation is ruined. Somewhere about her constitution the duchess discovers a maternal sentiment; she meets hubby by the child's bedside. They resolve for the child's sake not to separate, but to keep up appearances. She will go her way and he will go his until the angel-child is old enough to understand.

And this—if you will allow me to say so—is deviled love, flavored with all the London playwrights now in vogue.

Much comment is unnecessary, and you can make your own if you like. It would seem—wouldn't it?—that love unadorned has gone out of fashion, that the sentiment which has made our literature world-famous has been sickened o'er by disease, that the way has been opened for other themes. It would seem all this, and it would also seem a good deal more. But don't trust to appearances, for they are deceitful. Love will speak again, unstewed, unfricasseed, uncurried, and undeveloped.



MARIE DORO, WHO WILL STAR THIS SEASON IN W. J. LOCKE'S LONDON SUCCESS,
"THE MORALS OF MARCUS"



FLORA ZABELLE AS GRACE WHITNEY IN "A YANKEE TOURIST"



VIOLET McMULLEN IN "THE TIME, THE PLACE, AND THE GIRL"



DOROTHY TENNANT, APPEARING WITH JOHN DREW IN HIS NEW PLAY, "MY WIFE"



MARY BOLAND, LEADING WOMAN IN AUGUSTUS THOMAS'S LATEST PLAY, "THE RANGERS"



CONNIE EDISS, THE GREAT LONDON FAVORITE, WHO WILL BE LEW FIELDS'S LEADING WOMAN THIS SEASON



FLORENCE ROCKWELL AS ECHO ALLEN IN EDMUND DAY'S NEW WESTERN PLAY,
"THE ROUND UP"



THERE WAS JIM BESIDE THE MIZZENMAST, BAREHEADED AND ERECT. "READY ABOUT,"
HE HAD SAID IN THAT BORROWED VOICE. "HARD ALEE!" (*"The Twins"*)



The Twins

By Morgan Robertson

Illustrated by Gordon M. McCouch



MY acquaintance with them began, I may say, about fifteen years before their birth; for I had played marbles with their father, made mud pies with their mother, thrashed the former through his school-days, and loved the latter from the beginning to the end—which is not yet. Finally, I had officiated as best man at the wedding.

The twins were as like as two peas, and to preserve their identity the usual expedient was tried of decorating them with ribbons of different hue. But when, at three years of age, they were detected in the very natural act of swapping ribbons, I, as the family physician, was called in; then Jack's identity was fixed with a tattooed dot of india ink on his left arm, and Jim's with a corresponding dot on his right. Their mother was mostly concerned with their pain and protesting squalls, their father with my wonderful ingenuity, and I with the rebellious, yet imperious, thought that, according to the eternal fitness of things, I should have been the father of these two beautiful boys.

Their father was about my age, twenty-five, and a weakling; one who, as a boy, could never catch a ball nor throw one straight; who never learned to swim, and preferred girls for playmates; who, as a youth, could not dress himself without assistance; who never, in his whole lackadaisical life, had an original thought or took the initiative in any proceeding; and why that splendid, healthy-minded, dark-eyed girl of seventeen should choose him out of a host of suitors was beyond my comprehension at the time. Later, I understood;

somewhat weakly sexed at that age, but largely endowed with the maternal instinct (she played with dolls until within a year of her marriage), she pitied his helplessness and married him to mother and protect him. And from this pair, so utterly diverse, Mother Nature produced two perfect specimens of humanity, and rested. After their arrival the parents drifted apart, and from sheer incompatibility were divorced when the boys were seven years old. They went to their original homes at opposite sides of the town, each taking a twin; for the asinine judge, unable to decide in favor of either, had, Solomon-like, so conditioned the divorce.

Their grief was heart-rending—equaled only by that of the mother, as I, in my professional relation to each home, had full opportunity to judge. But time softened this grief in all of them, and brought about in the mother a state of mind exceedingly valuable and gratifying to me. In a year from the divorce she became my wife. So far I had observed the development of the twins as a physician, noting that the measles, mumps, croup, and other childhood ailments came to both at the same time, and, as a physician, ascribing it to bodily contagion. But now, still a physician to each, I took note of other concurrent happenings that spoke of mental contagion as well. I was called to Jim late one afternoon by the agitated father, and found him in a strange mental condition, crying and laughing, and again storming in an ecstasy of rage at the house-dog, a gentle, harmless collie and a former pet, against whom he had conceived a violent hatred. He had attacked and nearly killed him with a club.

When I reached home that evening I was

regaled by the joyous Jack with an account of his successful battle that afternoon with a mad dog that had attacked him. It was a large, black mongrel, and he had brained it with his ball-club. I sounded his emotions. Frightened? Of course; who would not be with a huge mad brute, frothing at the mouth, charging at him? But he had staggered the animal with the first blow, and then had come his courage, his anger, and his furious desire to kill, and save his life. Yes, he had cried, afterward, and was much ashamed of the weakness. But I reassured him on this point, convinced him that strong, brave men sometimes cried under extreme excitement, and in my desire to make the most of the incident in his development, almost overshot the mark. His self-respect became abnormal, and neighboring dogs and small boys suffered, until he was stopped by an experience more salutary than would have been the strapping which his mother and I were seriously contemplating. He attacked another dog, but a sane dog of small size and attending to his business. This dog met the assault bravely and, though suffering keenly from Jack's first blow and unable to injure any living thing larger than a rabbit, offered a strong protest of growls and barks, the moral effect of which was to send the small boy fleeing for home with the small dog snapping at his heels. The neighbors rejoiced, and it was a month before Jack recovered from the humiliation. He did not understand, nor did I until the following day, when his father informed me on the street that the collie, recovered in mind and body, had revenged himself by attacking and biting Jim, who was badly frightened and needed my attention. I could not learn that there was concomitance of time, but I knew that the twins, a mile apart, *shared each other's emotions.*

After a fruitless attempt to get legal transfer of Jim to my own household, I fell back on my growing faith in this sympathy of mind, trusting that a careful training of Jack might have a corresponding influence upon Jim. But in this I hoped too much. No such sympathy is ever as strong as daily and personal contact, and the direct and weakening example of that father's life and words worked powerfully upon the character of the boy. His individuality lessened, and as though this lessening were an invitation, the apparently fortuitous incidents and

influences of his life became such as to lessen it still further. He seemed to be looking for trouble, and would attempt feats that he failed to perform, while Jack attempted such as were just within his increasing powers. A boy that Jack had pummeled came around and took revenge on Jim. He would yield to pressure that Jack would resist.

And so they grew farther and farther apart in face, form, and disposition, Jack into a tall, straight, handsome, and high-minded young gentleman, Jim into a shifty, cowardly, stoop-shouldered, and cad-like sort of a youth, without friends, ambition, or ideals, whose backwardness in study brought him into the lowest class of the town's one high school as Jack entered the highest. In this year of schooling they met for the first time since the separation, but they met as strangers. They knew they were brothers, of course, but carefully avoided reference to the fact, and soon avoided each other. Between them there was no outward sympathy nor community of interest, the unwise but cast-iron pride of the mother finding expression in Jack's attitude, and the cowardice of the negative father in Jim's.

Jack graduated with honor, and, confronted with another four years of study at college, yet ardent, ambitious, anxious to begin life's battle as a man, chose a career that satisfied both conditions—a life in the navy. He arranged matters himself, secured an appointment to the Naval Academy, and left us. And on that day, Jim, friendless in school and stubborn, was dismissed from school for negligence in his studies. Then, as though his evil star were now at its zenith, his father, having lost all his inherited property in unwise speculation, took him away, where I could not learn; but a year later we read the list of lost in a coasting-steamship wreck, and in this list were the names of these two.

I now had to deal with a half-crazed woman, who spoke little and did not weep, but whose strained face and whitening hair told of the strength of that misplaced pride and outraged mother-love, suppressed for so many years. Nothing that I could say or do availed against the aroused craving for the neglected boy. She resisted my oft-repeated suggestions that Jim was gone, and that there was nothing to do but make the best of it. She refused to be resigned, for

she could not bring herself to believe that he was dead. She insisted that he was alive, and that some day he would come back.

This continued through the years, while her hair became whiter and her voice nearly silent, while Jack finished his course and sea term, to be then retired against his will because of the preponderance of officers in a wooden navy too small for them, and while my practice and my health left me under the strain of caring for the queenly woman I loved. Then Jack, a born free-lance who would have entered any navy in the world had a war been on, did the next best thing for him; he secured command of a large, new merchant ship, and made a successful voyage, perhaps the youngest and probably the best educated master in the merchant marine. When he returned my nerves were as bad as his mother's, my practice was gone, my future uncertain; and so we accepted his invitation to make a voyage with him, I with the listlessness of all neurasthenics, my wife with an avidity which surprised us. She brightened at once.

And now this story really begins.

II

SHE was a two-thousand-ton, double top-gallant and skysail yard ship—one of the larger, slower type that succeeded the old Cape Horn clippers, but a ship that even a naval officer might feel proud to command; and Jack was certainly proud of her. And as we—his mother and myself—watched him pacing the poop-deck as sail was being made, giving an occasional quiet order to the helmsman or sending a brazen roar forward to the mate on the fore-castle, we were frankly proud of him. Six feet tall to an inch, straight as a man may be, with a chest almost as deep as his shoulders were broad, sunburned and brown-eyed, with only a well-kept mustache to relieve the boyishness of his face, he presented a picture that brought light into the eyes and a smile to the face of that mother as she stood beside me. But a contrasting look of pain followed, and I knew the thought behind was of the other boy, of whom we never spoke.

The first mate was a huge, hairy, brutal sort of a man, uneducated beyond the mechanical formulas of navigation, but with a large and healthy conception of his own value to the ship and her people. The second mate was like him to a lesser extent

—not quite so big, nor brutal, nor profane, and with less of the art of navigation.

At eight bells of that first evening out the men were chosen into watches by the two mates much as boys choose sides in a ball game, and my wife and I drew amidships to witness the scene. They were an unkempt lot in the moonlight, mostly foreigners, and clad in greasy and tarry garments of nondescript pattern and shape. Each called out his name as he was chosen, moving to starboard or port, according to the watch he now belonged to, and when the job was half done Jack, smoking a cigar, joined us and critically scanned his crew.

"Relieve the wheel and lookout," said the mate, when the last man was chosen. "That'll do the watch."

"Wait!" said Jack sharply, tossing away his cigar and stepping toward the dispersing men. "I've something to say to you."

They halted and drew together.

"This is my second voyage in the merchant marine," he continued. "The last was my first. Before that I was in the navy, with the power of the law and the Charlestown prison behind me in every order I gave to a man. As a consequence of this condition no man-o'-war's man ever refuses to obey an order, and few of them ever get to that prison. But I brought such ideas with me when I took command of this ship. I spoke kindly to my men and treated them well. I forbade my mates to bully or strike them, and even ironed my second mate for ignoring my wishes. I took sick and injured men aft and nursed them. But I found that I had made a mistake. Merchant sailors can be jailed as easily as man-o'-war's men, but they don't know it. Knowing nothing, they fear nothing until it comes to them. Orders were disobeyed on that voyage, and each man was his own boss; ropes were never coiled up without an argument, gear was rove off wrong, ear-rings were passed farm-fashion, canvas was lost, marlinespikes, capstan-bars, and draw-buckets went overboard, tar-pots were dropped from aloft on a clean deck, and a paint-brush came down on my head. Discipline went to the dogs, and I nearly lost my ship. Now there'll be none of that here. As I won't have time nor inclination to appeal to the law if you make trouble I mean to forestall it. I've shipped mates that'll break your heads on the first provocation, and they have my instructions to do it. So

watch out. You'll get plenty of grub while you deserve it, but when you don't it'll be all hands in the afternoon and the government allowance. That'll do."

"That's all right, Cappen," said a big Irishman in a voice of rage. "This is a Yankee ship, an' ye needn't ha' said all that. But I tell ye, if ye'll pick out able seamen yerself in the shippin'-office, 'stid o' lettin' a shippin'-master gi' ye barbers an' waiters that don't know port from sta'board ye'll ha' no trouble wi' yer min. Luk at this ye've gi'n us for a watch-mate." He seized a man standing near, swung him at arm's length, and flung him, spinning on his feet, full against the first mate. That worthy, shocked out of his better judgment, instead of rebuking the Irishman, drew back his mighty fist and struck the staggering man in the face, sending him reeling back toward the place he had come from. He slipped, stumbled, and fell, his head striking the corner of the main-hatch. Then he lay quiet on the deck.

But a strange thing happened—strange and inconsistent with regard to Jack's just-uttered declaration of his position. No sooner had the mate struck the man than Jack, with a muttered curse, launched himself toward his first officer, and knocked him against the fife-rail, where he clung, choking and clucking. Jack had struck him twice, once in the face, once in the body. And now a stranger thing happened. It all occurred so quickly that I could hardly take note, shaky of nerve as I was and hampered by the distressed woman on my arm; but Jack, having struck the mate, and before the still erect victim of the mate and the Irishman had stumbled, had immediately bounded toward the Irishman. But as the luckless fellow's head struck the hatch combing, Jack brought up, and with a low, inarticulate whimper and a face like that of a frightened child looked this way and that, then sped aft toward the poop-steps. We followed, while the second mate dispersed the men, and found Jack in a strange condition of terror, unnatural to him, or to any man of his type. His agitated mother endeavored to soothe him, but between her motherly admonitions to Jack came wifely admonitions to me to attend to the poor man who had been so brutally maltreated.

So I went forward, passing on the way the two mates, the one assisting the other. As I passed, the second mate called out that the

other's jaw-bone and some ribs were broken, and that my services were needed; but, feeling enough of indignation to make the brutal first mate the last on my list of patients, I went on, and found the mistreated sailor in the port fore-castle, where he had been carried by his shipmates. He was sitting on a chest, just recovering his senses, and looking about in a dazed manner out of swollen and blackened eyes. As the men parted to make way for me Jack's mighty voice sounded from amidships: "Weather main-brace, here. Where's the watch? Where's the second mate? Attend to your yards, sir." Obviously, Jack was himself again.

"I didn't mean to hit the mate wi' him, sorr," said the big Irishman deferentially, "an' it was a dom shame for the mate to slug him like that, even if he was no sailor. But the skipper's a brick. Begob, he'll 'tind to that bunco mate."

"Are you hurt much?" I asked of the victim. He looked into my face, then, rising, burst forth:

"Doctor, doctor, take me away from here. Take me out of this place. They hit me and curse me because I don't know things. I don't know why I am here—I don't know where I am." The broken voice became a wail. "I'm on the water again, and I'll drown, I know I'll drown. Oh, doctor"—he seized my arm—"I'm Jim; don't you know me, doctor?"

"Jim?" I queried. "Jim who?" and turned him to the light.

"Look, doctor. You did this, they told me, when I was a baby." He pulled up the right sleeve of a ragged, filthy shirt, and showed me a dot of india ink just below the elbow.

"For God's sake, are you Jim, the twin brother of Jack? We all thought you were dead—drowned with your father."

"He was drowned, doctor. I floated on a piece of board and was saved. I went crazy for a while, and then—I never could get along. I couldn't get work, and things got worse and worse, and then I took to the road, and then I came to New York, and—I guess I got drunk, and got here."

"Shanghaied, that's what ye were," grunted the Celt.

I looked closely at Jim's face. Aside from the facial angle and the color of the eyes there was no resemblance to the brother who, at seven years of age, had been

his counterpart. A badly kept beard added to the discrepancy, no doubt, but the whole atmosphere of the man was different. There was a slight reminder of Jack in the lower tones of the voice, but its usual note was a whine, and in his whole bearing was the slinking aspect of a vagrant of the worst kind. Certainly, I could not take this human wreck into the presence of that mother and brother.

"You must stay here for a while, Jim," I said firmly. "You must not come near the other end of the ship unless I give you permission, and I will see that you are protected and cared for. Understand? Stay here with these men, and I will see you every day. What is your name?" I asked the Irishman.

"Limerick, sorr—aboard ship."

"Limerick, you seem to be a man, and a square one. This is an old friend of mine—and of my family—but you can understand that he must stay here. See that he is well treated, and I will make it right with you."

"I will that, sorr," answered Limerick promptly, "though I belong in the other watch an' ought to be on deck now. I don't wonder ye're ashamed o' him, sorr. I'm ashamed meself. Just the same I'll break the scone o' the first mon that lays hands on him. I'll do that for ye, sorr. I know a gentleman, an' ye're one, or ye wouldn't be here in this fo'c'sle."

I went aft and joined Jack and his mother on the poop, forgetting the mate's need of my services in the mood I was in.

"Dad," said Jack, addressing me by the name he had called me since I had become his step-father, "you're a physician. Tell me what ails me. I'm all right now, but I went for the mate for doing just what I had told him to do, and then went into a blue funk over it—frightened out of my senses. But what at? I'm not afraid of any man aboard."

"How is the poor man that was struck?" asked my wife anxiously.

"He's all right," I answered promptly, understanding now her instinctive concern, and inclined to smile at Jack's palpable resentment of it.

"But what's the matter with *me*?" he demanded sharply.

"I don't know, Jack," I said. "I'll have to think it out."

His mention of the mate had recalled to me the plight he was in, and I went to him,

finding that the second mate's diagnosis was correct. Two ribs and his jaw-bone were smashed as though from the kick of a mule. I bound him in plasters, and stoically endured his mumbled profanity; then, first seeing my wife to her berth in the after cabin, and thoroughly exhausted by the exciting experiences, I took a sleeping-draft to quiet my nerves and went to my own berth in the forward cabin.

But, perhaps because of the intensity of the strain upon my nervous system, perhaps because of my strong interest in the problem, the sleeping-draft merely threw me into a logical, inductive frame of mind that kept me awake all night, thinking it out. And it was daylight before the problem took shape. After years of separation the twins again shared each other's emotions.

III

WITH the problem still unsolved; however, I went to sleep, and wakened at eight bells of the afternoon watch. Going on deck, I found a gale of wind blowing out of the southeast, the ship hove down under the three lower topsails, spanker, spencer, and foretopmast staysail, and liquid hills of greenish-gray bombarding the weather-bow and occasionally climbing aboard. Jack, clad in yellow oilskins and sou'wester, stood on the poop in a fleeting patch of sunlight, trying to get an afternoon sight with his sextant as the sun peeped from behind the racing storm-clouds. Jim was also on the poop, but on the lee side, scurrying forward along the alley in advance of the irate second mate, who was profanely criticizing Jim's bad taste in coming to relieve the wheel without knowledge of steering or of the compass. Jack, busy with the sextant, did not witness the scene, nor hear the profanity; but I, having a personal and domestic interest in the matter, met the officer, returning after a final kick at Jim, and softly but intensely informed him that such language must cease within hearing of my wife, or I would deal with him as man to man. He apologized, in his way, and I then gave him the reasons I had given Limerick for keeping Jim out of sight, and secured his cooperation. Limerick was at the wheel, scowling in sympathy with me, and he whispered as I passed that it would not have happened had he been forward—that the men of the other watch had driven

Jim aft to relieve the wheel before they had learned his status.

I joined Jack. He seemed himself, showing no sign of the night's agitation; yet he looked a little worried.

"Couldn't get a sight, dad," he said, swinging his sextant at arm's length, and smiling, rather sadly, I thought. "But the Long Island coast is about ten miles under the lee. How'd you like to drown at the end of a cable to-night?"

"Why," I asked, "is there any danger?"

"We're on the wrong tack, I think; but I expected it to veer to the east. It hangs right on from sou'-sou'east—dead on to the beach, and as it is it don't make much difference which tack we're on if we hit. If it shows the slightest sign of hauling to the west I'll wear ship and try to clear Montauk. If it don't, it's the anchors."

"Why not wear ship now?—whatever that is," I answered.

"Couldn't clear it anyway with the wind this way, and I'd only lose a full mile to leeward. Our drift under this canvas is quartering, and about three miles an hour."

"Is there no other recourse than wearing ship?"

"Clubhauling, if the wind shifts too late to wear. You see, wearing is putting a ship on the other tack by squaring away before the wind and then rounding to. Clubhauling is going about head to wind with the help of the lee anchor. It's about the most difficult operation in seamanship. We did it once in the *Monocacy*, but few merchant skippers learn the trick."

All this was unintelligible to me at the time, and I went down to my wife. I found her as comfortable as a woman may be in her first storm at sea, and then paid a professional visit to the first officer. Then I went forward on the reeling main-deck to see and encourage the unfortunate Jim. On the way I thought seriously of taking Jack into my confidence, but gave it up when I considered that the shock and mental agitation might not be well for him with his ship in danger. Then I thought of the alternative—could I not arouse a little courage in Jim, so that if a critical moment arrived Jack would not be obsessed with his cowardice, as he was the preceding evening. It was worth trying—at least worth thinking of. In any event Jim would be none the worse for a little bracing up.

I found him shivering in his wet garments,

crouching from the blast of cold rain and spindrift under the weather-rail near the fore rigging.

"Doctor," he sobbed, "take me away from these fellers. They hit me and kick me, and I'm afraid. I haven't a friend here but you."

"Jim," I asked kindly, "do you really believe me to be your friend? Have you full confidence that I can help you?"

"Yes, yes, doctor. You were always good to me, in the old days. And you married mother. Where is she, and Jack? Jack never cared for me, but I'd like to see mother 'fore I die."

"You shall see her sometime, Jim, but not yet—not for a long time, perhaps. You are worn out and want sleep. You want dry clothes and a good, long sleep, and you'll feel all right when you wake up. Stay here and when I beckon to you, come."

I had made up my mind. Going aft, I found my wife in the forward companion-way, where she had been watching me. Her first question was of the poor fellow forward, and I said what I could to quiet the instinctive mother-love that she herself could not analyze. I told her that the man needed only a little care, which I was giving him. Then, when I had led her aft to her quarters, I sought the cabin steward, adjured him to silence, and arranged for exclusive possession of the forward cabin stateroom that adjoined my own. Going on deck, I imposed the same condition upon the second mate (who was beginning to respect me), and beckoned to the expectant Jim. He came on the run, and I soon had him in that room, with his wet rags exchanged for a dry suit of my own, and no one the wiser but the second mate and the steward, both of whom considered him a sick man taken aft for treatment. Which was more or less the truth.

Giving Jim a stimulant, I put him into the berth and covered him, for he still shivered from the chill of the storm. Then, holding his hand, I began a gentle, soothing flow of words in which I assured him that I was his friend, that I would so continue, that he was in no danger while I was with him, but that he must go to sleep, and rest, and that when he wakened he would feel braver and stronger, like his brother Jack, whom he surely must remember. In a few moments his eyelids had ceased to flutter, and soon after they closed under the steady,

monotonous lullaby of my voice; but he was not yet asleep, and I continued, enjoining upon the weary, homeless, and desolate waif again and again—speaking more emphatically as his breathing grew heavier—that he must be like Jack, as he was when they were little boys together and shared the same impulses; that he must hark back to that time, and rouse up the strong, brave soul, common to each, which had developed in Jack, but which in him had been suppressed by years of continued defeat. Strongly insisting upon this toward the last, I finally left him, having actually talked him to sleep.

On deck I found Jack really worried. "If it would only shift," he said, "one way or the other. But here it is, hanging on out of the same quarter, and blowing harder. The storm-center is inland, and coming right at us. See the land yonder?"

A dim line of yellowish brown showed faintly through the dense blanket of gray to leeward—the only visible border between sea and sky. Two hours more would bring us perilously close.

Supper was served, and I ate, hurriedly and ravenously, my first meal in twenty-four hours; then I prepared my wife for what might come, saw that she was dressed warmly, and brought her on deck, where Jack, supperless and anxious, paced the deck abaft the house and watched the wind and compass. Forward, all hands, under the second mate, worked at the two chain cables in the lessening light of the evening, hauling them up from the lockers and ranging them ready for use. Occasionally, in the intervals of work, the men would look keenly aft and to leeward at the approaching line of coast. Every face wore a look of anxiety; all knew of the danger.

When the cables were ranged a quiet order from Jack brought a cast of the lead. Twelve fathoms was the finding.

"Lord grant we hit close to a life-saving station," said Jack, looking fondly at his mother. "No boats could live a minute in this sea. We're not far from the storm-center. It's got to shift six points at least to clear us, now. I'll get ready to clubhaul, anyway."

An order to the tired but very efficient second mate resulted in two strong hawsers being brought up from the forepeak, coiled one each side on the poop abaft the house, and the ends led forward outside of all

rigging to the hawse-pipes in the bow, into which they were passed. Then another sounding was taken, showing ten fathoms of water.

"About half an hour more," said Jack to the second mate. "Fake your braces down for going about, and have the carpenter stand by at the windlass with a top-mall and a punch to slip the chain at any shackle." The officer stared in amazement, but went forward to execute the orders. Evidently, he knew as little of their portent as did I.

He reported in time, "All ready for stays, sir," and we waited. There was nothing more to do, it seemed, with the ship blowing almost straight on to a lee shore. Again was the lead cast, and nine fathoms was the result called out.

"All hands on deck, and stand by on the poop," roared Jack through his hands. The men trooped aft and crowded the weather alley.

A tall, unkempt figure with face tied up in cloths lumbered up the poop-steps and approached Jack. "I b'long on deck, Cappen," he mumbled. "Can I be any good?"

"No, sir," answered Jack kindly, but sharply; "you cannot; but stay on deck and be ready for swimming."

The injured mate bowed his head and, first looking at the compass, then painfully aloft at the wind-vane, seated himself on the wheel-box. His chance of swimming was poor; he could hardly stand.

The steward came up, muffled to the chin in a long overcoat, and the sight of him brought to my mind poor Jim, lying asleep in a cabin berth. Down the after companionway I rushed, but was hardly clear of the stairs before I felt the ship heel still farther under a furious blast of wind, then straighten nearly upright; and over and above the sound of rattling canvas came Jack's thundering roar: "Keep full. Hard up your wheel. Stand by for stays. Down off—" Something had interrupted the order. I heard my wife scream, but I hurried into the forward cabin after Jim, just in time to see him leave the stateroom and dart out through the forward door.

I followed him out, but he was not in sight on the main-deck, nor was he among the men floundering down the poop-steps to stations. So I mounted to the poop; and there, prone upon his back in the alley, was

the unconscious form of Jack, with blood upon his face, and his mother bending over him.

"The wind shifted, and the mizzen royal-yard shook out of her," said the second mate from near the wheel, "and something came down and hit him on the head."

Lifting my wife to her feet, I examined him hurriedly, but found no cause for alarm. He was simply stunned by some falling object. "Let him lie where he is, and he'll come to directly," I said, and, leaving him to his mother, I joined the second mate, to ask of Jim.

But a voice from the top of the house interrupted my query—a voice like the blast of a speaking-trumpet, strangely like Jack's. And there was Jim beside the mizzenmast, bareheaded and erect, his stoop-shoulders squared, his eyes staring straight before him into the horizontal rain and drift from the combers. "Ready about," he had said in that borrowed voice. "Hard alee!"

My wife screamed again, stood up, and stared at the figure on the house, and in a bound I had reached her.

"It's your boy Jim," I said in her ear, "but keep quiet. He's asleep." She knew what I meant, and stood still, staring with wide-open, hungry eyes at Jim, with an occasional downward glance at Jack.

"Get down off that house," sang out the second mate angrily.

"Let him alone," I shouted, "and do what he orders. Do you hear? Obey his orders to the letter. They will be correct."

I hardly knew this myself, but the second mate believed me. He motioned to the helmsman, who ground the wheel hard down. Forward, the forecastle men had let go the foretopmast staysail sheet, and this sail flapped furiously as the ship came slowly up to the wind. I hastened to the compass and looked. Though I could not have named the points, I could see that the wind was now blowing from the southwest, and that the ship *had* been heading nearly straight for that line of sand. I went back to my wife, and Jim turned his expressionless face and sleepy eyes toward the second mate, who had nervously followed me.

"Go forward," Jim commanded; "cock-bill and stand by the lee anchor to let go at the word; then stand by with the carpenter to make fast the spring-line to the chain forward of the windlass, and to slip the chain at the first shackle abaft. And send

two men aft to attend this line at the quarter-bitt."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the astounded officer, hastening to obey.

Limerick was one of the men sent aft to the spring-line, and his amazement exceeded that of the other. "Goin' to clubhaul her," he said to me, "an' he don't know the compass, an' he's only a barber man an' no sailor. It beats my goin' to sea."

With my arm about my wife I watched the somnambulist, ready to speak to him if I thought the occasion warranted it, ready to prevent others from speaking; for the sleepy mind of Jim—or the soul of the unconscious Jack, if you like—might obey an unwise or misleading word, even now.

Slowly and more slowly the great ship came up against the pounding of the southerly seas, wavered, and stopped with the weather leech of the maintopsail just lifting.

"Let go the lee anchor," thundered Jim. The anchor was dropped, and the chain rattled out of the hawse-pipe.

"Maintopsail haul," came the next order from Jim in the same vibrant voice. The lee main- and weather cro' jack-braces were cast off, and the after yards came around with a swing and a crash that threatened to take them out of her; but they held, and the opposite braces were tautened.

"Is Jim a sailor, too?" my wife whispered.

"No," I answered gently. "He is doing Jack's work for him. Thank God for your boy to-night. He is saving our lives."

Slowly the ship's head sagged away from the wind; then it stopped and a tremor went through her. The anchor had bit, but was dragging.

"Pay out on that chain," roared Jim to the forecastle, then to Limerick he said quietly, "Catch a turn with that spring and stand by to slack away."

"Very good, sorr," answered Limerick, as he took a turn with the line around the bitt. "Oh, he's a navy officer all right, sorr," he said joyously, but softly, to me. "I've been there an' I know 'em."

Again the ship's nose drew up into the wind under the strain of the still dragging anchor, and when head to it, with the foretopsail aback and tending to throw her still farther, Jim called out: "Hang on to your chain. Make fast the spring to the chain, and knock out the shackle-pin." Then he waited a moment or two, until the heaving

ship unmistakably pointed to the southward of the wind's eye, and shouted: "All hands on the forebraces. Fore bowline. Let go and haul. Slip the chain." Then quietly to Limerick: "Handsomely on that spring when the strain comes. Don't part it."

"Aye, aye, sir," laughed Limerick. "I've been in the service, sorr."

"Not a word to him," I said, bounding toward Limerick. "Not a word. He knows what he is doing."

The end of the chain had rattled out of the hawse-pipe, and under the tension of the line to the quarter the big ship was paying off to the southward, while the men slowly hauled the foreyard around. When it finally filled and was steadied, and the ship brought up as high as she would lay, the last of the spring-line slipped out of Limerick's hands and went overboard. And now the big first mate, who had quietly watched the whole operation from the wheel-box, approached and studied the compass.

"The wind is hauling all the time," he said through his swollen jaws, "and we'll have a fair wind to the open sea. But who is that man? He kept her off the beach. She'd 'a' hit in a few minutes more."

"He's captain of the ship," I answered.

But Jim was not acting like a captain now. He ran to the monkey-rail at the side of the house, and partly climbed over to descend. Then he went back and resumed his position at the mizzenmast. Then he made another attempt, succeeded, and, gaining the alley, sped forward to the steps and went down them. A groan from Jack, followed by his mother's cry of sympathy, apprised me of the reason. Jack was recovering consciousness, and after assuring myself that he was in his right mind, I left him, still dazed and stupid, in the care of his mother, and leisurely followed Jim, finding him just where I expected to—sound asleep in the stateroom berth. I wakened him, and he sat up, blinking at me.

"Lordy, what a dream, doctor. Mother and Jack—oh, I forget," he said sleepily. "And something hit me on the head—here." He felt of the spot on his head where Jack had been struck.

"Come out on deck, Jim," I said, and he followed me.

"How do you feel now, Jim?"

"Fine, doctor, but where's this boat going, I'd like to know?"

"Feel afraid of the water, now?"

"Not a bit. Why, it can't hurt anyone, can it—unless you fall into it?"

"Afraid of those men forward, Jim?"

"No, I'm not." His face took on a look of defiance. "Why, doctor, I could lick most o' that crowd, couldn't I? I feel different, somehow. But that dream, doctor, about mother and Jack. That dream meant something. Where are they, and how are they?"

"Come below, Jim."

This is not a story of sentiment, so that reunion will not be described. This story is a question, with a large interrogation point. The question is: What is the human soul? Is it an entity, or a possible merging of entities? Is it a collection of memory clusters, any of which may assume an individuality, or is it a series of mental planes or concentric spheres? Jack is Jack and Jim is Jim, and there is a separate ego to each. But what part of Jim's soul left him to obsess Jack during the fracas forward when Jack was awake, and why did it not come again before Jack was struck down, and when he was but normally disturbed over the ship's peril. And how much or how little of Jack went into Jim under my suggestion to the latter to be like him, which waited until Jack was unconscious before acting, and which left him when Jack awoke to claim it?

We are sailing south with a crew and a first mate that think Jim a fugitive from justice, protected by the skipper, and with a second mate who thinks me the devil and Jim my familiar. There is a white-haired, happy woman growing young in her aroused mother-love; and there is a former very promising hobo developing surprising qualities of mind and seamanship under mine and Jack's tutelage. But from none of these can I get any light. I am only a village practitioner, and I submit the question to others: What is the human soul?



Sing Ho for Isidore Haimovitz!

By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by Horace Taylor

II

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENT.—We are introduced to a number of immigrants voyaging from Bremen to New York. There are Solomon Barron and his beautiful daughter Leah on their way to Chicago, where his brother has prospered and has a husband waiting for Leah. There is Moische Aaronowsky, with an inheritance, hastening to stop his daughter's marriage to a poor man. There are David Mandel and his friend Sindel, two Russian students coming to the New World with the vaguest of plans for their future. Isaac Melinsky is going to his son at Savannah. The pet of the steerage is the mischievous five-year-old Isidore Haimovitz. On the way over Mandel falls in love with Leah regardless of the prearranged plans for her future. Arriving in New York, Isidore comes up to his mother with a handful of labels which he has taken from the hats and coats of the immigrants. The labels show the various destinations of the passengers. On the threat of a whipping Isidore hastens to replace the labels, and he does so as nearly as he can remember.



ING ho for Isidore Haimovitz! For when, a few hours later, his mother discovered that she was on board a train bound for Boston instead of Buffalo, where her family awaited her, and realized that the mistake had occurred through Isidore's exchanging her label for that of some other immigrant, Isidore received the spanking of his life.

How Mama Haimovitz finally arrived at Buffalo and whether the spanking influenced Isidore's future life and whether he grew up and became an alderman or a tailor are matters with which this narrative has nothing to do. Nor shall we concern ourselves with the wanderings of Isaac Melinsky, who was bound for Savannah, where there were thousands of black people who were occasionally "ge-lynched," but who found himself riding toward northern New York until the conductor discovered the mistake and put him off the train at Albany. And there were dozens of other immigrants whose labels had been mixed through the innocence of little Isidore and who found themselves riding in all directions save the one they had expected to follow. Their adventures and mishaps and tangled experiences would fill volumes.

David Mandel and his friend Sindel had

decided to seek work in one of the sweatshops of New York until they could find something better to do. They had hardly more than fifty dollars apiece in their pockets and realized the necessity of augmenting these sums before entering upon any enterprise that involved a risk.

Immigrants who are to be landed in New York receive no labels of any kind, in consequence of which Isidore Haimovitz had been unable to collect any trophy from David's hat or Sindel's coat. In his eagerness to make restitution, however, the little rascal's eye fell upon David standing disconsolately apart from the general group, and he thrust one of the labels into his unresisting hand. David held it there



without looking at it. His eyes were following the trim figure of Leah Barron who, with several others, was being led to one of the boats in waiting.

"She is going!" he thought. "I shall never see her again. Ah! how beautiful she is!"

Just then one of the inspectors approached him. "Here! Let's see your label. Savannah! Follow that bunch over there!" And he pointed in the direction of Leah.

Without pausing to think, without even glancing at the ticket he held in his hand or wondering how it came into his possession, without a moment's hesitation, David hastened, as fast as his legs could carry him, on board the boat after Leah Barron. Her father, seeing his daughter separated from him, cried:

"Wait! Leah! Wait for me!" He gathered together his belongings and was hastening after her when an inspector stopped him and examined the label that was stuck in his hat.

"Boston! There's your boat over there," the inspector said in English, pointing toward a boat that had just arrived. Barron burst into a torrent of Yiddish.

"It's all right! All right!" replied the inspector soothingly. "Just step on board that boat."

The first bit of English that the immigrant acquires is the great American phrase "all right!" He learns it, as a rule, within ten minutes after he has landed. It is a wonderfully comprehensive phrase, far-reaching, consoling, explanatory of all things. Barron meekly boarded the boat that the inspector had pointed out to him. It must be "all right."

David found Leah leaning against the rail, gazing in admiration at the tall buildings that rose from the city's water-front. Her face was flushed with the excite-

ment of the new life that was opening before her. It was an ideal day. Not a single cloud marred the blueness of the sky, the great panorama of New York's harbor shone at its best, and Leah's bosom heaved with the exhilaration of the scene.

"How beautiful! How beautiful!" she murmured.

"Is it not wonderful?" exclaimed a low voice at her side. She turned swiftly and beheld David standing close beside her.

"Indeed it is," she replied. "It is like a picture from a fairy-book."

Then the color mounted swiftly to her cheeks, and she bit her lip with vexation. The words had actually slipped from her unconsciously under the spell of the scene.

"May I ask what city you are going to?" asked David, blushing at his own temerity. But Leah calmly turned her back upon him and ignored him entirely. During the rest of the ride across the river David had an excellent opportunity to admire the delightful proportions of Leah's back. When finally the boat stopped at the pier leading to the railroad station, Leah turned to find the bag that she

had been carrying. David, blushing furiously, but with an expression of firm determination upon his face, was holding it.

"It is too heavy for you to carry," said he. "I will take it to the train for you."

Leah tried to frown, but it was a feeble attempt. Then she turned her head away so that David could not see the smile that was playing about her little mouth and walked hurriedly off the boat, her servitor following joyfully behind. A man in uniform read off the name on each label as the immigrants passed before him and pointed out the cars that they were to board, each car bearing a conspicuous sign announcing



HE POINTED IN THE DIRECTION OF LEAH

its destination. David followed Leah to a seat, deposited her bag in the rack overhead, gazed for a moment at the back of her head—Leah was looking out of the window as though absorbed in something she saw—and then, with fast-beating heart, seated himself beside her and folded his arms. And Leah's little frame shook with suppressed merriment.

The train started. Leah, absorbed in the landscape, continued to look out of the window. David, guiltily self-conscious, kept his arms folded and stared straight ahead. A trainman came through the car and inspected every label. He reported to the conductor that everything was satisfactory, and the conductor grunted contentedly; he could leave the collecting of the tickets in the immigrant-car to the very last.

With a sudden start Leah turned to David, exclaiming,

"My father!"

And as David looked into her eyes she turned very red. She had forgotten her parent entirely. David frowned and hesitated. Once the father appeared upon the scene there would be no further opportunity to become acquainted with the daughter. But seeing that Leah was about to rise he sprang to his feet.

"I will find him for you. He is probably in the next car."

Into the next car David went and the next and the next, until he had passed through every car of the train without finding the slightest trace of Solomon Barron's venerable self. David's heart leaped for joy.

"He is nowhere to be found," he reported to Leah. Leah saw the sparkle of delight that danced in his brown eyes, and her own flashed. With lips firmly pressed together she arose and went through the entire train herself. David had told the truth. Her father was not on the train, and Leah's heart sank.

"Make them go back," she said to David. "Tell them my father is left behind. Quick!"

David saw a trainman approaching down the aisle and laid the situation before him in excellent Yiddish. Had he explained it in Aramaic it would have been equally intelligible to the trainman, who, carefully scrutinizing the label that David held in his hand, replied:

"It's all right. The conductor will be through here in a little while."

"But we must go back," said Leah. "My father will be worried."

Whereupon the trainman pointed to the label that was pinned on her coat and said:

"You're all right. This is the right train. Wait till the conductor comes."

Of all of which both David and Leah understood only the words "all right."

"He says it is all right," said David reassuringly. "I suppose your father is coming on another train."

He saw now that Leah had become quite pale and that her lips were trembling.

"Please, please do not worry," he said soothingly. "I will stay with you until your father comes. You can trust me. I will take care of you as if I were your brother. My name is David Mandel."

The girl looked at him, and it required no second glance to convince her of his absolute sincerity.

"How long a ride is it?" she asked.

"Where are you going to?" asked David.

"It is a place called Chicago," answered the girl. David scratched his head. He remembered seeing the name of such a place on the map in his geography and, as nearly as he could remember the well-thumbed Russian text-book he had studied, the place seemed to be quite close to the seacoast, but for the life of him he could recall no clearer data. To seek an interpreter and question one of the trainmen never entered their heads. During the many generations that their forefathers had traveled among the lords of the soil in Russian lands they had learned to be meek and unobtrusive and not to ask questions but to go unquestioningly whither they were led. So David and Leah, like two children, sat quietly and waited.

"A man on the ship," said David presently, "told me you were going to marry a man."

Leah nodded.

"Are you—do you—is he a nice man?" asked David.

"I never saw him. My uncle in Chicago knows him, and papa arranged for us to marry."

Then David's spirits rose several thousand degrees. "I would like to get married, too," he said, "only I don't know any girl who would marry me."

Leah looked out of the window.

"Let me open the window for you," said David. "The air will do you good." In leaning forward to reach the window the back of his hand touched Leah's soft, cool cheek, and David felt his whole being thrill. And when the window was open and the breeze loosened a strand of her hair and blew it across his face he drew it toward his lips. Presently he began to talk of himself, of the life he had led in the university, of the persecution and tyranny that had been inflicted upon him because of his race, and how, tiring of it all, he had finally decided to emigrate to America. Leah, interested despite herself, listened with sympathy to his story and at its conclusion asked:

"What are you going to do? Where are you going?"

David shrugged his shoulders. "I thought I would make some plans while I was on the ship, but after I saw you I could think of nothing but you — nothing but you. I was going to stay in New York, but I will stay with you until your father comes."

Leah averted her face and gazed upon the flying landscape.

"And after that," David went on, "nothing matters much. I will probably go back to New York and find work somewhere and spend all my time thinking of you. I hope you will be very happy when you are married."

"Tickets, please!" cried the conductor. The train was nearing Philadelphia. Most of the immigrants held out the labels they carried, but the conductor shook his head and showed them his handful of railroad tickets, whereupon they understood.

"Where is your ticket?" asked David.

"Father has it," Leah replied.

When the conductor came to them David explained the situation.

"Tickets—tickets!" repeated the conductor, pointing to David's pocket. David spread out his hands to signify that he had none, a gesture which the conductor understood.

"What d'ye mean by getting on the train without a ticket?" he asked in English.

"Where are you going to?"

"Her father was left behind, but I will take care of her until he comes," replied David, in Yiddish. The conductor scratched his head perplexedly.

"You'll have to get off at Philadelphia," he said.

David shook his head. He had heard of Philadelphia before and knew it was the name of a city.

"No Philadelphia," he said.

"Chicago." "Chicago? You're crazy!" said the conductor.

At Philadelphia, however, the conductor led them both to the information bureau where an official spoke sufficient German to understand David's Yiddish lament.

"They want to go to Chicago," he explained to the conductor. When he tried to explain the situation to David and Leah, however, he found their knowledge of German too meager to understand him. The conductor beckoned to David to follow him, led him back to the train, handed him Leah's bag, and then pointed to the information bureau.

"Go over there and fight it out between you," he said. "This train's going south." Five minutes later David and Leah,



"HER FATHER WAS LEFT BEHIND, BUT I WILL TAKE CARE OF HER UNTIL HE COMES," REPLIED DAVID

standing side by side upon the platform, beheld the train pulling out of the station, and they turned and looked at each other, Leah in despair, David thrilling with joy.

"Wait," said David. "I will find some one who speaks Yiddish and will tell us how we can find your father."

The official of the information bureau understood what he wanted and called a small boy.

"Here, sonny, take these two people down the street to Abraham's butcher shop."

The streets were thronged with people—it was a holiday—and as they walked in the wake of the small boy they could hear the distant music of military bands. The crowds and the confusion awed Leah, and she clung tightly to David's arm, and David felt his strength and self-reliance increase a thousandfold under her clinging touch.

"Have no fear," he said, smiling down upon her. "I will take good care of you." And Leah looked up into his eyes and smiled. Arriving at the butcher shop, the sign, "Kosher Meat and Poultry," in Hebraic characters greeted their eyes like a familiar landmark. Abraham listened to David's story with great sympathy.

"It is a case for the rabbi," he said. "He lives not far from here, and my boy will show you the way. He is a smart man and knows everything. He will tell you just what to do, and if it needs any money—say a dollar—tell him I said it would be all right. Isaac, take the lady and the gentleman to the rabbi's house."

The rabbi was not at home. He might return in a few minutes or he might be gone two or three hours. But they could wait in his parlor if they liked. The housekeeper led them into a neatly furnished parlor and left them there, and once more David and Leah looked at each other.

"It is as if fate wanted us to stay together as long as possible," said David, smiling.

"I don't see anything else for us to do until father comes," replied Leah. "After that—"

"After that—what?" asked David eagerly. Leah lowered her glance but made no reply.

"What did you mean?" asked David, drawing his chair close to hers. "After your father comes what will happen?" Receiving no reply, he lowered his head until it was close to hers.

"After that," he whispered, "you will go

to Chicago. And you will meet another man whom you never saw before. And you will marry him—marry him for your whole life. And you will forget all about me—never think of me, never know that I am always thinking of you, that there is nothing in all the world, nothing in life, for me, except to think about you, about your eyes and your hair and your chin and your nose and all your sweet face. Is that what you mean?"

Leah shook her head but would not look at him.

"Come, tell me what you mean. It is only right that you should tell me. Look at me."

But still Leah would not raise her head.

"If I waited—waited a long, long time—could you not put off that marriage and see if, perhaps, you would like me better than that other man? I never can marry any other woman than you. Look at me. Tell me that you will wait a while before you marry. I will come to Chicago, and you and I will see each other often, and maybe some day you will love me a thousandth part as much as I love you."

A long pause.

"I love you!" he whispered. "Let me see your eyes."

She would not raise her head and so, with infinite gentleness, he put his hands upon her cheeks and turned her face toward him. There were tears in her eyes, and even as he looked into them one big tear dropped from its fountain and rolled slowly down her cheek until he felt it, burning, upon his hand. And then he slid forward in his chair and sank upon his knees before her and took her hands in his.

"I love you! I love you!" he whispered, again and again. She tried, tried and tried to tear her gaze from his, but the wealth of affection and the ardor that shone in his eyes held hers like a magnet. Her bosom heaved, her lips trembled until, with a convulsive sob, she laid her head upon his shoulder and burst into tears.

"It is wrong! Oh, I know it is wrong!" she cried. "I have only known you a few hours."

"But you love me!" cried David joyfully, clasping her in his arms. "You love me in those hours even as I have loved you for a whole week, as I loved you the moment I saw you. Oh, my darling, what difference does an hour or a year or a



THE RABBI ENTERED THE ROOM, AND HIS EYES OPENED WIDE AT THE SPECTACLE HE BEHELD

thousand years make so long as we love each other!"

And then the door opened and the rabbi, gray bearded and patriarchal looking, entered the room, and his eyes opened wide at the spectacle he beheld. Leah sank into a chair and hid her blushes in her hands. David, with sparkling eyes and radiant countenance, turned to the rabbi.

"*Sholem aleicham!*" (Peace be with you!) he cried, and there was that in his tones that told the rabbi something momentous had occurred.

"And with you, peace!" replied the rabbi. "Can I be of service to you?"

"Will you kindly marry us?" asked David, with a smile.

Leah sprang to her feet. "Oh! oh! No! Not yet! Not now! Oh!" And in her confusion she hid her face upon David's shoulder.

"Perhaps not immediately, rabbi; but pretty soon. Let me tell you what happened."

"Wait a minute," said the rabbi, glancing

shrewdly at David. "I think it would be better if you came into my study. The young lady can wait here. Perhaps she may wish to speak to me afterward."

In the study David told the rabbi the whole story, beginning at the point where he first beheld Leah and concluding, "Just then you came into the room."

The rabbi's eyes had twinkled incessantly during the recital. "And the lady's name?" he asked.

David turned red. "Her last name is Barron. I do not know her first name."

"And your income is how much?"

David, with his lips pressed tightly together, shook his head.

"H'm!" said the rabbi. "I suspected as much. Please remain here while I speak to the lady."

He was gone so long that David was several times on the point of interrupting them. Finally, however, he returned and meeting the eager, anxious look in David's eyes smiled.

"We had better wait until we find where

her father is, and after that"—David's heart sank—"after that you had better find some occupation. A man cannot support a wife on nothing." Then David leaped upon the rabbi and embraced him.

In all his life the chief telegraph operator at police headquarters in New York had never had such a bewildering night. First there came a telegram from the chief of police of New Haven.

"There is a Russian-Jewish immigrant named Solomon Barron here," it ran. "He wanted to go to Chicago but started for Boston by mistake. He says he lost his daughter Leah at Ellis Island."

Presently came another despatch, this time from the chief of police of Philadelphia:

"Girl named Leah Barron just arrived from Russia put off train here no ticket. Says she lost her father named Solomon Barron. She is in safe hands wants father notified she is engaged to marry a young man named Mandel. Have you any trace of father?"

Then came a telegram from Albany:

"Man here named Isaac Melinsky bound for Savannah landed Albany en route for Syracuse by mistake. What shall we do with him?"

And then the following from Elmira:

"Moische Aaronowsky just landed from Russia destination New York city got here by mistake says daughter in New York to be married to-morrow wants wedding stopped is on his way back left no address."

And, lastly, came another from the New Haven police:

"Yours received. Barron on way to Philadelphia. Says daughter marrying young man great calamity excited."

The operator wiped the perspiration from his brow. "Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "What in thunder has happened!"

The rabbi met Solomon Barron at the railroad station.

"Where is Leah?" was the father's first question.

"She is at my house," replied the rabbi, "but before you see her I wish to talk to you."

"Is she married yet?" the old man asked eagerly.

"No, not yet; but——"

"God be praised! My brother has a rich party for her in Chicago."

The rabbi glanced at Barron's face and turned away to hide a smile. "My friend," he said kindly, "I am afraid your brother's rich party has a disappointment in store for him. This young man Mandel is a very fine chap. I have taken quite a fancy to him and have found some work for him to do here that will give him quite a good opportunity to advance if he has any ability. Your daughter thinks you had better stay here in Philadelphia a while."

There rose in Barron's mind a vision of Leah's chin when her mind was made up, and his heart sank. "Did she say she will marry him?" he asked.

The rabbi hesitated a moment, then, "Come, let us go into this café," he said, "and talk it over."

It was a meek and humble Barron that entered the rabbi's house an hour later and clasped his daughter in his arms. "And so you have picked out a husband for yourself," he exclaimed tearfully.

"Sure," said Leah cheerfully. "That's all settled!"

THE END





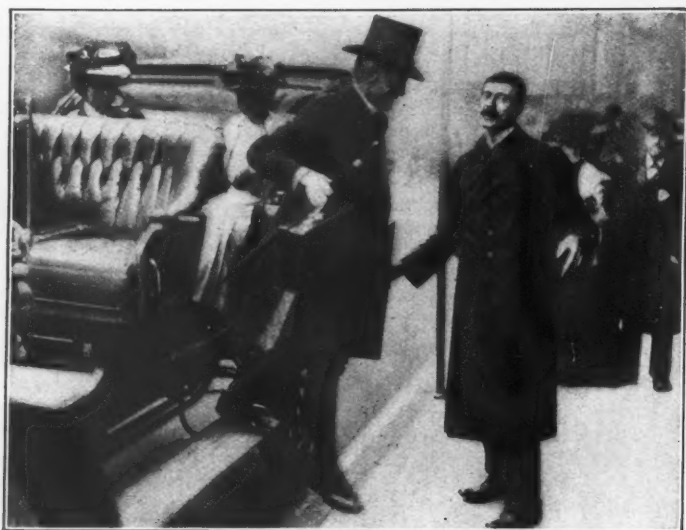
Drawn by Frank Snapp

Expectation

By Charles Hanson Towne

IF a girl says "Yes,"
Or a girl says "No,"
'Tis a matter more or less
Of importance, I trow.

When I tell you, in my prime,
That I'm happy, you can guess,
Simply by the foolish rhyme,
That she answered with a —



THE BISHOP OF LONDON MAKING DIOCESAN VISITS

The Omnibus Bishop

REMARKABLE EXAMPLE OF A TWENTIETH-CENTURY CHRISTIAN
AND HIS PARTICIPATION IN THE FORTHCOMING TERCENTE-
NARY OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN AMERICA

By Elisabeth Ellicott Poe



THE tercentenary of the establishment of the Church of England in America brings to this country one of the most remarkable of living churchmen, in the person of the Rt. Rev. Arthur Foley Winnington Ingram, Bishop of London, the many-sidedness of whose character, which gives him the right to the title of "omnibus bishop," may be gathered from the circumstance that he is "all things to all men" in so far that not only does his popularity obtain in Belgravia and Mayfair, where he is known as the "society bishop," but the people of the East End affectionately call him "our bishop," while others of his numerous honorary titles are the "breezy

bishop," the "bishop of the slums," the "men's bishop," the "up-to-date bishop," the "poor man's bishop," and the "King's first bishop."

All episcopal England stood aghast, in March, 1901, at the news that the Bishop of Stepney, in the east end of the modern Babylon, suffragan to the scholarly Mandell Creighton, had been chosen from among all the other bishops in England for the diocese of London, the largest in the world, with its six hundred parishes and fifteen hundred clergymen ministering to the spiritual needs of a population of more than six millions. The man who had been known to the church principally as a rough-and-ready member of the militant clergy, who was in the habit of meeting all comers, on behalf of the Christian religion, in the controversial forum at Victoria Park, who mingled on equal terms

with publicans and sinners in the slums, who was without family influence or court acquaintance, and whose age was only forty-three, had been elevated over the heads of his seniors to an ecclesiastical position next after those of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, to secular rank where he took precedence of a baron, and to a seat in the House of Lords in succession to a long line of distinguished churchmen. The sensation created in England can scarcely be appreciated by those who have never observed the solemn reverence with which an English bishop is regarded in his own country, where dignity is dependent on the order of precedence.

The appointment of Arthur Ingram to the diocese of London met with the approval of the man in the street, nevertheless: "E 'ave done a lot of good, 'e 'ave. I used to 'ear 'im preach," said a cabby, when he heard the news. "And now 'e's Bishop of London! 'E's a right un, is our bishop. I'll write to the blokey and tell 'im 'ow glad I am."

And write to him he did, and, what is more, he received a long reply in the bishop's own handwriting.

The bishop got the notification of his appointment while on his way to a big workmen's meeting in the East End, it is said, and read it on top of a 'bus. His first exclamation was: "Will I have to live in Fulham Palace, I wonder! Can't I rent out the palace, and stay on in Amen Court?"

With characteristic directness, the bishop told the men at the meeting that evening of

the signal honor just bestowed upon him by the King. "But I don't want to live in Fulham Palace. I would rather remain in Amen Court," he repeated to them. "However, if they make me live in the palace, you must all come up and see me," he added, brightening up. "But perhaps they'll let me live in Red House Coffee Palace (a settlement house he was then building)," he continued. "Then we might put a sign

over the door, 'A Good Pull-Up for Bishops.'

"I suppose I will have to ride in a carriage now," was his next observation. "Well, if any of you boys see me, be sure to give me a hail, and I will give you a lift. Don't be proud now, and disown me, just because I am Bishop of London."

In spite of the misgivings with which his appointment was viewed in certain quarters, Ingram has won not only the respect but the admiration and love of all London, where he is a potent force. His is a

wonderful and a fascinating personality. He is a splendid specimen of physical manhood, standing nearly six feet in height, and keeping himself in condition by daily cycling, football, and tennis. While his countenance is not, perhaps, what would be called handsome, his kindly eyes glow with the fervor of his convictions, and his facial expression is the incarnation of spiritual strength. One of England's great men once said that Ingram was the only man he ever knew who could talk about the grace of God in mixed company without making his auditors feel ill at ease.

Ingram's experience in London, previous



ARTHUR F. WINNINGTON INGRAM, BISHOP OF LONDON

The Omnibus Bishop

to his occupying the post of bishop of Stepney, had been almost entirely in the East End. He had been head of Oxford House in Bethnal Green, rector of Bethnal Green, rural dean of Spitalfields, and canon of St. Paul's, and was acquainted with every feature of life among the submerged tenth. While canon of St. Paul's he preached his famous series of sermons on "Men Who Crucify Christ" to the capacity of the cathedral, mercilessly arraiging the property-owners in the better quarters of London who were growing rich from the rental of the wretched tenements in the slums. More than that, he secured lists of owners of the overcrowded rookeries, and went to them personally to beg their co-operation in his plans for social reform by the erection of sanitary dwellings—through his remarkable individuality obtaining marvelous results in this direction.

When he became Bishop of London, and, as such, the spiritual adviser of the royal family and pastor of England's greatest and wealthiest families, Ingram again used the opportunities the position gave him to interest the rich in the condition of the poor. In the drawing-room as well as the pulpit he promulgated his belief that the segregation of one class from another is at the root of all social evils, and that personal contact with the lapsed masses is the only method that can succeed. His enthusiasm for humanity is as great as for the church, and he realizes that man's body must be ministered to as well as his soul. These ideas he continually impresses upon the fashionable world. He never performs

the marriage ceremony among the great without gently admonishing husband and wife of their duty as Christians to their fellow-creatures. So winning is his manner and so earnest are his words that, instead of earning the reputation of being a bore, he is as beloved in the West End as in the slums.

As Bishop of London Doctor Ingram holds that his first duty is to attempt to reduce the total of human unhappiness, and wherever squalor is the greatest or misery the deepest he is always to be found. He is a familiar figure, on his bicycle, in

the London streets, and he often stops at the sight of a familiar face, when men, women, and children gather about him to listen to an impromptu talk. He is adept at concealing a moral in an anecdote or a joke.

The Bishop of London does not disdain still to go to Victoria Park on a Sunday afternoon to hold argument with the champions of infidelity on common



THE BISHOP OF LONDON PLAYING GOLF IN SCOTLAND

ground, where he is generally surrounded by a volunteer guard of workingmen. Sometimes a heated controversy will arise, but Doctor Ingram always meets the verbal onslaughts of his opponents with perfect good-humor. The crowd invariably pays close attention, and does not hesitate to award him his meed of praise. "The bishop wins! The bishop wins!" boys and men will cry, when he makes a good point.

The garden-parties of the Bishop of London, in the beautiful grounds of Fulham Palace, have been famous functions among the élite of the church and society for generations. Doctor Ingram still gives these garden-parties on Saturday afternoons

during the warm weather, but his guests are working girls and boys, who are welcomed and entertained by ladies of fashion whom the bishop has pressed into service for that purpose. As canon of St. Paul's he began the practice of taking factory-girls, a hundred at a time, over the cathedral on Saturdays, pointing out to them the interesting features of the great edifice, and afterward giving them tea in the deanery, which was his residence.

St. Paul's became the Mecca of East London girlhood; and, while the bishop did not preach to them on these pleasure tours, his quiet hints often led to improvement in dress, manners, speech, and morals.

As head of Oxford House, the first successful settlement institution in the world, situated in Bethnal Green, one of the most wretched districts in London, the future Bishop of London did a great work. Since leaving Oxford, in 1881, he had done private tutoring for three years, and then had occupied the curacy of St. Mary's, Shrewsbury, for a year. There was not enough work in this post for the young man, however. He longed to be in the thick of the fight; and, in 1885, he became chaplain to the Bishop of Lichfield, and also head of Oxford House. The institution had been established and was supported principally by young Oxonians, who found in Ingram an aggressive leader in the crusade against the powers of darkness. In a district given over to crime and brutality, where a census had shown that



HIS PRONENESS TO BUBBLE OVER WITH GOOD-HUMOR HAS EARNED HIM THE NICKNAME OF "CHUCKLES" FROM HIS INTIMATE FRIENDS

nine hundred out of a thousand boys were described as going "nowhere" to church, he established clubs that did away entirely with street-ruffianism, his personality holding the young men until they learned to respect themselves and became fellow-workers in the movement.

The bishop long afterward was talking to a publican, or saloon-keeper, whom he had met in a hospital, when the conversation turned to Bethnal Green.

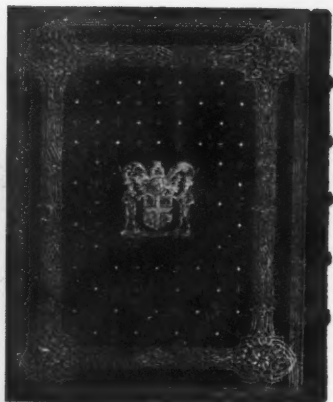
Doctor Ingram was surprised to find that the man knew several of the youths of his own acquaintance in that neighborhood, and asked him where he had met them.

"Why," replied the other, "I used to have a public house down that way, and your chaps were my regular customers. Then they joined your clubs, and I had to close up my place."

Bishop Ingram possesses extraordinary influence over the men of the people, both old and young. His talks to them are practical in the extreme, and he drives the truth home with metaphors they can understand. On one occasion, at a meeting in the East End, he had told his audience that liquor was a chain that held men in bondage to sin. After the meeting a young man came up to the platform, and, handing him a pint flask of whiskey, said:

"Ere's my chain, guv'nor. But, 'ow did you know I 'ad it with me?"

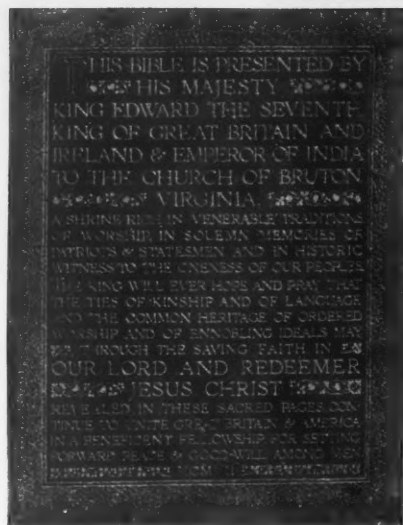
The bishop is particularly happy in his relations with his clergy. He plays tennis



with them, calls to see the new babies, and is ever ready with kindly advice or inspiring counsel. A pretty story is told of a recent visit of his to a West End parsonage where the small daughter of the house had been sentenced to the nursery during the stay of the distinguished visitor. After tea he was missed, and a search was instituted. When the nursery was reached the bishop was found on his hands and knees on the floor, playing horse with the baby, who was perched on his back.

Bishop Ingram has never married, for he believes that his entire life and energies belong to his beloved people. He has two residences in London, historic Fulham Palace and London House, in St. James's Square. The yearly income from his bishopric is ten thousand pounds, but most of this goes out in stipends and salaries to his assistants. He himself lives with the utmost frugality.

The Bishop of London is the youngest member of the English episcopate, being in his fiftieth year. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, where he made no mark as a scholar, though he left a record for Christian



COVERS AND FLY-LEAF OF KING EDWARD'S
GIFT-BIBLE TO BRUTON CHURCH

living that is remembered to this day. His scholarship was so poor, indeed, that it was thought at one time that he would be compelled to abandon his clerical ambitions, but he buckled down to work and came through with flying colors.

It is the more surprising that, in addition to all the other work he has accomplished in London, he has become an author of note. His books, "Work in Great Cities," "Old Testament Difficulties," etc., are virile, forceful, and inspir-

ing, and have already had an influence in the church. Doctrinal questions are the least of his anxieties, as Bishop of London. He believes in sociological ecclesiasticism, and the amalgamation of the high, low, and broad schools in the Church of England in the interests of Christian life and work.

Other items of interest about this extraordinary bishop are that he rowed on his college eight at Oxford, and that he is still known among his more intimate friends as "Chuckles," a name given him in his boyhood by reason of his proneness to bubble over with cheerfulness and good-humor.

It is eminently fitting that the mother

church should send the Bishop of London to deliver the historical address at the celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the planting of her first offshoot in America, since the church at Jamestown, Virginia, was originally within the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the See of London, although three thousand miles away. It was Master Robert Hunt, a missionary of the English church who sailed with a fleet of three vessels that left England for America in December, 1606, who held the commission from the Bishop of London to establish a parish wherever settlement should be made, and it was he who consecrated the ground at Jamestown upon which the Anglican church began its life in the New World, and where the anniversary services will take place.

During the three hundred years that have passed since Robert Hunt asked God's blessing upon the pilgrims of the good ships, the *Susan Constant*, the *Good Speed*, and the *Discovery*, on their landing at Cape Henry, the American daughter of the ancient church has borne her sacred heritage well. Her vital influence is felt to-day in every walk of national life; in every community her inspiring ritual leads the hearts of men and women to higher things; millions acknowledge allegiance to her doctrines, and on her

list of communicants are the names of thousands of our most eminent citizens. Inaugurated as a mission church, the primal idea has not been forgotten, and last year

nearly a million dollars were expended by the American church in domestic and foreign missions. Mission property to the value of nearly four million dollars attests the permanency of her missionary effort. Not to be behind other religious denominations, five well-known colleges and universities provide for the education of the youth of the church, while ten divinity schools are open to those who would preach the Gospel. Parochial organizations exist in eighty-two dioceses with a clergy-list of 8153, under the spiritual guidance of eighty-two bishops. Spacious, and in many instances beautiful edifices shelter the ministrations of the church, and two world-renowned cathedrals, St. John the Divine, in New York, which will be a model of refinement when completed, and the National Cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul, in Washington, are architectural landmarks of American Christianity.

Early in October, during the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in Richmond, Virginia, the pilgrimage of the House of Bishops and the House of Deputies is to be made to Jamestown Island for the



Designed by J. Stewart Barney

KING EDWARD'S BIBLE WILL REST ON THIS
LECTERN, THE GIFT OF PRESIDENT
ROOSEVELT

The Omnibus Bishop

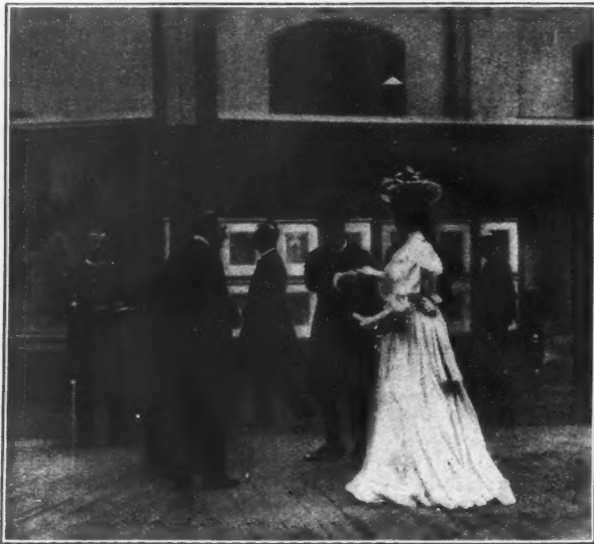
devotional exercises of the tercentenary of the first Anglican church on American soil, which will be the occasion of the historical address by the "omnibus bishop." The Bishop of London will also be present at the meeting in another historic edifice, old Bruton Church, in Williamsburg, Virginia, the second oldest Episcopal church in the United States, and the one that has been longest in continuous use. In the presence of President Roosevelt and the bishops and deputies from the Richmond Convention, the British ambassador, the Rt. Hon. James Bryce, will here present to Bruton parish King Edward's gift of a Bible.

The King Edward Bible is superbly bound in red morocco and gold, the covers bearing symbolical religious devices, as well as the arms of England and the United States, and the royal monogram. The inscription, on the front fly-leaf, tooled in gold on an inlaid red morocco panel, reads: "This Bible is presented by His Majesty King Edward the Seventh, King of Great Britain and Ireland and Emperor of India, to the Church of Bruton, Virginia, a shrine rich in venerable traditions of worship, in solemn memories of patriots and statesmen, and in historic witness to the oneness of our peoples. The king will ever hope and pray that the ties of kinship and of language and the common heritage of ordered worship and of en-

nobling ideals may, through the saving faith in our Lord and Redeemer, Jesus Christ, revealed in these sacred pages, continue to unite Great Britain and America in a beneficent fellowship for setting forward peace and good-will among men. MCMVII."

The Bible is to rest upon a lectern, the gift of President Roosevelt, which was designed by J. Stewart Barney, of New York, under the direction of the Rt. Rev. Henry Yates Satterlee, Bishop of Washington. It represents an angel of peace, whose upraised hands and folded wings support the desk of the lectern. This figure stands on a terrestrial globe, one foot resting on Great Britain and the other on the United States. The globe itself is supported by the British lion and the American eagle, and between them is the coat of arms of the Washington family. Three tablets on the base have each an inscription. On the front one is inscribed, "To the Glory of God." On the one to the right may be read, "And Commemorative of the 300th Anniversary of the Permanent Establishment of English Civilization in America, 1607-1907." On the tablet to the left are the words, "Presented by Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States."

It is rumored, by the way, that Bishop Ingram has said that he believes he can beat the President at tennis.



BISHOP INGRAM AT THE OPENING OF THE PALESTINE EXHIBITION, AGRICULTURAL HALL, LONDON

WE SELL YOU NOT ONLY THE PIANO
BUT ALSO THE ABILITY TO PLAY IT



WHEREVER YOU FIND THE PIANOLA PIANO, THERE YOU WILL FIND MUSIC

THE most remarkable success of modern times in musical instruments has been the Pianola Piano. *No previous make of piano ever met with such instantaneous acceptance or ever achieved such world-wide popularity.*

Consider the motives that prompted people to buy pianos before the invention of the Pianola:

Thousands of people bought pianos just because a piano was considered essential to the completely furnished home;

Because it was regarded as a visible sign of prosperity;

Because it was hoped in time the children or some member of the family might learn to play it.

Nowadays people buy the Pianola Piano because it is a guarantee of *immediate music* in the home circle. Because it

can be played by each and every member of the family. Because it requires no long preliminary course of training in order to master it. Because it can be played by hand as well as by Pianola roll. Because it gives the children the basis for a broad musical education. Because it is generally recognized as being

THE LATEST AND BEST DEVELOPMENT IN MODERN PIANO MANUFACTURE

How can there be any comparison in the value of the old-style piano which stood idle in a majority of homes, and this wonderful new piano which gives immediate access to anything and everything in the whole wonder-world of music?

A story is told of a young pianist who, in excuse for a blunder, said to Franz Liszt, "Oh, you are a genius;" to which the master replied: "I got the better part of it with ten hours' practice a day for thirty years."

Years of grinding hard work—that is the price that people formerly paid for the privilege of being able to play the piano. And many stopped short of the goal with nothing to show for their long dreary days of the hardest kind of work, beyond the ability to pick out a few simple "easy" pieces which soon became a bore to themselves and their friends.

A single new piece added to the slender repertory meant more of the same kind of drudgery. Is it any wonder that the question, "Do you play?" is so often answered, "I used to, but I haven't kept up my practice."

Six Favorites In Six Different Classes

(The entire repertory contains over 15,000 selections).

Classic

Ballade, A Flat, Chopin
Arabesque, Leschetizky
Liebestraum, Liszt
Noveltte, MacDowell
Polonaise Militaire, Chopin
Peer Gynt, Grieg

Grand Opera

Faust
Tannhauser
Aida
Rigoletto
Lohengrin
Norma

Popular Classic

Air de Ballet, Chaminade
Bubbling Spring, Rive King
Day in Venice, Nevin
Eldorado Polka, Bartlett
Minuet, Paderewski
Waltz, Op. 34, Moszkowski

Comic Opera

Vanderbilt Cup
Yankee Tourists
Dream City
Red Mill
The Orchid
Mlle. Modiste

Dance Music

Baby Parade, Two-Step
St. Louis Tickle, Two-step
Halcyon Waltzes
Azaleas, Two-step
Blue Danube Waltzes
Loveland, Waltz

Current Hits

No Wedding Bells for Me
My Mariuccia
Somewhere
Schooldays
I Just Can't Make My Eyes Behave
Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do



COPYRIGHT BY ELLIOTT & FRY
EDVARD GRIEG

I have heard the Metrostyle Pianola, and consider it most admirable and interesting. Before hearing the Metrostyle I had thought that all such instruments were only machines, but it is indeed surprising what can be done with the Metrostyle in reproducing musical works in the way of giving the intentions of the composer. It is excellent.

EDVARD GRIEG.



COPYRIGHT BY AIME DUPONT
ENRICO CARUSO

Gentlemen: I have just heard the Pianola perform a difficult musical work, and the effects are not only musical and artistic, but simply astounding. The sudden changes from the most delicate pianissimo to fortissimo passages are almost human. When one considers that when the Pianola is equipped with the Metrostyle, a novice is enabled to get the light and shade of an artist's interpretation of a great work, the Pianola really ceases to be mechanical.

Wishing you every success,

Yours sincerely,
ENRICO CARUSO.

Modern invention has made it possible *to buy the ability to play* just as you buy the piano itself—in fact, as an integral part of the piano.

Here is not a circumscribed limit of pieces you *can* play, and pieces you *can't*.

The Pianola Piano provides you with a ready-made repertory of over 15,000 compositions, the light and the gay, the grave and the serious, the brilliant show pieces that formerly were never heard outside of the concert-hall and latest bit of melody from the comic-opera of the day.

Yet if you have children who seem to possess the spark of genius, and for whom you entertain musical ambitions, this same piano gives them every facility for practice, just as though it did not contain the wonderful Pianola.

Piano and Pianola united in a single compact instrument—the standard Piano-player of the World built inside the case of a high-grade upright piano—the *fascination of personally producing music with all of the tedious, difficult practice swept away*—that is the Pianola Piano.

THE THEMODIST VASTLY INCREASING THE MUSICAL VALUE OF THE PIANOLA PIANO

Too much emphasis can not be laid upon the great gain in musical quality that the Pianola Piano has made by reason of

the addition of the "Themodist." This new device *subdues the accompaniment and brings out the theme or melody.*

Notes that are intended to be sounded most delicately are not permitted to obscure the melody notes, which is such a noticeable defect in other Piano-players. The air soars above the accompaniment, or "sings" just as it is made to do under the skilled fingers of a famous virtuoso.

The addition of the Themodist does not entail any additional labor upon the performer, for the melody notes are so cut in the roll that they accent themselves.

Like the Metrostyle (the importance of which has been acclaimed by the entire musical world)

THE THEMODIST IS EXCLUSIVE WITH THE PIANOLA AND PIANOLA PIANO

These two devices add so greatly to the beauty and effectiveness of a performance, that *any Piano-player lacking them must be accounted deficient.*

The Pianola and Pianola Piano with the Themodist and with the Metrostyle are being daily demonstrated throughout the country. The agency is restricted, however, to but one dealer in a locality and it will therefore be wise to write us for the name of our nearest authorized representative. This will be furnished promptly upon application together with interesting descriptive literature.

**The
Aeolian
Company**

**362 Fifth Avenue
New York**

Send Catalog W and details of
your new purchase plan to

Name _____

Street and No. _____

City _____

THE AEOLIAN CO.

Aeolian Hall

362 Fifth Avenue

New York

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

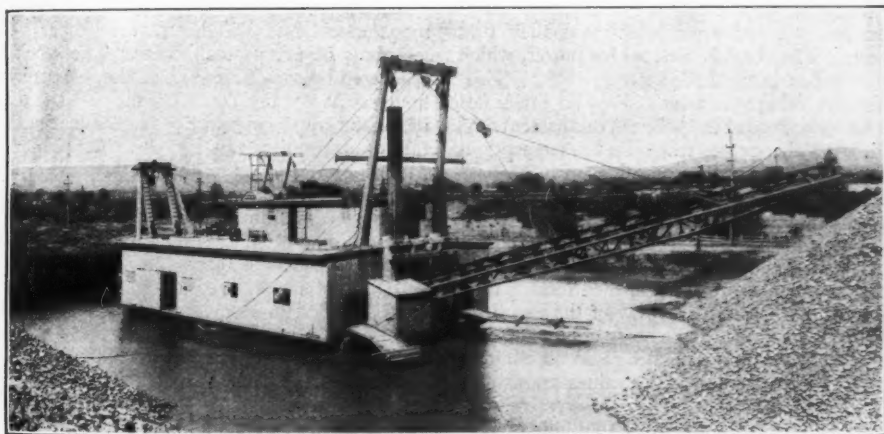
Alaska a Wonderland of Riches

By Francis P. Bent*

ALASKA is indeed a Wonderland; no words can adequately describe it. Alaska holds within her bosom mineral wealth beyond the dreams of the most imaginative. Alaska is rich in gold, silver, lead, copper, iron, tin, oil and coal. Gold is the most eagerly sought of our precious metals, and found there in such abundance (last year's production amounting to about \$25,000,000) that it has caused Alaska to be advertised the world over as the richest known portion of this planet. The extensive placer deposits of gold thus far discovered, when eventually worked out, will cause a flood of gold impossible of realization at this

most marvelous machine of modern construction. It has been aptly nick-named by those familiar with its operation and habits "The Gold Ship." The sea upon which it sails is not much greater in area than itself; its crew is insignificant, consisting of but four men; its harbor (or source of revenue) is the ground immediately before it, and its earning capacity is well-nigh unbelievable—some of them have earned as high as \$25,000 per day at an operating expense of but \$200 per day.

Briefly its purpose is to move over placer ground, that is, gold-bearing earth, and extract from it the precious metal which it contains.



TYPE OF GOLD DREDGE OPERATED IN ALASKAN FIELDS

time. The \$150,000,000 of gold thus far taken from Alaska represents but a small percentage of the values contained in the rich ground already located. Where it has been possible to extract millions by hydraulic working, sluicing and hand panning, thousands of millions of the yellow metal will be secured by the new method of dredging.

Surprisingly little has been written or said on the subject of the Gold Dredge, probably the

Before the invention and construction of the Gold Dredge placer ground yielding less than \$3 to \$4 of gold per cubic yard was unprofitable to work, it being impossible to pan more than that amount of earth by hand in a full day; but there are Dredges in California now yielding great profit to their owners which are working ground containing only 10 cents in gold to the cubic yard.

They have created a revolution in gold mining. Deserted gold-placer claims in California where the "forty-niners" made fortunes have again been taken up, and the dredges have already taken out more gold from the hitherto unprofitable portions of the claims and the tailings than

*Few men are better posted on the mineral resources and natural advantages of Alaska than Mr. Francis P. Bent, who is the editor of "The Alaska Guide," a monthly magazine devoted to the commercial and political advancement of that district. He is also well known on the lecture platform. The Brooklyn Times says: "He is esteemed to be the best authority in New York on Alaska."

was taken out by the first discoverers. In the beginning a crude mud-digger affair, the Dredge has developed into a perfect automatic machine costing from \$50,000 to \$300,000, and capable of doing the work of 1,000 to 3,000 men.

The well-known mining operators, Messrs. Guggenheim, have experimented sufficiently in the Klondike region to demonstrate the hidden fortunes there, and are now installing a number of improved dredges in that section. Recent despatches indicate that the well-known millionaires, Chas. M. Schwab, of the U. S. Steel Corporation, James Gayley, the pig-iron king of the world, and Henry Oxnard of the Sugar Beet Trust, are to visit Alaska. As a matter of fact, the Guggenheims are responsible for the sudden show of interest in Alaska of these great moneyed men. The dredger magnates show such enormous profits from their "gold ship" operations all over the West and North that they have interested New York financial circles in the remarkable work done by their gold dredges.

The Three Friends Mining Company, operating a dredge on the Solomon River, Nome District, paid 90 per cent. on their capital stock from last season's work, which was their first season. They had to use coal for power, which is very expensive in that country.

Dredge mining is admitted to be the safest investment afforded the public in this present day, and, when the masses recognize the tremendous economic import of the operations of these gold-ships, they may well class the gold dredging industry as the most beneficent industry the world has ever known. The ground to be worked can easily be tested by taking samples short distances apart over the entire surface, then mixing them together and making an assay of the entire lot, when a fair average can be easily obtained. The cost of construction, operating and maintaining being easily determined, the values known, the resultant profits can be safely, conservatively and intelligently stated. If in the foot-hills of California these Leviathans can operate at a profit on ground yielding 10c. per cubic yard, what a clean-up they will make in the Nome District, Alaska, where placer ground, yet unworked, runs in Gold from \$2 to \$20 per yard.

One of the largest and most promising companies to be organized this year is the "Nome Gold Dredging and Power Company," with an authorized capital stock of \$3,000,000. This company has acquired some of the richest dredging properties to be had on Seward Peninsula. Prominent mining engineers who have visited that part of Alaska say, "the Seward Peninsula contains, without doubt, more placer gold than any other part of the world."

The extensive properties of this company are

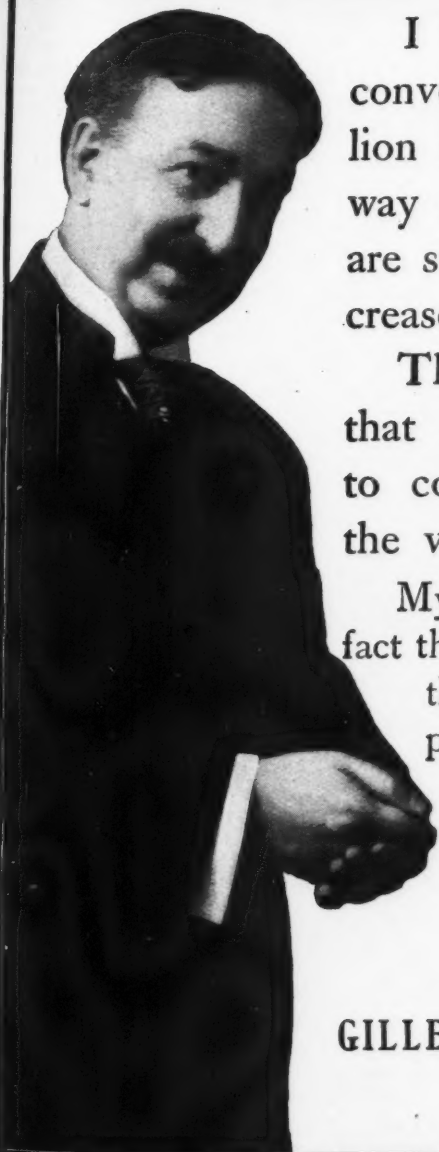
located on the Stewart River, Nome District, and consists of 1,920 acres, all of which are known to contain gold. These claims extend for eight miles on the Stewart River and Windy Creek.

This company has sufficient territory to enable it to work at least six dredges for the next fifty years. Its properties have been carefully examined by experts and the assays show their average to be \$3.50 in gold per cubic yard. With six dredges at work and figuring at only \$2.00 per yard, dividends of 100 per cent. per annum, or nearly 300 per cent. on the present price of the stock, can easily be paid. While this to the novice, or one not acquainted with the dredging possibilities in Alaska, may seem to be an extravagant estimate, it is in fact a most conservative one.

The organizers and officers of the "Nome Gold Dredging and Power Company" include one United States Senator, the Business Manager of one of the largest New York daily papers, the Vice-President of a Bank, the Trust Officer of a prominent New York Trust Company, and others of equal prominence and integrity; this personnel constitutes an honest and capable management and will insure the proper safeguarding of every stockholder. The stock is registered by one of New York's largest banking houses. When one considers the gold situation in Alaska, especially on Seward Peninsula, and the opportunities existing there for profitable use of dredges, and with the finances of this company in such strong hands, there can be no question of its ultimate success.

The Nome Gold Dredging and Power Company, 45 Exchange Place, New York City, has recently published a treatise entitled "The Gold Ship." It contains government maps of Alaska and pictures of that wonderful section, and describes fully how gold is extracted by the dredging method. This book which they send free to anyone interested is by far the most complete book of its kind ever gotten up by any company. I would advise everyone interested to write for it.

On account of my wide acquaintance with Alaskan matters in general, having been there a number of times, and always keeping in touch with the progress in that section, I have had opportunity to observe the formation of numerous companies, but few, if any, have ever started with as solid a foundation as has this one. After careful investigation I do not hesitate to endorse them and recommend the purchase of their stock. Looking at it from a business and mining standpoint, coupled with my years of experience, I do not hesitate to make this assertion—that anyone purchasing Nome G. D. & P. Co.'s stock at this time would not sell it for ten times what they pay for it five years from to-day.



I have, in three years, converted more than a million men to the Gillette way of shaving, and they are still coming at an increased ratio each month.

This is all the argument that should be necessary to convince any man of the value of this razor.

My success comes from the fact that I have revolutionized the art and solved the problem of self-shaving.

The Gillette Safety Razor consists of triple silver plated holder—12 double-edged blades, packed in velvet lined leather case. Price \$5.00.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Write for our Illustrated Booklet

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY

205 Times Building
NEW YORK CITY

Gillette Safety Razor
NO STROPPING NO HONING



When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



PEARLINE

(A SOAPY POWDER)

Does The Work
of Washing and Cleaning Perfectly—
Easily—in Hot or Cold, Hard or Soft
water Without the aid of other Soap—
Soda—Borax or Naphtha.

Does The Whole Work
It Washes Without Rubbing—Simply
Soaking or Boiling and Rinsing, and
Easy, Quick and Thorough Rinsing is
one of its strong points.

Does Nothing but the Work
Harmless to the Skin and Delicate Fabrics
—even Laces. Because it Does Away
with the Rubbing it also Does Away
with the Work and the Worst Wear
your Clothes receive.



Trade-Mark Registered.

A Perfect Complexion Beautifier and Remover of Wrinkles

Will Develop or Reduce.

DR. JOHN WILSON GIBBS'

THE ONLY

Electric Massage Roller

(Patented United States, Europe, Canada.)

"A new beautifier which is warranted to produce a perfect complexion, removing wrinkles and all facial blemishes. Will develop or reduce, as desired. A very pretty addition to the toilet-table."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"This delicate Electric Beautifier removes all facial blemishes. It is the only positive remover of wrinkles and crow's-feet. It never fails to perform all that is expected."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

"At one stroke the art of acquiring beauty has become simplified. Any woman may achieve beauty at home and unaided. She will discharge the army of beautifiers she employs to exercise their arts upon her, and buy an Electric Massage Roller. The Roller will do the rest."—*N. Y. World*.

FOR MASSAGE and CURATIVE PURPOSES

An Electric Roller in all the terms implies. (Rollers magnetized or attached to batteries are not Electric Rollers.) The invention of a physician and electrician known throughout this country and Europe. A most perfect complexion beautifier. Will remove wrinkles, "crow-feet" (premature or from age), and all facial blemishes—POSITIVE. Whenever electricity is to be used for massaging or curative purposes, it has no equal. No charging. Will last forever. Always ready for use on ALL PARTS OF THE BODY, for all diseases. For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous and Circulatory Diseases, a specific. The professional standing of the inventor, with the approval of this country and Europe, is a perfect guarantee. PRICE: GOLD, \$4.00; SILVER, \$3.00 each. Mail, or office. GIBBS CO., 1270 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Book Free.

THE ONLY ELECTRIC MASSAGE ROLLER.
Is guaranteed in every way.



"Can take a pound a day of a patient, or put it on. Other systems may temporarily alleviate, but this is sure and permanent."—*N. Y. Sun*, Aug., 1891. Send for lecture "Great Subject of Fat." and Blank.

No Dieting.

No Hard Work.

DR. JOHN WILSON GIBBS' OBESITY CURE

For the Permanent Reduction and Cure of Obesity.
Harmless and positive. NO PAINFUL. Your reduction is assured—reduce to stay. One month's treatment, \$5.00. Mail, or office, 1270 Broadway, New York. A PERMANENT REDUCTION GUARANTEED.

"The cure is positive and permanent."—*N. Y. Herald*, July 9, 1899.

"On obesity Dr. Gibbs is the recognized authority."—*N. Y. Press*, 1899.

Beware of Imitators and Fraudulent Rollers.



Brown Your Hair

"You'd never think I stained my hair, after I use Mr. Potter's Walnut-Juice Hair Stain. The Stain doesn't hurt the hair as dyes do, but makes it grow out fluffy."

Send for a Trial Package.

It only takes you a few minutes once a month to apply Mr. Potter's Walnut-Juice Hair Stain with your comb. Stains only the hair, doesn't rub off, contains no poisonous dyes, sulphur, lead or copper. Has no odor, no sediment, no grease. One bottle of Mr. Potter's Walnut-Juice Hair Stain should last you a year. Sells for \$1.00 per bottle at first-class druggists. We guarantee satisfaction. Send your name and address on a slip of paper, with this advertisement, and enclose 25 cents (stamps or coin) and we will mail you, charges prepaid, a trial package, in plain, sealed wrapper, with valuable booklet on Hair. Mrs. Potter's Hygienic Supply Co., 309 Groton Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

TIFFANY & Co.

Fifth Avenue and 37th Street, New York

A Basis for Comparison of Prices

Tiffany & Co. always welcome a comparison of prices. While this applies to their rich as well as inexpensive jewelry, silverware, clocks, bronzes and other objects, it is possible for their patrons more easily to make comparisons on certain articles of silverware than on some of the more individual pieces from their stock. To this end the method of marking prices on Tiffany & Co.'s copyrighted patterns of

Sterling Silver Forks and Spoons

At \$1.00 per ounce

furnishes exact information as to weights and values. These patterns are not sold through the trade or other dealers and each piece is of English sterling quality 925/1000 fine. Upon this basis prices per dozen range as follows:

Tea Spoons	-	-	-	-	dozen \$11 upward
Dessert Spoons	-	-	-	-	18 "
Soup or Table Spoons	-	-	-	-	25 "
Breakfast, Entrée or Dessert Forks	-	-	-	-	17 "
Dinner or Table Forks	-	-	-	-	23 "

Cuts of patterns sent upon request, also estimates for special sets to suit individual requirements

Fifth Avenue New York

Tiffany & Co. 1907 Blue Book—a compact catalogue without illustrations; 621 pages of concise descriptions with range of prices of jewelry, silverware, clocks, bronzes, pottery, glassware and other objects suitable for wedding presents or other gifts—Blue Book sent upon request



NOTHING LIKE IT!

The actual benefits from
systematic shampooing with

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

are as pronounced as the refreshing
sensations which immediately follow.

Our leaflet, "The Value of Systematic Shampooing," sent free.

THE PACKER MFG. CO., NEW YORK.

COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE

TABLE OF CONTENTS

VOL. XLIII

OCTOBER, 1907

No. 6

Prayer	Benjamin De Casseres	581
Decorated by F. I. Bennett		
The Problem of Air Flight	Waldemar Kaempffert	583
Illustrated by William R. Leigh and from photographs		
"Awake, Awake! Love May Not Sing Again." A Photograph	F. Benedict Herzog	596
The Long Arm of Mannister—I. The Noxious Gift. A Story	E. Phillips Oppenheim	597
With frontispiece illustration by Frank Snapp		
The Two Ages. A Poem	Ella Wheeler Wilcox	603
The World—Menace of Japan	Goldwin Smith	604
The Secret Kingdom. A Poem	Thomas Wood Stevens	607
The Heir of the Broken-O. A "Wolfville" Story	Alfred Henry Lewis	608
Illustrated by W. Herbert Dunton		
Helen Miller Gould	Ruth Fuller Field	616
Illustrated		
Miss Gould's School Days	Ivy Ross	627
The Crucible—Chapters XXIII—XXVI. A Novel	Mark Lee Luther	628
Illustrated by Hermann C. Wall		
The March of Kelly's Army	Jack London	643
"O City!" A Poem	James Leroy Stockton	648
Tim Lloyd and the Llama. A Story	Ellis Parker Butler	649
Illustrated in color by Gordon Ross		
The Desolating Adventures of Jean Baptiste. A Story	Virginia Berkley Bowie	656
Has Simple Love Ceased To Be Dramatic?	Alan Dale	658
Illustrated with theatrical portraits		
The Twins. A Story	Morgan Robertson	668
Illustrated by Gordon M. McCouch		
Sing Ho for Isidore Haimovitz! A Story	Bruno Lessing	678
Illustrated in color by Horace Taylor		
Expectation. A Poem	Charles Hanson Towne	685
Illustrated by Frank Snapp		
The Omnibus Bishop	Elisabeth Ellicott Poe	686
Illustrated		
Cover Design	J. O. Brubaker	

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00

SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS

Copyright, 1907, by International Magazine Company. Trade-Mark Registered December 25th, 1906
Published Monthly, International Magazine Company
Edward H. Clark, Pres., 15 Broad St. S. S. Carvalho, Treas., 238 William St. George von Utassy, Sec., 2 Duane St.

Address all Communications to Cosmopolitan Magazine
2 Duane Street, New York

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class mail-matter. Foreign postage, \$1.00

A TREASURE-HOUSE OF KNOWLEDGE WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY



Perhaps you regard a dictionary as a mere list of words, consulted only for spelling and definition. The INTERNATIONAL answers with authority ALL KINDS of questions. It is a reliable and up-to-date library in one book. Plan of contents follows:

- Colored Plates; Flags, State Seals, Etc.
- Brief History of the English Language.
- Guide to Pronunciation.
- Scholarly Vocabulary of English.
- Dictionary of Fiction.
- Revised Gazetteer of the World.
- Revised Biographical Dictionary.
- Vocabulary of Scripture Proper Names.
- Vocabulary of Greek and Latin Names.
- Vocabulary of English Christian Names.
- Foreign Words and Phrases.
- Abbreviations and Contractions.

25,000 New Words. 2,380 Pages. 5,000 Illustrations.
SHOULD YOU NOT OWN THE INTERNATIONAL?

WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY. Largest of our abridgments.
Regular and Thin Paper Editions. 1116 PAGES AND 1400 ILLUSTRATIONS.

Write for "Dictionary Wrinkles," and Specimen Pages, FREE, Desk C.
G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.
GET THE BEST.

Called Back

by
Hugh Conway

This splendid
Book of fiction
will be sent you
FREE
Send us your
name today

A STORY OF

TREMENDOUS POWER

HUGH CONWAY has won world-wide fame by this story. The plot is unusual but natural. The characters are the real men and women as they exist in the world, not the impossible kind of cheap fiction. The hero and heroine are of such lofty type that no boy or girl, man or woman, unless dead to all the tender sentiments of the human soul, can read this book without receiving an inspiration. No one can read "Called Back" and not know that there is such a thing as pure unselfish love. "Called Back" is a master-piece of English as well as fiction. It enriches both heart and mind. It is a story so sweet and enchanting that it ought to be in every home. We are printing an advertising edition of 50,000 copies, in good clear type, for free distribution. Let us send you a copy.

Absolutely FREE and Postpaid

We do this to advertise VICK'S MAGAZINE, which was established over thirty years ago by that great lover of flowers and mankind, JAMES VICK.

Vick
Publ'g Co.,
511 Vick Block,
Dansville, N. Y.

VICK'S MAGAZINE is a large illustrated Family Journal, with colored covers, and contains many helpful departments and the most fascinating literature.

We know you will like both the book and the magazine. Please let us send you a sample copy of VICK'S MAGAZINE and the advertising edition of the book absolutely free and prepaid. Just send your name and address on a postal, or fill out the accompanying coupon.

Gentlemen: Please send me free and postpaid the advertising edition of "Called Back," by Hugh Conway, and a sample copy of VICK'S MAGAZINE. It is understood that I am under no obligation to subscribe, and that no charge whatever is to be made for any sample copies mailed to my address, but if I so desire I may take advantage of your special six months' trial subscription offer.

VICK PUBLISHING COMPANY
511 VICK BLOCK
DANSVILLE, N. Y.

Name.....
Town.....
County or R. F. D..... State.....

20,000,000 Americans

HAVE PLACED IN THEIR HOMES THE WORLD-FAMED PUBLICATION

Ridpath's History of the World

This means that practically as many Americans have bought Ridpath as have bought the great Encyclopedia Britannica and the Century Dictionary **combined**. Can you imagine any greater testimonial for any book?

Dr. Ridpath's Immortal Work commands the admiration of the English-speaking world. It is endorsed by the scholarship of the world, and by the great American people as the **only** history of the world worth having.

THE FAILURE OF THE PUBLISHERS

Places in our hands the remaining sets of this great publication.

9 Massive Royal Octavo Volumes, 4,000 double-column pages, 2,000 superb illustrations. Brand New, latest edition, down to date, beautifully bound in Half Morocco. We are selling these sets while they last

At LESS than even DAMAGED SETS were ever sold

We will name our price only in **direct letters** to those sending us the **Coupon** below. **Tear off the Coupon, write name and address plainly and mail to us now before you forget it.**

Here is your opportunity to secure Ridpath's History of the World at the lowest price ever offered—and on **easy terms**. It will cost you nothing to inspect the beautiful specimen pages and let us **mail you full particulars** of our offer. The sample pages are **free**.



Royal octavo volumes, encyclopedia size, 11 in. tall, 8 in. wide, 2 in. thick, weighs 55 lbs.

RIDPATH takes you back to the dawn of history, long before the Pyramids of Egypt were built; down through the romantic, troubled times of Chaldea's grandeur and Assyria's magnificence; of Babylonia's wealth and luxury; of Greek and Roman splendor; of Mohammedan culture and refinement; of French elegance and British power; to the rise of the Western world, including the complete history of the United States and every other nation down to the close of the Russia-Japan war.

He throws the mantle of personality over the old heroes of history. Alexander is there,—patriot, warrior, statesman, diplomat,—crowning the glory of Grecian history. Xerxes from his mountain platform sees Themistocles, with three hundred and fifty Greek ships, smash his Persian fleet of over a thousand sail and help to mold the language in which this paragraph is written.

Rome perches Nero upon the greatest throne on earth, and so sets up a poor madman's name to stand for countless centuries as the synonym of savage cruelty. Napoleon fights Waterloo again under your very eyes, and reels before the iron fact that at last the end of his gilded

dream has come. Bismarck is there,—gruff, overbearing, a giant pugilist in the diplomatic ring,—laughing with grim disdain at France which says: "You shall not." Washington is there—"four-square to all winds," grave, thoughtful, proof against the wiles of British strategy and the poisoned darts of false friends; clear-seeing over the heads of his fellow-countrymen, and on into another century, the most colossal world-figure of his time.

He covers **every race, every nation, every time**, and holds you spellbound by his wonderful eloquence. Nothing more interesting, absorbing, and inspiring was ever written by man.

Ridpath should be in your home. It is a work that you will value as long as you live and read over and over again.

Send Coupon To-day.

FOLD HERE. TEAR OUT. SIGN, AND MAIL

Name.....
Address.....

10,

07.

FREE COUPON

Western
Newspaper
Exchanges
204 Dearborn St.
Chicago, Ill.

Please mail, without cost to me, sample pages of Ridpath's History containing his famous "Race Chart" in colors, map of China and Japan, diagram of Panama Canal, etc., and write me full particulars of your special offer to Cosmopolitan readers.

\$1
Brings the
Complete Set
Balance
Small Sums
Monthly



Self and Sex

The information in these books will insure marital happiness and save mankind untold suffering.

The Sex Series

The only complete series of books published on delicate subjects. Written in a manner understood by every person and information given which should not be hidden by false or foolish modesty. Commended by medical authorities everywhere.

Four books to boys and men: "Young Boy," "Young Man," "Young Husband," "Man of Forty-five." Four books to girls and women: "Young Girl," "Young Woman," "Young Wife," "Woman of Forty-five."

61 a copy each, post free. Table of contents free. Vir Publishing Co 1071 Land Title Bldg Philadelphia Pa

U. S. GOVT. PUBLICATIONS FOR SALE AT COST

These publications are official and are authorities on the subjects treated. Many of them are magnificently illustrated. They relate to all branches of knowledge, including Agriculture, Live Stock, Manufacturing, Commerce, Mining and Fisheries, Military, Naval and Diplomatic Affairs, Laws of the United States, American History, Engineering, Mechanics, Medicine, Hygiene. All branches of Science, Astronomy, Anthropology, Zoology, Chemistry, Geology, Forestry, and Fish Culture, etc. Send for FREE CATALOGS and price lists of subjects in which you are interested. Address

Spec. of Documents, GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington, D. C.

Make More MONEY on Fruit

Everyone who grows fruit should be interested in getting MORE PROFIT from his FRUIT crops

THE FRUIT GROWER

ST. JOSEPH, MO.



is a handsomely illustrated, 75-p. monthly. Treats of fruit growing, gardening, poultry raising, on a large or small scale. Every farmer needs it. \$1 a year, but will be sent 3 months FREE on trial if you will notify us to stop or subscribe after trial.

The Fruit-Grower, Box 116, St. Joseph, Mo.

YOU REALLY SHOULD READ

Table of Contents and Sample Pages FREE THIS BOOK!

A scientific book for women. **Feminology** treats of marriage, care of babies, nursing, children's diseases and their care, giving information that is all important to health and happiness. 700 pages. Illustrated. Write for illustrated Book Catalog—includes books on every trade and profession. Bargain prices.

C. L. DRESSLER & CO.,
2208 W. Madison Ave., Chicago, Ill.



BOOKS At Wholesale 352 page Catalog FREE!

Most complete of its kind (illustrated.) Describes latest and best books of every class—new and standard Fiction, Adventure, Biography, History, Travel, Poetry, Humor, Games, Dancing, Athletics, Animals, Botany, Farming, Art, Mythological, Medical, Juvenile, Elocution, Debating, Etiquette, Cookery, Science, Bible, Atlases, Guides, Dictionaries, Gift Books, etc. Only Book House Selling Direct to Consumer at Wholesale. Largest Library Contractor in U. S. Information concerning any book. Send at once for large Catalog (Free.) Address
St. Paul Book & Stationery Co., 29 Sixth St., St. Paul, Minn.

Are You Looking for a Home?

No farmer should think of buying a home before seeing a copy of the Journal. It has nearly 4,000 farms, city property and stocks of goods advertised in it, and reaches 50,000 readers each issue. Advertising rates, 2c. per word. Send 10c. in silver for a two months' trial subscription or 75c. for one year.

Farm and Real Estate Journal,
Traer, Iowa

YOU CAN WIN



This \$20.00 Kodak and \$15.00 Cash!

Our prizes are in no way competitive. There are hundreds from which to choose. There are twenty series of unprecedented

METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE PREMIUM OFFERS

Your cash commissions and the value of your prizes are in proportion to the number of subscriptions obtained.

Every Subscription Wins a Prize and a Cash Commission

The Metropolitan is launching the greatest subscription campaign ever inaugurated. It needs you and will give big rewards for subscriptions. Send for our circular which gives detailed information.

Investigate Our Liberal Offers at Once

THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

Dept. C. 3 WEST 29TH STREET
NEW YORK

For 50 Subscriptions you can win this
\$20.00 Kodak and \$15.00 Cash

Never Such Book News as This

THE NEW AMERICANIZED ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA

**CONDEMNED TO BANISHMENT from our Market
BIDS FAREWELL to the American People in the
MOST SENSATIONAL SALE OF OUR TIME**

Publication must cease at once. Entire publisher's stock now
on hand to be cleared with the utmost rapidity at less than

**ONE HALF THE PRICES AT WHICH OVER 250,000 SETS HAVE SOLD
A SALE TO MARK AN EPOCH IN BOOK HISTORY. AN EVENT WITHOUT EXAMPLE**

**\$1.00 Secures Complete Set—
Sent Free for Examination**



**15 massive volumes,
sumptuous binding, 10,000
double column pages, 100 superb maps,
37,000 biographical references, hundreds of
illustrations, colored plates of the rarest beauty**

Questions of international copyright have been decided against the American publishers. The greatest, most valuable and popular of all American book publications must end its marvelous and unparalleled career of success immediately. A temporary arrangement has been effected by which the publishers of the regular English edition who have secured absolute control, permit the selling of all sets that are now bound and can be marketed at once. In this great crisis the American publishers turned to us as the one house in America whose gigantic resources could grapple with the situation. We purchased the entire stock at our own figures and now offer them at prices absolutely without precedent in this country.

The sets in cloth binding we offer at \$37.00; in half morocco at \$46.00. When these are sold you CANNOT AGAIN BUY this popular Americanized edition AT ANY PRICE. The new English edition, now being prepared, will cost you \$150 and \$200. **FOUR TIMES MORE** than our clearance prices.

BUY NOW WHEN YOU CAN SAVE SO MUCH --- THE CHANCE WILL NOT COME AGAIN

THE GREATEST OF ALL ENCYCLOPEDIAS. This monumental work is in a class by itself. Its supremacy has never been questioned. What Napoleon is among soldiers, what Socrates is among philosophers, what Raphael is among artists, the New Americanized Britannica is among encyclopedias—beyond all comparison or competition. The most profound and brilliant thinkers of the world have written its articles. Three hundred of the ripest scholars in America have revised every word and line, added, condensed and improved and brought all information up to the very latest date. It is a home university, a college education, a huge library. It covers the entire range of human discovery, experience, knowledge and achievement.

SENT FREE FOR EXAMINATION. If you will sign and mail to us the accompanying coupon, we will send, while they last, a complete set of this superb work to any address in the United States or Canada for five days' free examination in your home. This does not involve one cent of cost or one particle of obligation. We pay all transportation charges. If you do not wish to retain the books, return them to us at our expense.

ONE DOLLAR SECURES THE SET. Should you decide to purchase after examination, you can then send us \$1 as the first payment and the balance can be paid at the rate of \$2.00 per month for the cloth, and \$1.50 per month for the half morocco.

DO NOT DELAY. Cut out and mail the coupon today, if you wish to secure the most wonderful book bargain of this generation. The sets will fairly melt away at these phenomenal prices, and in order to secure one you must act at once. You can never duplicate this opportunity. **Do it now.**

SIEGEL COOPER COMPANY

J. B. GREENHUT, Pres.

6th Ave., 18th and 19th Sts. - NEW YORK

Cos.
Oct.
**SIEGEL
COOPER CO.,
New York**

Sent me for examination, prepaid, a complete set of the New Americanized Encyclopedia Britannica in half morocco binding at your closing out price of \$46.00. If I should decide to purchase I will send you \$1 within five days after receipt of goods and \$2.50 per month for eighteen months thereafter. If I should not wish to retain them I will notify you promptly, and hold them subject to your orders. Title to remain in Siegel Cooper Company until books are fully paid for.

Name _____

Address _____

If the cloth edition be desired write "cloth" in place of "half morocco" and "\$2" per month in place of "\$2.50."

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

THE HOUSEWIFE

Published exclusively in woman's interests. There is never a dull or uninteresting line printed in *The Housewife*, and no household publication in existence is more thoroughly read or more fully appreciated; it is always Wholesome, Cheerful, Helpful, Practical and Timely. Read regularly in half a million homes.

A Postmaster's wife in Ohio says:—"The *Housewife* is always clean, pure, delightful, entertaining and sensible."

A Minister's wife in Washington says:—"It helps me more than any paper that I read."

A Doctor's wife in Massachusetts says:—"The stories are interesting, the fashions simple and sensible, the household articles useful to those of moderate means."

A Farmer's wife in Michigan says:—"I read it over two or three times; it is the most restful paper published."

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS

In the Fall and Winter numbers of *THE HOUSEWIFE* we shall present many new and attractive features, in carrying further our plans for its betterment and to more firmly cement the attachment which thousands of readers have expressed toward this publication. We shall commence in October a serial story of unusual interest entitled: **The Romance of Hans Hogan**, by Owen Kildare, Author of "My Manic Rose," "The Good of the Wicked," etc., etc. We also mention a few writers whose work will shortly appear in our columns—Miss Lillian Bell, Author of "Abroad with the Jummies," "A Little Sister of the Wilderness," etc., etc. Mrs. Alice McAllilly, Author of "The Larkins' Wedding," etc., etc. Augusta Larned, Author of "The Mrs. Sweetser Sketches," etc., etc. Mary Madeline Wood, Formerly Department Editor *Ladies' World*, New York. Edna Edwards Wylie, Author of "The Ward of the Sewing Circle," "Theodore's Stepmother," etc., etc. J. L. Harbour, for many years Assistant Editor of *Youth's Companion*. Hilda Richmond, An always welcome favorite. And many others, whose names will be given in due time in our annual prospectus for 1908.

TWO TRIAL OFFERS

In order to introduce *THE HOUSEWIFE* into homes where it has never been taken, we will send it all the rest of this year and all of next year, or until December, 1908, for only **Sixty Cents**, together with a choice of any one of the two desirable premiums described below.

SOFA PILLOW COVER AND RUFFLE



Premium No. 223. This handsome Sofa Pillow Cover is 18 inches square inside of the ruffle. The full size including the ruffle is 30 inches square. The material is fine colored Art Cloth and the design is the beautiful Rose which is shown by the illustration, and the material for the ruffle is of the same beautiful color as the cover, but in order to set it off to the best advantage it is of somewhat finer cloth. This is the finest Pillow Cover Outfit ever offered as a premium, and we guarantee entire satisfaction. Each Sofa Pillow Cover is sent complete, with material for Ruffle, postpaid.

We will send *THE HOUSEWIFE* all the rest of this year and all of next year, together with this **Sofa Pillow Cover and Ruffle**, for only **Sixty Cents**.

GREAT VALUE STAMPING OUTFIT

Premium No. 224. This Splendid Premium comprises Nine Extra Large Sheets of Stamping Patterns, 22 x 28 inches in size, One Distributor, Instructions, and a Seven-Inch Embroidery Frame.

This is not only one of the very latest Outfits, being made for us by one of the most artistic designers of Fancy Work, but it is the largest and most complete Stamping Outfit ever before offered for a premium, by any publisher and contains all new and up-to-date designs, varying in size, 20 x 20 inches for a Centerpiece to $\frac{5}{8}$ in. for filling in purposes for outline and solid embroidery with three alphabets. The Embroidery frame alone is worth about half the usual price of an ordinary outfit and we supply it **free of charge**. The designs are all carefully perforated and are guaranteed absolutely satisfactory or money will be refunded. The illustration is but one of the handsome designs in this outfit.

We will send *THE HOUSEWIFE* all the rest of this year and all of next year, with **The Great Value Stamping Outfit**, for only **Sixty Cents**.

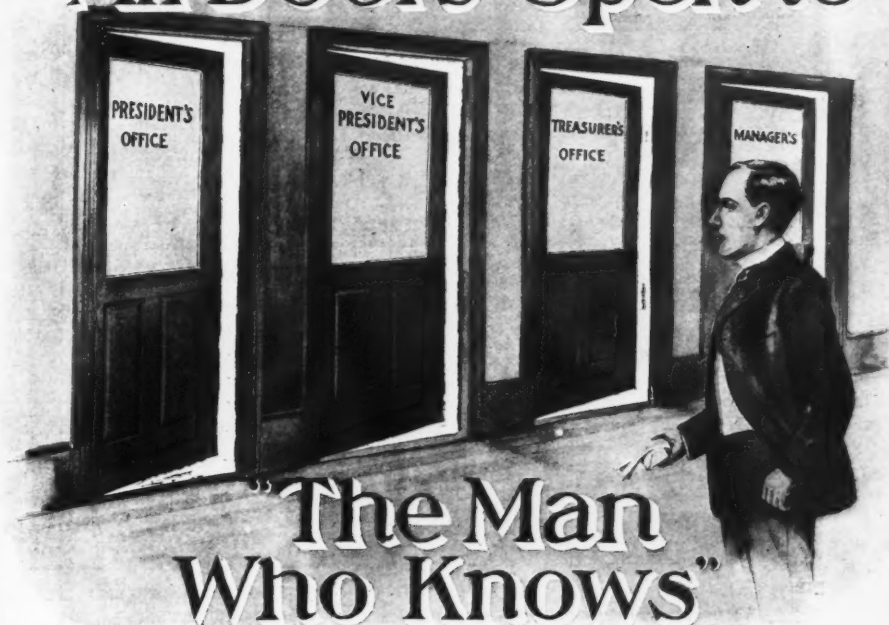
The *Housewife* is well printed, attractively illustrated, enclosed in beautiful colored covers, and each number comprises from 20 to 36 pages. The trial subscription gives you a total of nearly 400 large quarto pages of reading matter of the best quality for a trifling sum, and the money cannot be used for a better purpose. Remit by P. O. Order or Registered Letter. Postage stamps taken. Address



THE HOUSEWIFE, 52 Duane St., New York, P. O. Box 1198

When you write, please mention the *Cosmopolitan*

All Doors Open to



EVERY high office is "open" to "The Man Who Knows." To such a man, steady, rapid promotion is sure to come. One after another, he fills the higher positions, till he finally reaches the highest. His rise is due, not to superior *natural* gifts, but solely to study of his subject. And this is exactly the service performed by

The New International Encyclopaedia

for all aspiring men. It is the one great, reliable, PRACTICAL Educator of the day—the most modern reference work in existence; the only one thoroughly abreast with the times. It imparts to the student of its pages the very information which all the fields of activity are calling for to-day. The New International Encyclopaedia comprises

20 Volumes 16,328 Pages 100,000 Subjects 7,000 Illustrations

How to get the New International Encyclopaedia

Fill in the attached coupon, and we will send you, **ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE**, our handsome 80-page pamphlet containing illustrations, colored plates, sample pages of text, lists and pictures of eminent contributors, specimens of bindings, etc.—giving you an exact idea of the excellence of the work and its great value to you. **ALSO**, our famous "Question Book" of 770 every-day questions you should be able to answer, but probably cannot off-hand; and information regarding our easy payment plan, which enables you to secure the New International Encyclopaedia.

Watch for the next
Advertisement of
"THE MAN WHO KNOWS"

The original picture of "The Man Who Knows," printed on extra heavy paper, suitable for framing, will be sent free to any address on receipt of 10c.

DODD, MEAD & CO., Publishers

372 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY

FILL IN NAME AND ADDRESS AND SEND THIS COUPON
DODD, MEAD & CO., PUBLISHERS, 372 Fifth Avenue, New York City:
Gentlemen:—Please send, without cost to me, your pamphlet descriptive of The New International Encyclopaedia with specimen pages, colored plates, maps and information regarding prices and easy payment plan. Also your famous Question Book, free, as per your offer in this magazine.

Name _____ Occupation _____
Street _____ Post Office _____ State _____
COSMO. M. 118

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

E

sewife,
esome,

household

carrying
expressed
of Hans
w writers
Sister of
author of
New York.
Harbour,
others.

at all the
er with a

LE

3 inches
le is 30
and the
on, and
e cover,
at finer
ed as a
Pillow

l the
t, to-
and

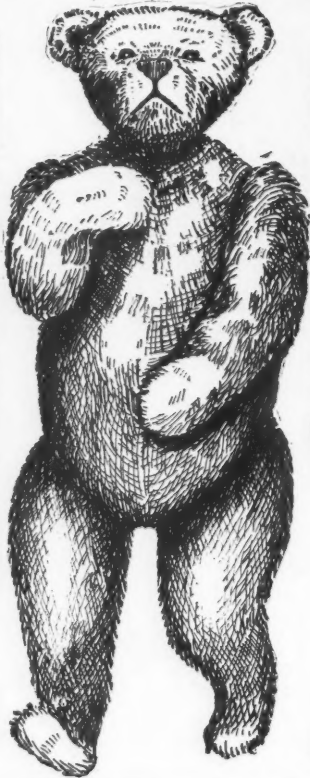
Great

com-
tling
P. O.

1198

BIG TEDDY BEAR FREE FOR YOU

12-INCHES-TALL



They are all the Rage.

Teddy Bear is a fine specimen of his kind, made of **Shaggy Cinnamon Flush**, and 12 inches tall. His head, his arms and his legs are jointed on to the body so that they can all be turned in any direction. And you should see him shake his head and hear him grunt when you hit him in the stomach! **Teddy** is all the rage in the cities. The children carry him to school and even the grown-up ladies carry him with them when they go out for a walk or ride, or to the theatre. The more costly **Teddys** sell as high as \$25.00 each. We have picked out this one for you on account of his good size, his jointed head, arms and legs, his cute grunt and his fine cinnamon color. We will send him to you **free** by mail, together with one of these fine latest hand-tinted novelties.

"WHOLE-BEAR-FAMILY"

Pillow-tops, if you will get six of your friends each to give you 25 cents to pay for their subscription to our popular **WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL** for three whole years. We will also give one of the **Pillow-tops** **Free** to each of the six subscribers. This is surely the easiest way you will find of owning one of these fine **Teddys** yourself or of getting one to give to some friend. We make our plan very clear and simple because we want every one to understand it thoroughly and to be pleased when they get the Bear, the **Pillow-Top** and the magazine. Remember, if they do not all reach you just as we describe them we want you to let us know. **We guarantee satisfaction.** **WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL**, Dept. 83, 291 Congress St., Boston, Mass.



Pillow-Top is 21 inches square.

EASY TO GET: This plan makes it very easy for you to get them to subscribe, as everyone they can get it **free** by just subscribing. This **pillow-top** is tinted by hand for us on **fine embroidery cloth** and is 21 x 21 inches in size. This is the most popular idea in a **pillow-top** ever gotten up, and we want to give away 100,000 of them in this way to introduce our interesting, illustrated magazine, **WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL**, which is full of the best serial and short stories, fashion, fancy work household departments, etc., etc., and has been a favorite in many homes for over 30 years.

TEDDY IS FREE. Remember we send you this fine **Teddy Bear** and seven beautiful tinted **"WHOLE-BEAR-FAMILY"** pillow-tops **Free of charge**. The bear and one pillow-top are for yourself. The other six pillow-tops you are to give to the six subscribers you get. Just take this advertisement along with you to show to your friends, and tell them about it and you can easily get the six subscribers and we will send the **Teddy Bear** and **Pillow-tops** just as soon as we receive the money for the six subscriptions, \$1.50 in all. We hope you will go right out and get them at once so that we can send you the **Teddy Bear**. We know you will like him as he is very good company and we guarantee that you and your friends will like the magazine and the beautifully tinted pillow-tops. We will be glad to send you sample copies of the magazine if you need them to show your friends, but we think you can easily get them to subscribe without waiting so long. We send the **Teddy Bear** and pillow tops to you at once and guarantee them to be as here described. Write your letter to

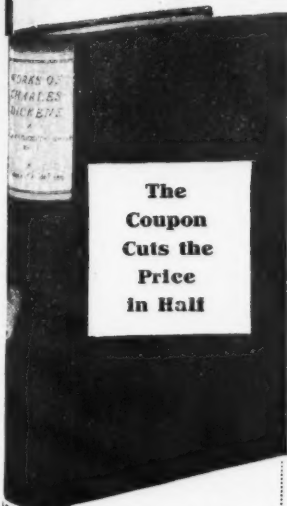
WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL, Dept. 83.
291 Congress Street, - - - Boston, Mass.

WE CAN TEACH YOU TO DRAW
You can earn \$20 to \$50 and upwards per week. We have successfully taught all branches of drawing by correspondence since 1898. Practical, personal instruction. Experienced teachers. Art Director educated in Europe. Positions guaranteed. Successful students everywhere. Illustrated Year Book **free**.

SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART
58-72 Fine Arts Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

LEARN TO BE AN OPTICIAN by mail, \$300
Monthly easily made fitting eye-glasses. Quickly learned. Diploma. Reduced tuition. Send to-day for free booklet 18. Tells all about it. **NATIONAL OPTICAL COLLEGE, ST. LOUIS, MO.**

30 Superb Volumes Sent FREE A Famous De Luxe Dickens



**The
Coupon
Cuts the
Price
in Half**

There are 30 large volumes in the set, each measuring 8 1/4 x 6 inches and 1 3/4 inches thick. They are printed on specially made paper from clear new type, and bound in rich dignified green cloth with gold tops and title pages in two colors.

You need a "Dickens" in your library; you will never have another chance like this to get the **right** one at such a low price. Mail the coupon at once and you will get one of the few sets left of our beautiful de luxe Dickens. It will be sent to you free of charge—to be returned, at our expense, if not satisfactory. And you will also get FREE a \$2.00 portfolio of prints.

We want you to look over one of these sets at our expense. The thirty handsome volumes, with **150 illustrations** exquisitely reproduced on Japan vellum from originals by Cruikshank, Maclise, Browne, etc., must be seen to be fully appreciated. This edition is de luxe in every way. It contains everything Dickens wrote—novels, sketches, short stories, travels.

\$10.00 Portfolio Free

This is conceded to be the best gallery of Dickens characters ever gathered into a portfolio. It contains eighty-one famous Dickens illustrations and portraits reproduced from famous originals. Each one is splendidly executed on Japan vellum, 11 x 7 1/2 inches in size, and suitable for framing. These are contained in a rich dark green case. This "De Luxe" portfolio was issued in a limited edition and sold at \$10.00 a set.

The regular price of the vellum cloth set is \$50.00 a set, but our price to you is a little more than half. If you find the books satisfactory, send \$1.00 in seven days and \$2.00 a month for 14 months. If they don't suit you we will take them back. You pay nothing whatever until you have found that the books are just what you want.

BUT BEAR IN MIND that there are only a few sets.

You must mail the coupon at once, to get one with the FREE \$10.00 portfolios.

There are a few sets in rich three-quarter morocco binding with leather corners and gold backs. For one of these change the coupon to read \$1.00 after examination and \$3.00 a month for 14 months.

J. A. Hill & Company
44-60 E. 23d Street
New York

Cost,
10, '07

**J. A. HILL
& CO.
NEW YORK**

Mail this Coupon To-day

Send me, express charges prepaid, one set of Dickens' Works in 30 volumes. If the books are not satisfactory I will return them at your expense. Otherwise I agree to keep them and will pay you \$1.00 after examination and \$2.00 a month thereafter for 14 months. You are to give me FREE the Dickens portfolio. If I return the books I will also return the portfolio.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

"The Whole Thing in an Egg Shell"



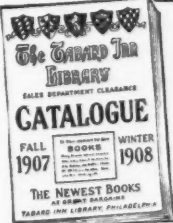
200 EGGS A YEAR PER HEN HOW TO GET THEM

The sixth edition of the book, "200 Eggs a Year Per Hen," is now ready. Revised, enlarged, and in part rewritten: 56 pages. Contains among other things the method of feeding by which Mr. S. D. Fox, of Wolfboro, N. H., won the prize of \$100 in gold offered by the manufacturers of a well-known condition powder for the best egg record during the winter months. Simple as a, b, c—and yet we guarantee it to start hens to laying earlier and to induce them to lay more eggs than any other method under the sun. The book also contains a recipe for egg food and tonic used by Mr. Fox, which brought him in one winter day 68 eggs from 72 hens; and for five days in succession from the same flock 64 eggs a day. Mr. E. F. Chamberlain, of Wolfboro, N. H., says: "By following the methods outlined in your book I obtained 1,496 eggs from 91 R. I. Reds in the month of January, 1902." From 14 pullets picked at random out of a farmer's flock the author got 2,999 eggs in one year—an average of over 214 eggs apiece. It has been my ambition in writing "200 Eggs a Year Per Hen" to make it the standard book on egg production and profits in poultry. Tells all there is to know, and tells it in a plain, common-sense way.

Price 50 cents; or with a year's subscription to the **American Poultry Advocate**, both for 75c.; or given as a premium for two yearly subscriptions at 50c. each.

Our paper is handsomely illustrated, 44 to 80 pages, 50 cents per year. 3 months' trial, 10 cents. **Sample Free.** CATALOGUE of poultry books free.

AMERICAN POULTRY ADVOCATE
119 Hogan Block
Syracuse, N. Y.



Big Bargains in NEW and USED Books

We sell books at prices which cannot be matched anywhere. We have more than a million books in circulation in our Libraries, so that we are constantly feeding in thousands of new books at one end and taking out thousands of slightly used books at the other. The used books having already earned a profit, we can afford to sell them at remarkably low prices. We also buy New books in such large quantities that we can afford to sell our "Overs" at prices equally low. Our Fall Catalogue, containing a full list of special bargains in Fiction, Science, History, Travel, Biography and Literature, sent on request. Address

**Sales Department
TABARD INN LIBRARY**
1620 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

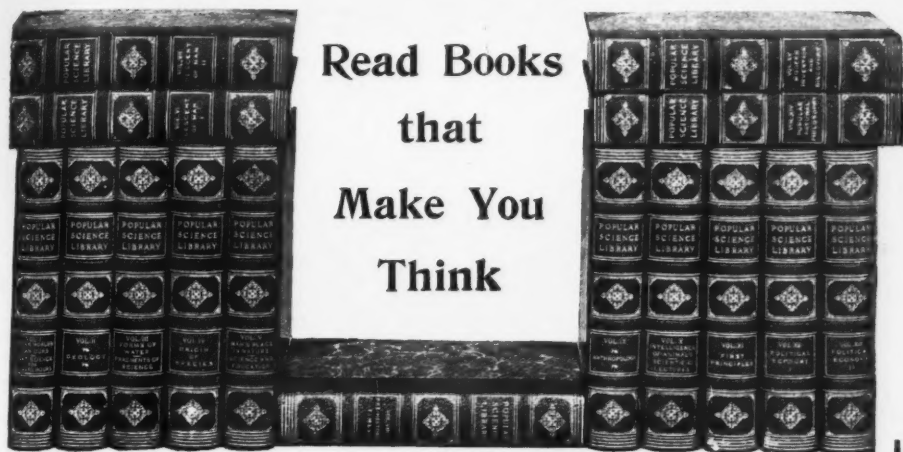
McClure's started as a 15-cent magazine

Then the business department, in response to a general fad for ten-cent magazines, lowered the price to ten cents, but forgot to tell the editorial department. As a consequence, the editorial department went on making a fifteen-cent magazine. As they kept making it better every year, it soon became a twenty-cent magazine, and then a twenty-five-cent magazine—but the price was still ten cents.

Today McClure's is just as good as we know how to make it, irrespective of price. We know that the five hundred thousand buyers who have so long delighted in McClure's at ten cents will be, if not delighted, at least willing to pay 15 cents. Hence the announcement that on October 1st McClure's Magazine will be 15 cents; \$1.50 a year.

But—there is just one opportunity for those who have so long been readers of McClure's still to enjoy it at the old, very low price of \$1.00—if they act quickly. As soon as you read this send from one to five dollars for from one to five years' subscription, and send it today. We think you, who have so long loved McClure's Magazine, are entitled to get it at the old price for a little longer. Send the money in any convenient form—check, money order or bills—but send it today and don't forget your name and address.

McClure's Magazine, 53 East 23d Street, New York



Read Books
that
Make You
Think

No matter how anxious you are to be well informed—to acquire culture—you are not willing to wade through dull, dry text books to get it. That's where this set of books is different. It is the

Popular Science Library

because it appeals to every man and woman, every growing boy and girl. Like all great things, it is simple. You need not know anything of Science to understand and enjoy every page of the fifteen volumes. They will give you as complete a knowledge of Science as any college course. They contain all the important work of Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer and every other one of the great men whose genius revolutionized Science. From a weary tabulation of facts, they transformed it to a story full of life and light—a tale of marvels more wonderful than the Arabian Nights. Led by Dr. Ira Remsen, President of Johns Hopkins University, a long line of famous living scientists contributes full, clear accounts of the newest inventions and discoveries.

The Library covers every branch of Science from the Darwinian Theory of Evolution to the miracles of modern progress—Wireless Telegraphy, Aerial Navigation, Radium, etc. It embraces Geology, Astronomy, Anthropology, Philosophy, Political Economy, Natural Philosophy, Natural History, Metaphysics and Inventions.

The Popular Science Library will keep you mentally alive, will stimulate your best mental powers, and give you new power and new ambition. It will tell you of the marvels of earth and sea and sky, of the wonders of modern invention; it will tell you the story of the peoples of the earth, it will explain to you the science of government and the laws of thought. As a means of general culture and practical information, this library is superior to any work now before the American people. It is a library for the home—for pleasant reading as well as for the student.

Fifteen Handsome Volumes

The fifteen volumes (printed from new plates on specially made wove paper) are profusely illustrated with full-page plates. There are two styles of binding, rich red half-morocco, with marbled sides, leather corners and gold tops, and neat red vellum cloth. The titles of the volumes follow:

Other Worlds Than Ours, by Richard A. Proctor.
Geology, by Sir Archibald Geikie.
Forms of Water, { by John Tyndall.
Fragments of Science, {
Origin of Species, by Charles Darwin.
Man's Place in Nature, { by Thomas H. Huxley.
Science and Education, {
Descent of Man, by Charles Darwin.
Prehistoric Times, by Sir John Lubbock.
Anthropology, by Edward B. Tylor.

Intelligence of Animals, { by Sir John Lubbock.
Scientific Lectures, {
First Principles, by Herbert Spencer.
Political Economy, by John Stuart Mill.
Popular Natural Philosophy, by Adolphe Ganot.
Modern Inventions and Discoveries, by various authors, including Professor S. P. Langley; Dr. Ira Remsen, President of Johns Hopkins University; Ray Stannard Baker, Alfred Russel Wallace, and Professor R. H. Thurston, of Cornell University.

A Great Reduction in Price

With our wide connections it is sometimes possible to secure small editions at very low prices. In this way we have secured a limited edition of the Popular Science Library at less than the actual cost of paper and printing. Even adding a small profit, we can offer you these books at a tremendous bargain. Thousands of sets of the half-morocco binding have been sold for \$48.00. As long as this special edition lasts you can have a set for 50 cents after examination and \$2.00 a month for 12 months.

FREE ON APPROVAL Fill out the coupon and mail it at once. It will bring you a complete set, all charges prepaid for examination. The coupon puts you under no obligation; it costs you nothing to examine the books. We take them back and pay return charges if you don't like them. This is an unusual offer, but you must take advantage of it immediately because the half-price edition will not last long. Don't lose the opportunity by delaying. **MAIL THE COUPON TO-DAY.**

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER ASSOCIATION
44-60 East 23d Street, New York

MAIL THIS TO-DAY

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER ASSOCIATION

Cos. 10-07

Send me, express charges prepaid for examination, one set of the **Popular Science Library**, in fifteen volumes, bound in half-morocco. If the books are not satisfactory I will return them at your expense. Otherwise, I will keep them and will send you 50 cents after examination and \$2.00 a month for 12 months.

Name

Address

City State

NOTE—If you prefer a set in vellum cloth binding change the payments to \$1.50 after examination and \$2.00 a month for 9 months.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



**FRENCH—GERMAN
SPANISH—ITALIAN**
Spoken, Taught, and Mastered by the
**LANGUAGE
PHONE
METHOD**
Combined with
**The Rosenthal
Common Sense Method
of Practical Linguistry**

The Latest and Best Work of Dr. Richard S. Rosenthal.
YOU HEAR THE EXACT PRONUNCIATION OF EACH
WORD AND PHRASE. A few minutes' practice several times a
day at spare moments gives a thorough mastery of conversational
French, German, Spanish or Italian.
Send for testimonials, booklet and letter
THE LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD
815 Metropolis Building, Broadway and 16th St., New York

**STUDY High-Grade
LAW Instruction b,
Correspondence**
Established 1892

Prepares for the bar of any
State. Three Courses: Col-
lege, Post-Graduate and
Business Law. Improved method of instruction,
combining theory and practice.
One student writes: "I have learned more law
in three months under your instruction than I
learned in six months in a law office."
APPROVED BY BENCH AND BAR
Classes begin each month. Uniform rate of tuition. Send
for our 48-page catalogue, in which we give a synopsis of
the rules for admission to the bar of the several States.
Chicago Correspondence School of Law
504 Reaper Block, Chicago




LAW TAUGHT BY MAIL. Lessons prepared under
the direction of Hon. W. C. Ogden, Ph.D., LL.D.,
President of Illinois College of Law (largest law school
in Chicago). University methods. Credit given by
resident school for work done by mail. Books re-
quired for the first year. Tuition Free. Special
courses given by correspondence in Academic Pa-
paratory work, English, Latin and German.
UNIVERSITY EXTENSION LAW SCHOOL
301 E. Erie Street, Chicago

MUSIC LESSONS FREE at your home. For a limited time we will give free, for advertising pur-
poses, 40 music lessons for beginners or advanced pupils on either
or Mandolin (your expense will only be the cost of postage and the music you use, which is small). We teach by mail only
and guarantee success. Established seven years. Hundreds write: "Wish I had heard of your school before." Write to-day
for booklet, testimonials and free tuition blank. Address: **U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 17, 225 Fifth Ave., N. Y.**

**Be DOCTOR of Mechano-
A Therapy**

\$3000 to \$5000 A YEAR
WE TEACH YOU BY MAIL
In six months you can begin practicing Mechano-
Therapy—an elevating and highly paid profession
for men and women. More comprehensive than
Osteopathy. Endorsed by physicians. A fas-
cinating study, easy to learn and equal to college
course—we guarantee success—an ordinary
education and our course of instruction fits you
for a professional life. Authorized diplomas
to graduates. Work absorbingly interesting.
Vast opportunities for social and financial
betterment. Special terms now. Write today
for prospectus—free.
AMERICAN COLLEGE OF MECHANO-THERAPY
Dept. 902, 120-122 Randolph St., Chicago



**BE AN ACTRESS
AN ACTOR OR ORATOR**
Learn a profession that pays \$25 to \$200 weekly. Write for
FREE booklet on Dramatic Art by correspondence. **Chicago
School of Elocution, 826 Chicago Opera House Bldg., Chicago.**

HELP WANTED
IN GOVERNMENT SERVICE
U. S. Civil Service examinations offer easy entrance to
thousands of positions paying good salaries. The hours and
work are easy. You need no pull, just a common school edu-
cation and the right kind of preparation. Our booklet 152 tells all
about the places and how to get them. It is FREE. Write for
one NOW.
WASHINGTON CIVIL SERVICE SCHOOL, Washington, D. C.

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS
More than 80,000 appointments made last
year. Chances better than ever. Thousands
we prepared have been appointed. Estab-
lished 1898. Work confidential. No political
influence needed. Common school education
sufficient. Full particulars free concerning
positions, salaries, examinations (held soon in
every State), sample questions, etc.
**National Correspondence Institute,
22-40 2d Nat'l Bank Bldg., Washington, D. C.**




WE WANT STORY-WRITERS
We sell stories, plays, and book MSS. on commission. We read,
criticize, and revise all kinds of MSS. and advise you where to sell
them. We teach Story-Writing and Journalism by mail.
Our students sell their MSS. for one to five cents a word. Send
for free booklet, "Writing for Profit"; tells how and gives
proof. **THORNTON WEST, Editor-in-Chief.**
Founded 1895
THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION
62 The Baldwin Indianapolis, Ind.

TELEGRAPHY Circular free.
Wonderful auto-
matic teacher. 5
styles. \$2 up.
OMNIGRAPH CO., Dept. F, 39 Cortlandt St., New York

**"WHITNEY—THE
HELPER OF YOUNG MEN"**

Young man, become free and inde-
pendent for life! I start ambitious men
in the Collection Agency business for
themselves, without capital. You can
make several thousand dollars a year
in your own locality. Write for free
booklet about the plan that has made
me wonderfully successful.
L. M. WHITNEY
PRES. WHITNEY LAW CORPORATION
New Bedford, Mass.



HOME STUDY **THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO**
OFFERS
Correspondence Courses in over 30 subjects for Teach-
ers, Writers, Social Workers, Ministers, Physicians,
Bankers, and students desiring to finish either a High
School or College course. One-half the work for a
Bachelor's degree may thus be done.
The University of Chicago
Dr. G. Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS
Write for our special offer to agents for getting subscriptions
to **HEARST'S AMERICAN HOME MAGAZINE**, and
receive full information. Our plan is like no other plan
heretofore offered. It involves dignified, skilful, resourceful
work requiring only men and women of character and
ability. Write to-day—now—addressing
Hearst's American Home Magazine
Dept. 4-C. 108 Duane Street, New York City

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



\$ 25.00

If You Earn Less

I can **DOUBLE** your Salary or Income

by teaching you how to write catchy, intelligent advertising. My system of Instruction by Mail is the only one in existence that has the hearty indorsement of the great experts and publishers and I am anxious to send my Prospectus, together with the most remarkable fac-simile proof ever given in the history of correspondence instruction. If you are interested, I will show you how to earn from \$25 to \$100 per week.

George H. Powell, 600 Metropolitan Annex, N. Y.

Per Week

Have You LITERARY TALENT?

If no, you owe it to yourself to develop it. Nearly every magazine in the country is calling for original material. We can make you a writer by mail. Easy payment plan. Write at once for free particulars.

Sprague Correspondence School of Journalism,
295 Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich.



I TEACH SIGN PAINTING

Show Card Writing or Lettering by mail and guarantee success. Only field not overcrowded. My instruction is unequalled because practical, personal and thorough. Easy terms. Write for large catalogue.

Chas. J. Strong, Pres.
DETROIT SCHOOL OF LETTERING
DEPT. S, DETROIT, MICH.
"Oldest and Largest School of its Kind"

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A BROKER

We offer the only existing facilities for giving individual instruction by mail in Bond and Stock Brokerage. The Lectures are of a character equivalent to actual experience, enabling men to acquire the proficiency required to secure a position representing a Banker or Investment House. You can make money easily from the investment business when qualified in it; Representing as Correspondent a New York Bond House after completing the course. This Connection is guaranteed. Our booklet is full of fact—is interesting—get one.

Write for "National Brokers," SENT FREE.
ASSOCIATION OF CORRESPONDING BROKERS, 40 Wall St., New York



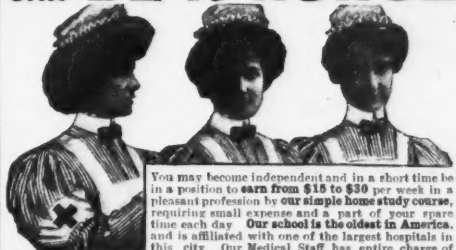
CAN YOU DRAW?

ILLUSTRATORS AND CARTOONISTS EARN FROM \$25 TO \$100 A WEEK

We teach illustrating and cartooning by mail. Our students sell their work. Women succeed as well as men. Send for our free booklet, "Money in Drawing," gives proof.

THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION
62 The Baldwin Indianapolis, Ind.

YOU CAN BE A NURSE



You may become independent and in a short time be in a position to earn from \$15 to \$30 per week in a pleasant profession by our simple home study course, requiring small expense and a part of your spare time each day. Our school is the oldest in America, and is affiliated with one of the largest hospitals in this city. Our Medical Staff has entire charge of all correspondence and are men of long experience. Our diplomas are recognized by leading physicians and hospitals in the U. S. Send today for booklet telling all about nursing. Sent free. **CHICAGO COL. SCHOOL OF NURSING, 1204-46 VAN BUREN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.**

MY BOOK FREE



"HOW TO REMEMBER"
Sent Free to Readers of this Publication

Stop Forgetting

You are no greater intellectually than your memory. Easy, inexpensive. Increases income; gives ready memory for facts, names, business details, studies, conversation; develops will, public speaking, personality. Send for Free Booklet.

Dickson Memory School, 751 The Auditorium, Chicago

STUDY LAW AT HOME

The oldest and best school. Instruction by mail adapted to every one. Recognized by courts and educators. Experienced and competent instructors. Takes spare time only. Three courses—Preparatory, Business, College. Prepares for practice. Will better your condition and prospects in business. Students and graduates everywhere. Full particulars and Easy Payment Plan free.



The Sprague Correspondence School of Law
606 Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich.

Government Positions

41,877 Appointments were made to Civil Service places during the past year. Excellent opportunities for young people. Each year we instruct by mail thousands of persons who pass these examinations and a large share of them receive appointments to life positions at \$840 to \$1200 a year. If you desire a position of this kind, write for our Civil Service Announcement, containing full information about all government examinations and questions recently used by the Civil Service Commission.

COLUMBIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Home Study

Forty courses of study in Normal, Academic, Business and Pharmacy Departments. Graduates in our advanced courses may receive entrance credits in Northwestern University, without examination; instruction also in lower grades of work. We offer four annual \$100 scholarships in the University for best work done in our correspondence courses. Instructors are college graduates with successful teaching experience before coming with us. Inquiries invited.

INTERSTATE SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
304 Wabash Avenue, Chicago

FREE PRIZE OFFER

We have just made arrangements whereby we are able to offer a valuable prize, to those who will copy this cartoon. **Take Your Pencil Now**, and copy this sketch on a common piece of paper, and send it to us today; and, if in the estimation of our Art Directors, it is even 40 per cent. as good as the original, we will mail to your address, **FREE OF CHARGE FOR SIX MONTHS,**

THE HOME EDUCATOR

This magazine is fully illustrated and contains special information pertaining to illustrating, cartooning, etc., and published for the benefit of those desirous of earning larger salaries. It is a Home Study magazine. There is positively **no money consideration** connected with this free offer. Copy this picture now and send it to us today.

Correspondence Institute of America, Box 620, Scranton, Pa.



When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

FREE BOOKS—READ CAREFULLY

We are going to give away, absolutely free of cost, 38 sets of books worth \$16.00 a set. As one who reads, you will be interested in this offer. Read carefully, for this is a rare opportunity, and one that will not soon occur again. In taking stock we find on hand a few sets of the



20 Magnificent De Luxe Volumes, only 7 cents a month.

Titles of the Makers of History:

ALEXANDER THE GREAT
WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR
ALFRED THE GREAT
MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS
CLEOPATRA
HERNANDO CORTEZ
JOSEPHINE
QUEEN ELIZABETH
HENRY IV
MARIE ANTOINETTE
JULIUS CAESAR
PETER THE GREAT
HANNIBAL. PYRRHUS
NERO. ROMULUS
GENGHIS KHAN
DARIUS THE GREAT
XERXES
CYRUS THE GREAT

A. L. FOWLE, New York, N. Y.

Makers of History

20 beautiful De Luxe volumes, of which the bindings are slightly rubbed—not enough to impair their real value, but sufficient to prevent their shipment as perfect stock at the regular price of \$60.00 per set. There being only 38 of these sets, we shall not rebind, but have decided to let them go for third-price, upon easy monthly payments, and to give away with each of these 38 sets, **FREE**, one set of Shakespeare's Complete Works, in 8 magnificent volumes, worth \$16 per set.

The "Makers of History" are the most entertaining and instructive friends you could possibly have in your home. Each volume is a complete narrative of a man or woman who in their time made things happen. There is not a dull page in the entire 20 volumes. No set of books published can compare in interest or instruction with the "Makers of History." They are as absorbing as anything you can imagine. They are the kind of books that keep people up late reading. Once you start to read any of these volumes you dislike to stop until the book is finished. Hundreds of thousands know and own these books. Their sale is ever increasing, because they are real books to be read and enjoyed—not to be put away and never looked at.

Read coupon carefully; price is cut in thirds. You take no risk. After examination, if books are not found to be satisfactory, return them at our expense. Remember, these sets are as good as new for all practical purposes. We guarantee the interiors are not injured.

Description of The Free Shakespeare

It contains all the Tragedies, all the Comedies, all the Poems and Sonnets, and embraces a History of the Early Drama, an Exhaustive Biography, Shakespeare's Will, Introduction to each Play, Index to Characters, Glossary of Obsolete Words, Names of Actors and Actresses of Shakespeare's Day, Notes on each Play, etc., etc., from the works of Collier, Knight, Dyce, Douce, Hunter, Richardson, Verplanck, and Hudson.

Edited by George Long Duyckinck

Many full-page illustrations, including portraits of leading Shakespearian actors and actresses, and scenes from the plays, taken from the famous Boydell Gallery, 8 volumes. Handsomely and durably bound in fine cloth, gilt tops, with gold lettering and stamping.

ORDER TO-DAY—TO-MORROW MAY BE TOO LATE. ONLY 38 SETS WILL BE GIVEN AWAY.

HOW TO INVESTIGATE FREE OF COST THIS GREAT BARGAIN

Sign your name and mail this coupon now.
A. L. Fowle Company
333 Fourth Ave.
New York, N. Y.

You may send me, all charges prepaid, one set of the **Makers of History, 20 De Luxe Volumes**, and the set of **Shakespeare, in 8 volumes**, for my inspection. If after examination I decide to keep the books I will pay you as follows: 50 cents after examination and \$1.50 a month for 15 months. It is understood that the books will be sent to me all delivery charges prepaid, and that if I decide not to keep the books I am to return both sets to you all charges collect.

Name.....
Street.....
City and State.....

FREE ABSOLUTELY

A Set of Rudyard Kipling, Edgar Allan Poe, Wit and Humor, World's Greatest Masterpieces, or Madame Du Barry (literally translated, including her Autobiography)

I must make room in my bindery and factory for 250,000 new Fall and Winter books, even if I have to let the stock on hand go 'way below manufacturing prices.

As long as they last I shall dispose of the following sets of books at **Less Than Half Price**, and in some cases **Less Than Two-Thirds of the Prevailing Prices**, and furthermore, I shall give away **ABSOLUTELY FREE** any one of the above works with each and every sale of any of these sets of books.

A SURE-ENOUGH CLEARANCE

Here is a proposition that won't last long. I haven't many sets of each, and if you want some of them for your library, now is your chance, but don't "put off." Perhaps here's where you start your library.

FISKE	ELIOT	ARABIAN NIGHTS	STEVENSON	MARK TWAIN	TOLSTOI
SUE	SCOTT	SHAKESPEARE	EMERSON	THACKERAY	LAMB
DE KOCK	PEPPY'S DIARY	DE MAUPASSANT	DICKENS	VOLTAIRE	DUMAS
BALZAC	FRENCH CT. MEMOIRS	GIBBON'S ROME	DE MUSSET	SMOLLETT	PRESCOTT

CUT THIS COUPON AND MAIL TODAY

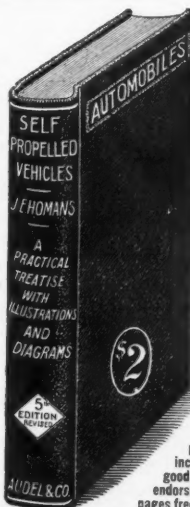
SMALL PAYMENTS IF
DESIRED

10 DAYS' APPROVAL

FULL PARTICULARS
BY MAIL

CLINTON T. BRAINARD, 425 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City. Please send me particulars about the following Nos. of the Sets mentioned above —

Signature _____
Occupation _____
Business Address _____
City and State _____
Residence Address _____
References _____



AUTO. EDUCATOR

This work is now the accepted standard on the practical care and management of motor cars — explaining the principles of construction and operation in a clear and helpful way, and fully illustrated with many diagrams and drawings, making it of value to the intending purchaser, driver and repair man.

The subjects treat of the needs of the man behind the wheel, and are presented clearly, concisely and in a manner easy to understand by the reader, be he a beginner or an expert. This good book will be sent to any address in the world, postpaid, upon receipt of two dollars.

Contains 608 pages, over 400 diagrams and illustrations, printed on fine paper, size 5 1/2 by 8 1/2 inches, with generously good binding. Highly endorsed. Specimen pages free on request.

Kindly mail me copy of "Homans' Auto," and if found satisfactory I will immediately remit \$2 or return book to you.

SPECIAL OFFER

To any Cosmopolitan reader
To any reader we will send free, for a limited time only, a copy of the above work, subject to approval, to be paid for immediately after examination, or returned.

Name _____

Address _____

To THEO. AUDEL & CO., 63 Fifth Ave., New York

Real Parisian Life



Tales More Fascinating than the Arabian Nights or French Court Memoirs.

I have secured the sets of Paul de Kock, which were awarded the gold medal at St. Louis. Rather than rebind them—they are slightly rubbed through handling—I will sell them at half price as long as they last and upon small monthly payments.

Paul de Kock

The Merriest French Humorist has written sparkling, witty, amusing, riveting novels—antidotes for melancholy. The stories race merrily along, nothing didactic or dull; as original as Boccaccio, as mirthful as Gil Blas, as fascinating as the Oriental Tales, and as captivating as the DIARIES OF THE FRENCH MAIDS. These

stories are translated with fidelity into English, and have been adjudged classics ranking with Smollett, Sterne, the Arabian Nights and Balzac.

Short Fascinating Stories

"Paul de Kock is a tonic in books instead of bottles."—Max O'Rell. "His charming characters seem to be under the influence of champagne."—Charles Lever. "He has kept France laughing for years—the Smollett of France."—Boston Herald. We hate the superlative but believe this the best and richest book value ever offered. This set contains the most delicate and artistic French illustrations obtainable.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET FREE. Write to-day.

C. T. BRAINARD, 425 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

Please send me booklet and particulars regarding Paul de Kock's works. (Sending this incurs no obligation.) I am interested in the

..... binding. Cosmo., Oct., '07.

Name _____

Address _____

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



St. Margaret's School for Girls

A high class residential and day school. New fireproof building specially designed for a school. Full Academic course, Music and Art.

NEW YORK, New York, 48 and 50 West 54th St. (between 5th and 6th Av.)

The Campbell School for Girls

Thorough Work. Delightful home and social life. Young girls given special care. Send for illustrated catalogue and booklet "Social Life."

CONNECTICUT, Windsor.

Bradford Academy for Young Women

One hundred and fifth year. Thirty miles from Boston. Address the Principal.

MASSACHUSETTS, Bradford.

The Darlington Seminary A high grade school for girls. English, School of Music, School of Art, School of Expression, Individual instruction. Moral, social and physical culture. \$275 and up.

PENNSYLVANIA, West Chester.

Drew Seminary for Young Women

A home school for young women. Moderate rates. College preparatory and elective courses. Fall term commences September 25th.

NEW YORK, Carmel.

Miss Bangs and Miss Whiton Residential and Day School for Girls

Thorough Primary Department. Complete Academic Course, Upper House for Advanced Students. Certificate admits to colleges. Reopens Wednesday, Oct. 2d.

NEW YORK, New York, 733-735 Madison Ave., cor. 64th Street, one block from Fifth Ave. and Central Park.

SOMERVILLE HOME-STUDIO

NEW YORK CITY

For GIRLS and YOUNG WOMEN doing independent work in music, art, languages, literature, history and sciences, with every care and protection, while there is perfect freedom from the discipline of school life. Students introduced to what is best educationally and socially in New York.

Resident Language Teachers.

For information address
MRS. MARY WINSTON SOMERVILLE
520 WEST END AVENUE - - NEW YORK

Kyle Institute, Boarding School for Boys

46 weeks school session. Boys under constant supervision. Military drill and discipline. Well equipped gymnasium; swimming pool; baseball field. Illustrated catalogues.

NEW YORK, Long Island, Flushing.

Powder Point School for Boys

Prepares for Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Harvard or business. Individual teaching. Home life. Elementary classes for Young Boys. Laboratories. F. B. KNAPP, S.B.

MASSACHUSETTS, Duxbury, Post Office Box 439.

The Master School of Vocal Music

Madame Aurelia Jaeger, Directress, assisted by Senor Guetary (Singing), Madame de Palkowska (Breathing), Dr. Gerrit Smith (Theory), and other experts. Madame Sembrich and David Bispham on visiting jury. Term begins Oct. 24th.

NEW YORK, Brooklyn, 108 Montague Street.

Lachmund Conservatory of Music

All Branches. Large Faculty. Special feature for professionals. "Liszt's Methods and Traditional Interpretations," with Carl V. Lachmund, three years a pupil of Liszt.

NEW YORK, New York City, 132 West 85th Street.

Training for Backward Children

New Jersey Training School

Vineland, New Jersey E. R. Johnstone, Supt.

The Reed School for Backward Children

Approved methods of developing mind and body. Beautiful home surroundings. Tenderest care. Send for Catalogue.

MICHIGAN, Detroit, 385 Hubbard Avenue.

Sycamore Farm School for Backward and Nervous Children.

For circular and particulars address the school.

NEW YORK, Newburg. R. F. D. No. 4.

Blake School Founded 1883. Combines all advantages of tutoring and class methods. School limited to 15 boys, classes to 3. Supervised study. 7 highly trained special teachers. High record for rapid and thoro college preparation. Two years' school work well done in one.

NEW YORK, New York, 537 Fifth Ave.

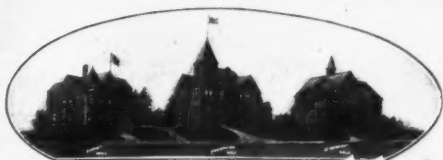
Maplewood A successful school near Phila. One of the best to infuse with energy, to wake up Boys to the duties of life. Prepares 40 Boys for college or business. 46th year. One of the best gymnasiums in Pa. Manual training. Department for Little Boys. No tobacco.

J. SHORTLIDGE, A.M., Yale, Prin.
PENNSYLVANIA, Concordville, Box 29.

School of Design and Composition



Criticism by mail. Pen and ink, wash, and color for advertising, illustrating and commercial purposes, all classes of fine and applied art. To save expense of mailing I offer a plan whereby pupils may combine and send sketches in bulk. It will be found of great assistance to see the entire class work, and criticism on the work of fellow students. Personal attention is given to each drawing. Address John Mason, formerly designer with Tiffany & Co., and former mgr., of N. Y. factory of Gorham Mfg. Co. Pupil of Julian Academy, Paris. Bronze Medal, Paris Expo. 89. CONN., Old Saybrook, Box 37.



Learn Photo-Engraving or Photography

\$20 to \$50 PER WEEK EASILY EARNED

THE only college in the world where these paying professions are taught successfully. Endorsed by the International Association of Photo-Engravers, and the Photographers Association of Illinois. Terms easy and living inexpensive. Graduates placed in good positions. Write for catalogue, and specify the course in which you are interested. Address

Illinois College of Photography or 1948 Wabash Ave.
Biassell College of Photo-Engraving (Effingham, Ill.)

L. H. BISSELL, Pres.



LEARN PLUMBING

Short Hours—Big Pay

The best paid of all trades. Plumbers are always in demand. They have shorter hours and receive better wages than any other mechanic. By our improved method of instruction we make you a skillful, practical plumber in a short time. You'll be enabled to fill a good position in a few months, where you can earn from \$5 to \$8 a day. Write at once for illustrated catalog, which gives full particulars and terms. 3990 Olive Street

St Louis Trades School

St. Louis, Mo.

Electrical Engineering

is an uncrowded profession in which the promotion is rapid and the earnings far greater than in any other modern calling.

Learn Electricity now and here. Our building cost \$65,000 to equip. Our instruction is thorough and careful. Write for superbly illustrated booklet TO-DAY. It's free.

NEW YORK ELECTRICAL TRADE SCHOOLS
Department "B" 39 West 17th Street, New York

District of Columbia, Washington, D. C., 222 G St., N. W.

ELECTRICITY



Bliss Electrical School is the oldest and best school in the world teaching ELECTRICITY exclusively. Course complete **IN ONE YEAR**. Students actually construct Dynamos, Motors and electrical instruments. Graduates hold good positions. 15th year opens Sept. 25. Send for free Catalog.

The School of Practical Illustrating



Magazine Illustrating, Geo. Bruchm. Instructor. Commercial—Decorative Art, Franklin Booth, Instructor. Comics—Cartooning, Wm. J. Steingrams, Instructor. Fashion Illustrating, Cora M. Norman, Instructor. Write for illustrated Catalog. 168 West 23d Street, New York.

BLEES MILITARY ACADEMY

MACON, MISSOURI

Not only has BLEES the finest equipment of any Military School in the United States, but it has at its head two Congressional Medal of Honor men, and is the only school, except West Point itself, whose Superintendent and Commandant are both West Point graduates, and which is conducted strictly according to the high standards of honor, duty and scholarship which obtain at that great national institution. Col. Geo. R. Burnett, Superintendent, was graduated in 1880, and has had years of experience in military schools. Maj. Louis B. Lawton, the new Commandant, graduated in 1893, is on the retired list because of wounds, and in the past five years has achieved a national reputation as Commandant of military schools.

The BLEES plant cost \$400,000, and is modern, sanitary and absolutely fireproof. A \$60,000 Gymnasium; 1000 acres of woods, lakes, parade ground and athletic fields. Cadets' rooms all single. Large corps of university graduate instructors. Splendidly equipped physical and chemical laboratories, manual training shops, library, etc. Drawing and Music. Non-sectarian and combines home influences with military discipline, drill, systematic physical culture and high educational standards. Enrollment limited and only boys of good character admitted. Early application advised. Tuition, \$600. Write for illustrated catalog. Box 116.

COL. GEO. R. BURNETT, LL.B., M.A.,

(West Point '80) Superintendent,

MAJ. LOUIS B. LAWTON, U. S. A.,

(West Point '93) Commandant.

The Yeates School

51st year. Announces a change of site to a beautiful estate of 109 acres. New buildings, new campus and cinder track. Wood and meadow, hill and river. The same faculty, the same refined home.

F. GARDINER, A.M. (Harvard).

PENNSYLVANIA, Lancaster, R. F. D. 4.

Stammering

Natural speech taught. No drawing or beating time. Steadily progressive course of instruction. Trial week free. For catalogue, address

MICHIGAN, Detroit, 395 Hubbard Avenue.



Be an Artist

LEARN by mail at home to paint, draw, sketch and decorate china. No experience necessary. All persons who love the beautiful are natural artists. Our wonderful method of personal criticism and individual instruction will bring out your talent. Success assured. Great artists as your instructors. Very profitable and most entrancing work. Write today for our beautiful book, "How to Learn Art." Sent FREE. Write today. Get our great free art book

Address FINE ARTS INSTITUTE, Studio 107, South Omaha, Neb.

SHORTHAND IN 5 EASY LESSONS

SUCCESS GUARANTEED: Pay when you Finish. One hour study on each lesson sufficient. System in use is Court Reporting and Commercial Work for 10 years. Write for Free booklet. 20TH CENTURY SHORTHAND SCHOOL, Dept. C, 6th Floor Chicago Opera House Building, CHICAGO, ILL.

Give location, size, tuition and kind of school desired. ASK COSMOPOLITAN

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE THUMB NAIL SKETCHES

Vermont Academy. Saxtons River, Vt., has enjoyed a record of thirty-one years of successful life which has justified its existence. It was founded and endowed by men of abundant resources and noble purposes. The selection of the superb location overlooking the picturesque village of Saxtons River was not the result of circumstances or expediency, but was the unhampered choice of those who were free to secure suitable surroundings for the structures in which the school is housed.

The school campus consists of thirty-six acres of land with groves, shaded lawns, walks and drives. An athletic field, five tennis courts, a skating rink for ice-hockey and ample playgrounds provide opportunity for supplementing study with a free and vigorous out-of-door life. There are nine buildings on the campus, well lighted, heated, and ventilated. The faculty is large and well chosen, including fourteen teachers who live with the students and enjoy with them the home life which pervades the spirit of this school.

Swarthmore Preparatory School. Swarthmore, Pa., is essentially a home school, with a force of experienced and capable teachers. The object of the school is the development of the best possibilities in each individual, and the education and training of boys and girls to be men and women. It is the purpose of the school to fit pupils for Swarthmore or any other college, and to furnish a suitable course of study for those who cannot attend college.

The school is conducted upon the most approved plan, with separate cottages and a separate school building. Boys and girls occupy separate cottages but recite in the same classrooms. The school is situated eleven miles southwest of Philadelphia, in a country healthful and picturesque. The school is four minutes' walk from the station and ten from the college. The neighborhood is peculiarly free from harmful influences. A school magazine, known as the Swarthmore Preparatory School Quarterly, is published by the pupils and affords ample opportunity for the development of literary talent.

Cazenovia Seminary. Cazenovia, N. Y., is situated in the far-famed lake region on the shores of Cazenovia Lake, in one of the most beautiful of villages.

In 1819, at Phelps, N. Y., measures were taken toward the establishment of a seminary, but it was not till December, 1824, that the institution opened its doors to students. It is the oldest existing conference seminary in Methodism, and for over eighty years has done a work the importance and blessedness of which only eternity will reveal. No similar school can boast of a more illustrious alumni. Eminent statesmen, theologians, educators, financiers, and many leaders in other fields of endeavor have had their preparatory training here. It has given to the Methodist Episcopal Church four of her bishops, exceeding in this respect any similar school of the church.

The Wesleyan Academy. Wilbraham, Mass., was opened on September 1, 1817, at Newmarket, New Hampshire, and later removed to Wilbraham. At its opening here, there were eight students present the first day, and thirty-five during the term.

While founded by Methodist preachers, and always noted for its strong religious character, it has granted no sectarian privileges but has always been open to all earnest young men and young women.

Over seventeen thousand persons have been students within its walls. Nine hundred have prepared for college, and as many more have gone directly to teaching or to professional studies. At least one-third of its students have been young women.

Loring Villa, Salem, Mass., was founded October, 1903. Its establishment was due to the fact that there was no preparatory school in Salem, and also because there was need of patient, faithful and individual teaching for the development of the latent character and capacities. Co-education has found that a wholesome rivalry brings about excellent results. Each sex aids the other; the boys, in giving the girls a more impersonal and broader outlook; the girls, in calling forth more gentleness, chivalry, and considerateness from the boys.

Although the work is primarily college preparatory, it is by no means limited to this. Children enter at the age of seven, and are given courses which seem best fitted to their mental and physical make-up. Individual instruction is given so as to lead the pupil to think and reason for herself or himself. This brings forth a proper self-respect in the mental realm, and a consequent physical and moral courage and independence.

Ithaca High School. Ithaca, N. Y., came into existence for a clearly definite purpose—the preparation of young men and women for American citizens. It has rightly been termed "the people's college" since a large majority can go no farther. The Ithaca High School undertakes to carry out this conception, and, at the same time, offers the very best advantages to those desiring to continue their study after graduation.

The high school was organized in 1875 and occupies the historic site of the old Ithaca academy. The main building was erected in 1884 and was thought at that time to be large enough for all future growth. The popularity that the school enjoys as a college preparatory school has brought many students from various parts of the state, from thirty other states and seven countries until the main building could no longer accommodate those desiring admission. The faculty numbers twenty-one teachers with Mr. Frank D. Boynton in charge. Fifteen of this number are college graduates; six have traveled and studied abroad; careful preparation and years of successful experience have made of each of them specialists in the work of their respective departments.

Villanova College. Villanova, Pa., was founded in 1843 by the Augustinian Fathers, a branch of the oldest teaching order in the Catholic Church. The college is situated twelve miles from the city of Philadelphia with a plant comprising five large buildings.

The courses of study include primary, college preparatory, and full college. There are thirty-five professors, the heads of each department being a graduate from an accredited college. Attention is paid to the development of the social side of the young men. For this purpose, dances and other social functions are of frequent occurrence. Among those who are honorary alumni of the institution may be named the Hon. Grover Cleveland, Baron Hagenmueller, the Austrian Ambassador, Baron Moncheur, the Belgian Ambassador, Justice Gray, and many other men distinguished in the social and political life of the nation. The college campus covers twenty acres and is fitted up with a fine running track. There is also a large and commodious gymnasium.

If you fail to find your needs supplied ASK COSMOPOLITAN

E. WALLACE BRAINARD

Rollins College. Winter Park, Fla., was incorporated in 1885, and opened for the admission of students the same year. The college is situated five miles north of Orlando, on both the Atlantic Coast and Seaboard Air Line Railways, and hence is accessible from all parts of the state. The town is in the high "pine region" and is surrounded by beautiful spring-fed lakes. The village is one of the most beautiful in the state. Its streets and sidewalks are paved and well shaded by rows of large water oaks.

Winter Park was designed by its founders to be a center of educational influence. This purpose has been steadily kept in view and has made the town both a home and a winter resort for intelligent and cultured people. The college campus is in the southern part of the town, and consists of twenty acres on the northwest shore of Lake Virginia. There are seven buildings on the college campus, all lighted by electricity.

Randolph-Macon Woman's College. Lynchburg, Va. "This institution," says the Carnegie report, "has maintained entrance requirements which are quite equal to those in the best colleges for women." The New York Educational Board also reports: "The highest registration of any of the women's colleges has been accorded Randolph-Macon."

The college was opened in 1893 with a set purpose, namely: to maintain in the South a woman's college of the first rank. It is modern in buildings, equipment, endowment, and progressiveness. The winter climate for thirty-three years averaged about thirty-eight degrees. The striking features are a central corridor an eighth of a mile long in a straight line inside the main building, a boat-house on the James River, which touches the campus, the environing spurs of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and a basket-ball and tennis grounds all conspire to make the college a delightful students' home and institution.

Rockford College. Rockford, Ill., an undenominational college for women, was founded in 1849. Classed with Smith, Wellesley, Vassar, et cetera, as one of the fifteen leading women's colleges of the country in point of scholarship by the Commissioner of Education. The departments are collegiate, preparatory, music, and art.

There has been a distinct change of policy in the introduction of two new courses, one a course in home economics and the other a secretarial course, each intended to take about one-fifth of the four years of the college course for the student electing it. In connection with an all-around college course, a student is thus trained for a vocation. The total attendance is one hundred and fifty-two and the faculty numbers twenty-four.

Bradley Polytechnic Institute. Peoria, Ill., was founded in 1897 by Mrs. Lydia Bradley who furnished as an endowment practically her entire estate of more than \$2,000,000. The school has two distinct departments—the School of Arts and Sciences and the Horological School. The former offers six years' work—four years high school and two years of college, in science, literature, classics, engineering, mechanic arts. It offers unusual opportunities for manual training and domestic science with courses for those who wish to become teachers of these subjects.

The Horological School teaches watchmaking, jewelry, engraving, and optics. It is the only school of its kind upon this continent, occupying a building of its own, thoroughly endowed, and equipped and provided with instructors who give their entire time to teaching. The faculty in both schools numbers thirty-six and the total enrollment is six hundred and two. The summer school is devoted to manual training and domestic science only and is designed especially for teachers.

Syracuse University. Syracuse, N. Y., founded in 1870, is, in its academic department, a continuation of Genesee College, which flourished at Lima, N. Y., and, in its medical department, of the Geneva Medical College, which was, in part, successor to the Fairfield Medical College.

The faculty of the College of Liberal Arts was inaugurated August 31, 1871, and the college opened in the Myers block with forty-one students attending. The College of Medicine opened the following year, and the College of Fine Arts was organized a little later. The latter was an experiment in American education. Its decided success has justified the wisdom thereof. The College of Law, the College of Applied Science, and the Teachers College are the more recent departments. Syracuse University has six colleges in successful operation, all open to men and women on the same conditions. It has an attendance of over 3,000 students and is much the largest art college in the State of New York. There are twenty buildings and a stadium for athletics on the Greek plan, seating 20,000 persons.

The Temple College. Philadelphia, Pa., now multiplying its many forms of helpful influence, had a very humble beginning twenty years ago. In 1884 an earnest young man, desirous of entering the Christian ministry, but unqualified in not having the necessary education, suggested that a course of study for ambitious young men might be offered at night. The present president endorsed the plan, and there was gathered a small group of students in one of the rooms of Grace Church.

The power to confer degrees was granted in 1891, and the day department was opened the same year. The theological, the law school, the medical school were added later. During the present year the Philadelphia Dental College, one of the oldest and best known dental colleges in the United States, has affiliated with the Temple College. The teaching force has one hundred and eighty regular instructors and fifty-one courses are offered to the students. The college conducts classes morning, afternoon, and evening during each academic year.

Beaver College. Beaver, Pa., lies in the beautiful Ohio and Beaver Valleys, twenty-seven miles from Pittsburgh. It was founded in 1853 as the Beaver Female Seminary. Soon after, Dr. R. T. Taylor, became the president, and was for thirty-five years at the head of the institution. In 1895 the Pittsburgh Female College was discontinued. Its president, Dr. N. H. Holmes, was elected to the same position in Beaver College, drawing many of the students to Beaver with him. In 1898 Arthur Staples, then superintendent of church extension work in the city of Pittsburgh, was elected president, and has been in charge of the institution ever since. About five hundred young women have graduated since the organization of the school.

In the college department a liberal electives system is provided after the first year, while four different college courses are offered. The Musical Department has always been an important feature of the college, and has had at its head masters recognized both in this country and in Europe. The school maintains a Department of Art and Oratory as well.

COSMOPOLITAN can aid you in making a selection of the right school

LEARN BY MAIL

BE A

Certified Public Accountant

and earn
\$2,500 to \$10,000
a year

The only profession in which the demand for practitioners exceeds the supply

We fit you to pass the C. P. A. Examination and equip you for practice anywhere. This school is recognized as the standard. Our instruction is individual—No classes.

Course embraces Theory of Accounts, Practical Accounting, Auditing, Commercial Law—also Bookkeeping and Business Practice. Hundreds of successful students now enjoying fine incomes.

Write to-day to Dept. H, mentioning subject that interests you.

UNIVERSAL BUSINESS INSTITUTE, Inc.
27-29 East 22d Street
New York

BROWN'S FAMOUS PICTURES



Reproductions of famous Paintings, Portraits and Homes of famous people, etc. Thousands of subjects, size 5 1/2 x 8. 1 cent each. 120 for \$1.

SEND 2c. STAMP to pay postage. We will send 2 sample pictures and big catalogue with 1,000 miniature illustrations.

COLOR PICTURES OF BIRDS, SIZE 5x7, 2 CENTS EACH. \$1.75 PER 100. CATALOGUE AND SAMPLE FOR 2c. STAMP.

GEO. P. BROWN & CO., Beverly, Mass.

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

We absolutely guarantee to teach shorthand complete in only thirty days. You can learn in spare time in your own home, no matter where you live. No need to spend months as with old systems. Boyd's Syllabic System is easy to learn—easy to write—easy to read. Simple. Practical. Speedy. Sure. No ruled lines—no positions—no shading as in other systems. No long lists of word signs to confuse. Only nine characters to learn and you have the entire English language at your absolute command.

The best system for stenographers, private secretaries, newspaper reporters and railroad men. Lawyers, ministers, teachers, physicians, literary folk and business men and women may now learn shorthand for their own use. Do not take continuous daily practice as with other systems. Our graduates hold high grade positions everywhere. Send to-day for booklets, testimonials, etc.

CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
939 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



DON'T PAY TWO PRICES FOR BEDS

You can purchase a superior and absolutely perfect metal bed for the same price, or less money, than you will be compelled to pay for an ordinary Iron Bed. INVESTIGATE BEFORE YOU BUY. Insist upon seeing

Sanitaire
These Beds are **\$9 to \$20**

Your health demands that you sleep in a Sanitary Bed. SANITAIRE BEDS are absolutely SANITARY, and we guarantee them for 10 years' hard service.

SANITAIRE BEDS are made in a large variety of most attractive styles, and FINISHED BEAUTIFULLY.

Write for our illustrated descriptive catalog.

Marion Iron & Brass Bed Co., 1180 Sanitaire Ave., Marion, Ind., U. S. A.

AGENTS WANTED. We need a representative with tact and perseverance in your community to take subscriptions for COSMOPOLITAN. If qualified we will make you a special offer that will surpass anything we have ever offered agents. Be sure to write for full particulars now—to-day. Room 40 Cos., COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE, 2 Duane St., N. Y. C.

Train Load of Books

Books to be closed out at less than cost of paper and printing. Binding free.

Failed National Book Concern. Cash Buyers' Union, Merrill & Baker, Colonial Pub. Co.

I bought entire stock of three of these Big Bankrupt Book Houses and a big lot of the other. I am closing it out now at 10c to 50c on the dollar.

Sample Prices

Late copyright books, were \$1.50. My price 8c. List includes The Prospector, The Masqueraders, Conquest of Canaan, Richard Carvel. Hundreds of others at from 38c to 48c.

Encyclopedia Britannica, half morocco binding, installment price \$36.00. My price \$7.75. Dickens Complete Works, 15 vols., regularly \$15.00. My price \$3.75.

I am closing out at less than half price the following complete works in half morocco bindings—Dickens, Thackeray, Balzac, Scott, Irving, Dumas, Hugo, Bulwer, Carlyle, Eliot, Cooper, DeFoe, Fielding, Hawthorne, Poe, Reade, Ruskin, Smollett, Gibbon, Guizot, Green, Shakespeare, etc.

Millions of books, thousands of titles. Chance of a lifetime to get almost any book at a discount of from 50 to 90 per cent from regular price while stock lasts.

Books Shipped on Approval

subject to examination in your own home before paying. Every book guaranteed new and satisfactory, or subject to return at my expense. Write for my free Bargain List of this stock before ordering. It costs nothing. Will save you money. Postal card will bring it.

DAVID B. CLARKSON, The Book Broker
1093 Bosch Bldg., Chicago



Be an Artist

for Pleasure or Profit

I have been so successful by a new method of my own that I want to teach you if you desire to make money either in your leisure hours or by making a profession of the work. If you are ambitious—if you are in earnest—write to me for a water color reproduction of the acetate composite of the

AMERICAN BEAUTY WINNERS by Dorothy D. Deene: an artistic souvenir in soft, rich tones, worthy of framing in gilt and glass. I'll send it **FREE** with my **FREE** Test Chart.

I make a specialty of Commercial Art Work, Pen-and-Ink Designs, Posters, Wash Drawings, Water Colors, in short the best paid branches of work, including Art Pyrography and China Painting. The demand for this work is enormous and the cost of learning ridiculously small. You have seen my work and know my name—**DOROTHY, DOROTHY, D. D. D.—DOROTHY DEENE**—you can't forget it. So write to me and let me tell you something about the work there is to do and the prices I get and you can get when you are prepared to do the work. Write quickly, for I have something special for you now. Enclose self addressed stamped envelope.

DOROTHY D. DEENE

Studio, 71 East 41st Street, Chicago, Illinois.

PACIFIC MAIL



San Francisco
Hawaiian
Islands



Yokohama
Nagasaki
Hong Kong

The Sunshine Belt to the Orient

Calm seas and Summer skies.

A one day's stop at beautiful Hawaii.

The maximum of speed and luxury.

These are the reasons that make the Pacific Mail the ideal route to the Orient

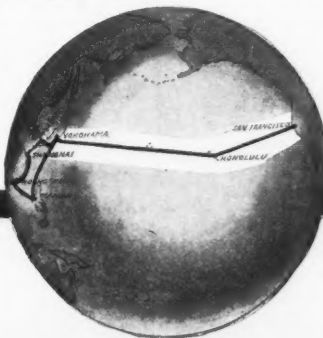
From **San Francisco** to **Hawaii, Japan, China** and the **Philippines**

Rates and information at any railroad ticket agent or from

PACIFIC MAIL S. S. CO., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

R. P. SCHWERIN, Vice-Pres. and Genl. Mgr.

CHICAGO -
120 Jackson Boulevard
NEW YORK
1 Broadway—349 Broadway
WASHINGTON
511 Pennsylvania Avenue
ST. LOUIS
903 Olive Street
BALTIMORE
Baltimore & Hanover



BOSTON
170 Washington Street
SYRACUSE
212 W. Washington Street
PHILADELPHIA
632 Chestnut Street
HAMBURG (Germany)
Amerika Haus, Ferdinandstrasse
LONDON (England)
49 Leadenhall Street

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

Harper's Latest Novels

THE WEAVERS

By GILBERT PARKER. Author of "The Right of Way"

A novel that can be called truly great. In its sweep and immensity—a tale of rural England and the glittering Orient;—in its novelty and heroism;—a sturdy Quaker youth in the toils of Mohammedan Egypt;—in its web of cross-purposes and contrasted types strangely linked together, *The Weavers* presents a story intensely human, a story of love, high resolve, and wonderful achievement. For mere surge of interest and excitement it outranks its great predecessor, *The Right of Way*. *Illustrated. Price \$1.50.*

BARBARY SHEEP

By ROBERT HICHENS. Author of "The Garden of Allah," etc.

Mr. Hichens again displays his wonderful power in setting forth the mystery, the fascination, the bewitching atmosphere of the desert. Blended with this wonderful setting are the lives of a young English lord and his wife, and a handsome Arab army officer who, with curious art, appeals to the heroine while her husband is absent hunting. The story is charged with the swift action and passion that befit a romance of the Algerian desert.

With frontispiece in Color and Marginal Decorations. Price \$1.25.

ANCESTORS

By GERTRUDE ATHERTON. Author of "Rulers of Kings," etc.

A great American novel of the old San Francisco. Mrs. Atherton has presented California with all its ancestral beauty and pride embodied in a high-bred young girl. The city, with its teeming life, glows and lives in these pages, and is really as great a part of the drama as are the characters in the foreground, leading to a moving and impressive climax in the San Francisco earthquake. The greatest work Mrs. Atherton has done is *Ancestors*.

Price \$1.75.

MAM' LINDA

By WILL N. HARBEN. Author of "Abner Daniel," etc.

This is a stirring novel of a little town in Georgia. It involves a love story unusually strong and sweet, as well as a sectional problem of keen romantic interest. Risking his political success and his life, a young lawyer champions the cause of a negro boy wrongly accused of murder—the son of old Mam' Linda; who is the faithful nurse of the brave and charming heroine. The negro question is treated from a standpoint altogether new—not that of the North for the author is Southern-born—but representative of the feeling among the best element in the South. Excited mobs, and lynching, and a pistol duel in the high-road unite to make this novel vividly dramatic.

Illustrated. Price \$1.50.

SANTA FE'S PARTNER

By THOMAS A. JANVIER. Author of "In the Sargasso Sea," etc.

Santa Fe's Partner is Sage Brush Hen, a woman. Prompted by love of fun and a talent for joint acting, these two provide a wealth of original entertainment for the citizens of a lively mining town. Their practical jokes culminate in a situation where the town decides upon reform; Santa Fe Charley gets into trouble, and his partner effects a rescue with one great final stroke of character-acting. This story is written in the breezy vernacular of the mining town, and is funny all the way through.

Illustrated. Price \$1.50.

EBEN HOLDEN'S LAST DAY A-FISHING

By IRVING BACHELLER. Author of "Eben Holden," etc.

This is a new story of Eben Holden. It reveals him, old though he is, a true lover of good sport, and shows that time cannot change his gentle humor, his caustic wisdom, and his simple kindness. The book describes two pictures—one of fishing on a summer day, the other of Christmas-time in the old-fashioned country home.

Price 50 cents.

THE EXPLOITS OF ARSENE LUPIN

By MAURICE LEBLANC

Arsene Lupin is a gentleman burglar gifted with individuality. He knows all the tricks of his profession, and a few exclusively his own. He is a man of cultivated mind and winning manners, the cleverest sort of an actor, and a capital story-teller—the exploits are told by himself. He is an engaging villain who always succeeds and the things he does are amazingly clever. The story of them is sheer delight.

Price \$1.25.

Harper & Brothers, Publishers, New York

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

A Few of the COSMOPOLITAN'S Big Features for 1908

A Great Oppenheim Series

"The Long Arm of Mannister" is undoubtedly the most interesting and original series of stories that has appeared since "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes." Mr. Oppenheim by his ingenious and thrilling plots has won the position in the affections of the reading public once held by Conan Doyle. The first story appears in this issue; the second, "Traske and the Bracelet," will be published in November. Illustrations by noted artists. The ten separate stories comprising "The Long Arm of Mannister" will be the most unique magazine fiction feature of the year.

A NEW SERIAL BY A NEW AUTHOR

The Kingdom of Earth

By Anthony Partridge

This author's name is still unknown to the American reading public. But the first instalment of his brilliant novel, "The Kingdom of Earth," which appears in the November COSMOPOLITAN, will show that he is indeed a "comer." "The Kingdom of Earth" is the remarkable love romance of a European prince and a beautiful and talented American girl. This story is full of exciting adventure and unusual complications brought about by the high station of the hero, and moves to its climax in baffling mysteries that are not fully solved until the very end. Altogether "The Kingdom of Earth" is an ideal serial story. The illustrations will be by that most charming of American illustrators, A. B. Wenzell.

The New "Wolfville" Stories

The lovers of "Wolfville" are legion, and their numbers have been materially increased since the COSMOPOLITAN has been running this new series of Mr. Lewis's stories. They need no advertisement. When one has been read, eagerness for the others follows as a natural result. The new "Wolfville" stories will be continued during a large part of the year 1908, with illustrations by the most successful of the new portrayals of Western life, W. Herbert Dunton.

The Latest News from Mars

Prof. David Todd is returning from South America, where he has been most successful in his observations of our next-door neighbor in the heavens. It is expected that he will be able to throw new light on many of the mooted points in regard to the physical features of Mars and the question of existence of life upon its surface. The results of these wonderful observations will be written by Professor Todd for the COSMOPOLITAN, with photographs taken under the most favorable conditions of proximity.

MOTOR



Free with

every issue of

MoToR

a handsome AUTOMOBILE POSTER in four colors

¶ These posters are the kind you will want to frame and hang in your den. They're funny, breezy, and painted by famous French caricaturists.

Buy **MoToR** to-day
of your news-dealer

¶ You will find MoToR to be the motoring publication you want. If you are interested in motor-cars, either as prospective buyer or an owner of a motor-car—no matter what you want to know about motor-cars, their parts or accessories, MoToR is the most reliable source of information.

¶ MoToR's editorial pages contain everything of interest to the motorist—description of cars, parts, accessories, etc., touring articles, useful information, all well printed and fully illustrated.

¶ MoToR's advertising pages—just as important to the reader, particularly the prospective buyer, as the text pages—contain the announcements of all the standard manufacturers of cars, parts, accessories, etc., in the world.

¶ In order to introduce MoToR to you we make you

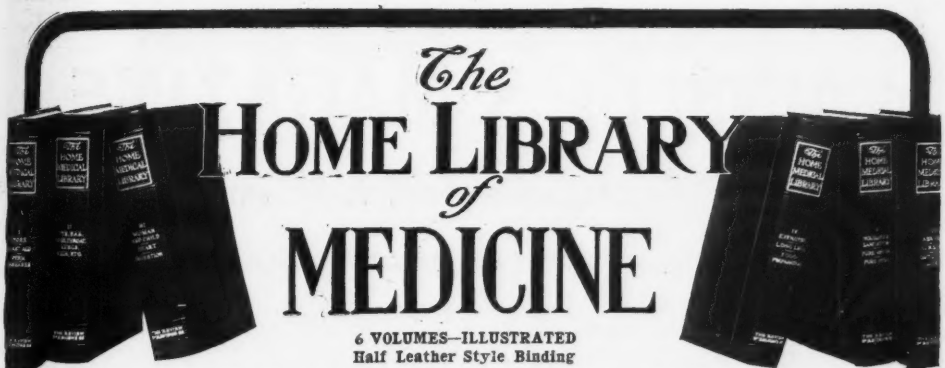
THIS SPECIAL OFFER

For \$1 (regular price \$3 a year) we will send you MoToR for 6 months as a trial subscription, each issue containing one of these handsome four-color posters

2 DUANE STREET

MoToR

NEW YORK CITY



The Final Household Encyclopedia of Medicine, Disease, Sanitation, Hygiene, Physical Culture and Long Life

THE GREATEST THING IN LIFE

Health being the greatest thing in life, it is astonishing that the one necessary reference work has not long ago been written, especially since the last generation has seen such revolutions in medicine, surgery and sanitation that no layman, and scarcely any one physician, can keep up with them.

As a supplement to the physician's work, as a resource when a physician cannot be had, as an educator in the art of living, the Home Library of Medicine has received the most enthusiastic reception ever accorded a special encyclopedia.

4,000 SETS WERE SOLD BEFORE PUBLICATION

Contributors, Editors and Revisers

Managing Editor,
A. W. FERRIS, A.M., M.D.
Nervous Diseases,
C. E. Atwood, M.D.
Germ Diseases,
H. M. BIGGS, M.D.
The Eye and Ear,
J. H. Claiborne, M.D.
Sanitation,
Thomas Darlington, M.D.
Pregnancy,
R. Bellamy, M.D.
Menstruation,
A. Elliot, Jr., M.D.
Heart and Blood,
J. B. Huber, A.M., M.D.
Skin Diseases,
J. C. Johnson, A.B., M.D.
Children,
C. G. Kerley, M.D.
Bites and Stings,
G. G. Vamland, M.D.
Headache,
A. D. Rockwell, A.M., M.D.
Poisons,
E. E. Smith, M.D.
Catarrah,
S. W. Thurber, M.D.
Care of Infants,
H. B. Wilcox, M.D.
CONTRIBUTORS
S. I. Baker, M.D., *Food Adulteration*
W. F. Gerhard, C.E., *Pure Water Supply*
J. McK. Hill, *Care of Food*
S. W. Mitchell, M.D., L.L.D.,
Nerves and Outdoor Life
G. M. Price, M.D., *Sanitation*
D. A. Sargent, M.D., *Indoor Exercise*
Sir H. Thompson Bart, F.R.C.S., M.D.,
London, *Long Life*
Stewart E. White, *Camp Comfort*

Before this physicians have discouraged such works, and rightly. Now that a really standard household medical library is at hand to aid in the work of showing intelligent people how to live vigorously and happily, the best physicians are welcoming it with the highest praise. It is written so that any man, any woman and any household can understand and use it. Associated with Dr. Kenelm Winslow, a former Harvard Professor, in this work, is a notable board of 23 eminent specialists—landmarks in the medical profession.

EVERYBODY CAN UNDERSTAND and USE IT

Every important illness, small and great, is described as clearly and concisely as possible, and under each disease the reader is instructed what to do, whether to consult a physician, what to do until the physician comes, and what to do if a physician cannot be had. The remedies and treatment resulting from the very latest scientific knowledge are given; all data concerning prescriptions, etc., have been rigorously revised and safeguarded by the most famous specialists.

We are not book publishers and we do not have to make a profit out of this set other than the widened recognition of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS as the magazine most closely up to the times, a magazine that consistently helps in living and thinking. The six handsome volumes would be cheap at ten dollars, and this will be their price when they are put on sale at the book stores.

OUR SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

This first edition we are going to ship to responsible persons who send 50 cents, engaging to pay \$1 a month for only seven months—and each purchaser will receive the REVIEW OF REVIEWS for two full years—or \$7 pays for the books and the two years' subscription.

As this proposition is to deliver to you the full standard \$10 set of the new Home Medical Library, express prepaid, for \$1 over the regular subscription price of the magazine, it is obvious the first edition will not last long.

So Order at Once to Get this Price

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS CO., 13 Astor Place, NEW YORK

Cos.
I enclose
soc. for the
Home Li-
brary of Med-
icine and the
Review of Re-
views for two years.
If I like the books, I
will accept your Intro-
ductory Offer

Name.....

Address.....

AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

"The Magazine That Entertains."

The Opening chapters of a new serial story appear in the October number of AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE. It is a story so thoroughly American in every detail that it will go far toward meeting the increasing demand for fiction of an essentially American type.

HARRY LEON WILSON

is the author of this story, which is his latest novel. The public will easily recall his previous books, "The Spenders," "The Seeker," and "The Little Boss of Arcady," all of which justify the keenest anticipations respecting the new one.

EWING'S LADY"

is the title of the new serial. It is a story in which is combined the peculiar atmospheres of the East and the West; the characters, drawn with extraordinary vigor and clearness, will be found to be irresistibly attractive; there is a succession of dramatic situations which keep the interest constantly on the alert, and the story is told with an ease, a finish and a fluency that carries the reader along without a halt.

The first instalment will appear on September 25th.

AINSLEE MAGAZINE COMPANY

NEW YORK

PIANO FREE

AND \$61 IN CASH PRIZES. A \$450.00 GRAND UPRIGHT PIANO AND \$61.00 IN CASH, FREE,

to those who can make up the largest and cleverest lists of words from the fifteen letters contained in the title of our great monthly periodical, "HEARST'S MAGAZINE." To those sending in the largest and cleverest lists of words we will give the following remarkable list of prizes:



1st Prize, One \$450.00 Grand Upright Piano.	2nd Prize, . . \$25 in Cash
	3rd Prize, . . \$15 in Cash
	4th Prize, . . \$10 in Cash
	The Next Five } \$1 Each
	Prizes, . . . }
	The Next Twelve } 50 Cts. Each
	Prizes, . . . }

The \$450.00 Grand Upright Piano which we shall give has a tone of unusual sweetness and carrying power. The high-class action with which the piano is fitted is set in a beautifully finished case.

We might say, furthermore, that this contest is different from all other contests in that the awards will ACTUALLY BE GIVEN. To prove that these awards ACTUALLY WILL BE GIVEN, read the following unsolicited testimonial from Mrs. L. W. Nott, who won \$3,000 IN CASH in a recent contest. Mr. Nott says:

Mrs. Nott Won \$3,000.00 in Cold Cash.

Marion, Iowa.

GENTLEMEN—I have just received the check for \$3,000.00—First Grand Prize in the Great Puzzle Contest. I cannot express in words the great joy and happiness which came to me upon receiving the letter announcing the good news that I was successful in winning the First Prize of \$3,000.00. I feel truly grateful that I have been so fortunate. Asking you to express my thanks to one and all the judges. I remain,

Very truly, MRS. L. W. NOTT.

We give away all this elaborate schedule of prizes in order to get the name of HEARST'S MAGAZINE on the tongue of all intelligent American readers throughout the country. We, therefore, have resorted to this ingenious word-building contest in order to engrave indelibly on the mind of the American reading public the name of the great, new Hearst periodical, and for this invaluable privilege we are willing to pay royally. While we know the trouble and expense of such a contest are enormous, nevertheless we feel justified because of the tremendous amount of advertising which will result to our monthly, HEARST'S MAGAZINE.

HEARST'S MAGAZINE This great new 32-page periodical is backed by nothing less than the colossal Hearst Organization itself, comprising, as it does, three of the greatest periodicals of their kind published, and, in addition, eight great metropolitan dailies scattered over the breadth of the land all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast. It is now the management's intention to make their new periodical, HEARST'S MAGAZINE, as distinct in its field as a popular monthly as their newspapers are in their field—in other words, the greatest magazine of its kind issued. Therefore, there will appear in the great new HEARST'S MAGAZINE the famous \$75,000.00 Hearst Editorials, written by one of the highest paid newspaper men in the world, in addition to the wonderful Hearst art features, the provokingly funny color cartoons, the screamingly odd Happy Hooligan, Buster Brown, And Her Name Was Maud, and the dozen and one other marvelous creations of those master minds of mirth and fun—Oppy, Dirks, Bunny, Outcault and all the rest. Of the magazine's great editorial writers only a few of the dozens upon dozens can here be mentioned. Among these are: ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, the most brilliant woman in contemporary American life; DINKELSPIEL, the inimitable, the man who has set all the world a-laughing; MAURICE MAETERLINCK, Belgium's foremost living philosopher and litterateur; CLARA MORRIS, the noted actress, who will write of life on the stage and of the busy world; PROF. GARRETT P. SERVISS, who who has magically transformed the mysteries of science into tales of marvellous romance, and BEATRICE FAIRFAX, the most brilliant, cleverest woman who has ever written on love, romance and the things of the heart. These are but A FEW of the master minds who will contribute regularly to the great new Hearst's monthly. For the strange, the bizarre, the unlike, the fascinating, read the brilliantly interesting new HEARST'S MAGAZINE. Now, if you can make nineteen words or more from the 15 letters in the title of our publication, send in your list today, with a dime, for a big six-months' trial subscription to the great, new national monthly, HEARST'S MAGAZINE, but mail your dime to-day—NOW—before this offer is withdrawn.

IN ADDITION To all who are clever enough to send in just twice the 19 words outlined above (38 words altogether) we will forward an exquisitely bound big 112-page collection of the most delightful reading obtainable—fiction of scintillating brilliancy—fascinating stories of romance, love and daring adventure. This magnificent prize collection alone, if you tried to produce it yourself, would run away up in the dollars in value. But remember, this will be sent ABSOLUTELY FREE, and entirely in addition to the Piano and \$61.00 in cash prizes, if you can make up a list of 38 words.

INSTRUCTIONS. You are privileged to use each of the 15 letters in the title "HEARST'S MAGAZINE" as many times as you choose. You may win in this contest, closing December 31, 1907, if you are clever enough to make up and send in 19 words or more, such as "hear," "earth," "rear," etc., etc., for some of the cleverest may not send in more than that number. Don't, however, use proper names nor any other than English words. Should any contestants "tie" we will conduct for their special benefit a Special Secondary Contest in which they may make up the fewest number of words possible from the 15 letters in the title, "HEARST'S MAGAZINE," each letter to be used twice—making a total altogether of 30 letters. Should any of these 30 letters still remain over, each letter will be counted the same as one word. Should there, furthermore, after this special contest, still remain ties, such ties will then be divided equally. Ten cents will pay for six months' subscription and one list of words; twenty-five cents will pay for a full year's subscription and four lists of words. Contestants who are already subscribers may have their subscriptions advanced for a proportionate period.

ADDRESS

Hearst's Magazine, 114 Duane Street, New York City

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



Columbia Records

It's easy enough to *argue* the tone quality of a musical record, but it's distinctly another thing to carry out all the delicate and intricate processes of recording and making so that the quality shall appear unmistakably in every vibration of the reproducer.

We are arguing Columbia Record quality as earnestly as we know how—but we are even more earnestly asking you right along to make *comparisons*.

Maybe we might not be so keen about it if we didn't know what your decision would be.

We know well enough that if it once comes to comparisons no other records can possibly equal Columbia Records in any single point—smoothness, sweetness, volume, accuracy, evenness, or durability.

Prove it!

Go into any of the 9000 Columbia Stores and listen!

**COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO., General,
Tribune Building, New York.**

STORES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES.

Agents wanted wherever we are not now represented.

Main Branches, 35-37 W. 23d St., New York; 88 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; 526 McAllister St., San Francisco.

Grand Prix, Paris, 1900.
Double Grand Prize, St. Louis, 1904.
Grand Prize, Milan, 1906. Highest Award, Portland, 1905



Magazine Shop-Talk

WE have been much gratified at the recognition shown the improvement in the art features of the last few issues of the COSMOPOLITAN. We are gradually making arrangements to use the work of the greatest and most popular illustrators in this country. The latest addition to our list is Mr. Harrison Fisher. Mr. Fisher's portrayals of the American girl, it is needless to state, are the finest that we have. The tremendous charm and fascination of the lovely types he creates have led to a great demand for his work, and we consider ourselves very fortunate in obtaining a goodly share of it. Mr. Fisher's work will be seen on the covers of the magazine as well as in its pages. Our Christmas cover, which he has designed, is one of the finest things he has done.

The simple announcement last month of a new series of stories by E. Phillips Oppenheim has aroused an immense amount of interest among our readers. Their impatience for the first story, which will be found in this issue, seems to justify our opinion that as a creator of ingenious and thrilling plots Mr. Oppenheim stands first among fiction writers of the day.

"The Long Arm of Mannister" is not a novel but a series of entirely separate stories connected through a main idea that is developed with remarkable ingenuity. The hero, Mannister, is the victim of the cruel plots of a band of conspirators, each of whom is employing some means to accomplish his ruin. He is obliged to proceed after them one by one. His quest takes him to many parts of the world, and the struggle with his enemies is not finished before he has

met with a series of as thrilling and astounding adventures as it is possible to imagine.

This brief outline is sufficient to show what may be expected of such a plot, and we can assure our readers that Mr. Oppenheim has made the most of his opportunity. "The Long Arm of Mannister" will appear in ten consecutive issues of the COSMOPOLITAN.

The November issue will contain the concluding instalment of Mr. Luther's novel, "The Crucible," and the opening instalment

of our new serial, "The Kingdom of Earth." The name of its author, Anthony Partridge, is entirely new to the reading public, and the COSMOPOLITAN takes great pleasure in introducing him.

"The Kingdom of Earth" is the stirring love story of a European prince and a beautiful and talented American girl. Their romance is carried on under very remarkable and exciting circumstances, and a vein of mystery runs through the whole story, baffling the reader until the very end. The story opens at the famous resort St. Moritz in the Engadine and is continued with brilliant pictures of high

life at several of the great capitals and watering-places of Europe. Never for a moment does the interest in this amazing story flag. A. B. Wenzell, the famous illustrator, has been commissioned to make drawings for "The Kingdom of Earth," and he tells us that the text contains exceptional opportunity for illustration. With such a stirring plot and such an artist to depict it, "The Kingdom of Earth" cannot fail to be the great magazine feature of the coming year. Remember, it will begin with the new volume, November, 1907.



HARRISON FISHER, WHOSE TYPES OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN WILL APPEAR IN THE COSMOPOLITAN



PEARS' SOAP

An Indian crystal gazer or any close observer will tell you that the secret of a clear, healthy skin is in a constant use of Pears' Soap—also that Pears' will show you how good a complexion nature intended you to have.

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

"All rights secured."

When you write, please mention the *Cosmopolitan*

Gen-as'-co lasts years longer than roofing made of coal-tar, stearin pitch, and other residual pitches.

Residual pitches are by-products. They lack uniformity—and uniformity is vitally necessary to make roofing withstand all kinds of weather.

These pitches dry-out, and leave the roofing to crack and pulverize—and leak!

Gen-as'-co Ready Roofing is made of Trinidad Lake asphalt, full of the natural oils and always of uniform quality.

Neither cold, heat, sun, air, rain, or snow can make it leak. Gen-as'-co is permanently water-proof.

Don't take a substitute, if you want a roof that will last.

Insist on Gen-as'-co Ready Roofing. Ask your dealer. Write for clear Book 33 and samples.

THE BARBER ASPHALT PAVING COMPANY

Largest producers of asphalt in the world

PHILADELPHIA

New York

San Francisco

Chicago

The All Important

Purity—there is nothing else half so important in beer. And nothing else is nearly so expensive.

Purity means absolute cleanliness.

It means freedom from germs. Even the air in our cooling rooms is filtered. And every bottle of Schlitz beer is sterilized after it is sealed.

It means an aged beer—aged for months, until it cannot cause biliousness.

Without those precautions, no beer can be healthful. And who would knowingly drink beer that was not?

Schlitz

*Ask for the Brewery Bottling.
See that the cork or crown
is branded Schlitz.*

The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous.

OH, SO GOOD!

Prize Medal Marshmallows

Vanilla White or Chocolate Coated.

Rich chocolate, covering a feather-light luscious interior with just a trace of delicate vanilla flavoring—or without the chocolate, dusted with soft, powdered sugar—

That's "Prize Medal" Marshmallows
Tempting morsels that captivate the taste

As wholesome and pure as candy can be made. In every box a daintily figured doilie.

Entertain your friends with a Marshmallow roast

Your confectioner or druggist should have "Prize Medal" Marshmallows. If he does not, send your order direct to us. We will send, prepaid, 1/2 lb. Vanilla White, 25c; 1 lb., 50c; 1/2 lb. Chocolate Coated, 40c; 1 lb., 75c.

ROCHESTER MARSHMALLOW CO.
27 Mortimer St., Rochester, N. Y.



Fills Its Own Tank

To fill the Conklin Fountain Pen simply dip it in any ink-well and press the Crescent-Filler. It fills its own tank in a jiffy—ready to write instantly. Nothing to take apart—no dropper—no inky fingers—no loss of time

CONKLIN'S Self-Filling Fountain Pen

is perfect—from the standpoint of simplicity, convenience and easy writing qualities. Uniform flow of ink. Won't scratch, blot, balk or leak.

Leading dealers handle the Conklin. If yours does not, order direct. Prices \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00 to \$15.00. Send at once for our handsome new catalog.

THE CONKLIN PEN CO.,
155 MANHATTAN BUILDING
TOLEDO, OHIO.
U. S. A.

LOOK FOR THIS CRESCENT-FILLER



HAVE YOUR GARMENTS MADE BY EXPERT NEW YORK TAILORS

It is no longer necessary for the woman who desires to be faultlessly attired to visit New York City in order to obtain the *newest fabrics* and the *latest styles*.

By reason of our unequalled facilities, you can dress as correctly and attractively as the best gowned women in New York.

Our Catalogue brings New York's greatest Ladies' Tailoring Establishment to your door; it places at your command the services of 600 highly skillful men cutters and tailors; it enables you to make your selections at home and makes the dreaded shopping and "trying on" ordeals unnecessary, and you get **your garment when you want it.** By having us make your *Suits, Skirts, Jackets and Rain Coats* to order you are not only certain of getting correct style and perfect fit, but you save greatly in your tailoring expense.

OUR GUARANTEE: If you are not entirely satisfied with the garment, return it at our expense and we will promptly refund your money.



Fall and Winter Suits

(Made-to-Order and Guaranteed to Fit)

\$6 to \$25

Our Catalogue illustrates and describes the following garments which are made-to-order:

Visiting Costumes, - \$6.00 to \$20 | Tailor-made Suits, \$7.50 to \$25
Stylish Skirts, - \$3.50 to \$15 | Rain Coats, - \$8.75 to \$18

It also illustrates and describes our full line of the following ready-made goods:

Ladies' and Misses' Coats, \$5.45 up | Furs, - \$2.25 to \$13.50
Children's Coats, - \$4.75 up | Sweaters, - 85c. to \$3.48
Children's Dresses, \$1.98 to \$5.48 | Underwear, - 24c. to \$3.98
Shirt-Waists, - 98c. to \$8.98 | Handkerchiefs, - 5c. to 25c.

We pay transportation charges to any part of the U. S. Write to-day for our new **Fall and Winter Catalogue.** If you desire Samples of Materials which are used in our made-to-measure garments, be sure to mention the colors you prefer.

National Cloak & Suit Co.

212 West 24th St., New York City

LARGEST LADIES' OUTFITTING ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD

Mail Orders Only

No Agents or Branches

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine
IN SPLITS

is served on Pullman and Dining Cars and on Ocean and Lake Steamers.

Travel sickness, on land or sea, is immediately relieved by its use. Malt-Nutrine is a tonic and liquid food easily retained by the weakest stomach.

Prepared by

Anheuser-Busch, St. Louis, Mo.



FILOSOFY OF BEANS

—BY—
Hiram Jones

"WHEN I growed them
Beans,—
I didn't know
Much about this here
New 'Snider Process'
Fer cookin' Pork & Beans.
"But—By Heck, it's all right!
I've 'et the Beans since,
With an' Without,
An' so, I'd ought to know
Because,—
That's the only *sure* way
To find out.

"When 'Mother' cooks *our* Beans
To home, it's like a Washday.
"So much trouble to—
Steep 'em first all night—
Then bile 'em fer all day,
An' bake 'em fer a week a'most.
"Seems as if them Beans
Were worse nor *Watches*
To use up *time*,—in cookin'!

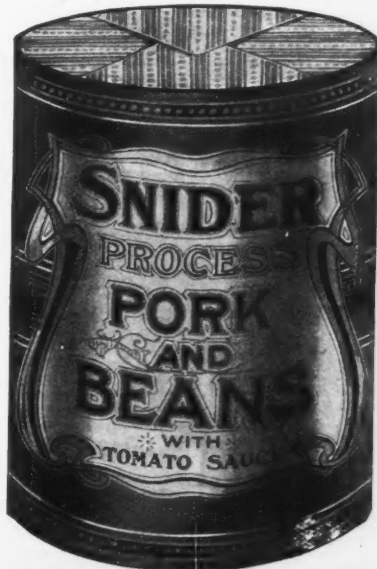
"An' when you eat 'em,—
They're *nice* enough, I guess,
But,—Gee-*roos-a-lem*!
Aint they just *Awful*
—on your Digestion?"

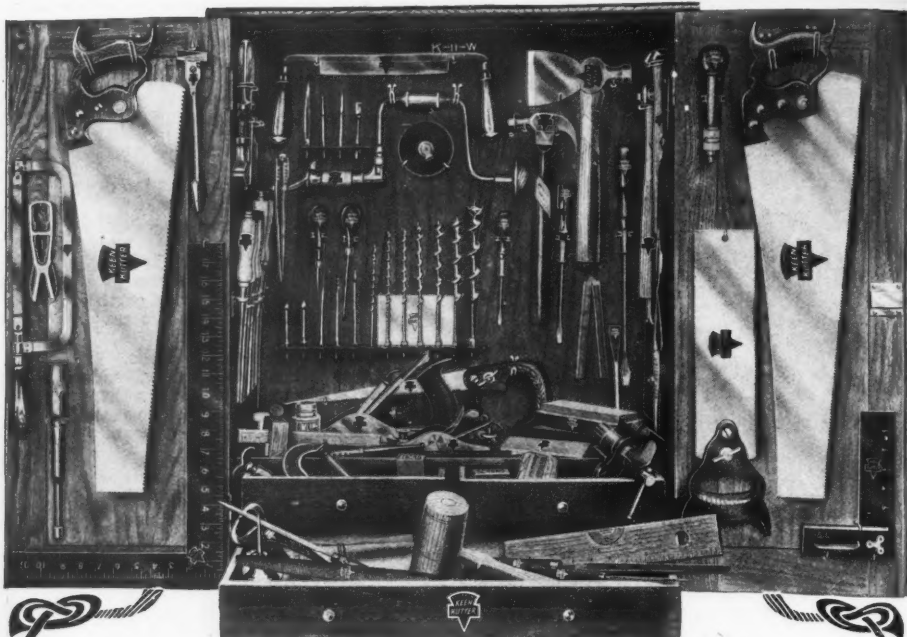
"Of course wood's cheap
Down on the farm.
"But Human Natur" is too dear
To steep, an' bile, an' bake
Beans everlastin'—
When —

We can buy 'em *ready* biled,
An' baked (an' fit to sarve
To any King or Queen on earth)
By that there 'Snider-Process'
Which,—
Cuts out their cussed 'Colic,'
Makes 'em porous, mellow, tender,
Digestible an' appetizin' as them
"Pies that Mother used to make"
When we was Girls and Boys.

"Gosh—I 'most forgot
To tell that these here
Snider-Process Pork & Beans
Are soaked plum full of real,
Old-time, Ripe-Tomato Catsup,—
The kind them Snider People made
For more nor 20 years.
"The Grocer, he gives back
Your money quick, if you say
Snider-Process Pork & Beans
Aint better than the best
You ever 'et.
That's pooty strong,—I guess."

THE T. A. SNIDER PRESERVE CO.
CINCINNATI, U. S. A.





The Home Tool Kit

Nearly every day something turns up about the house that could be improved or repaired if the proper tools were at hand.

When you want a hammer or a hatchet or any tool for any work, you know and everyone knows that the right way to be sure of satisfaction is to order Keen Kutter tools.

But when you want a complete set of tools, instead of buying one tool at a time and never having the right tool when you want it, order one of the

KEEN KUTTER

TOOL CABINETS



These cabinets are designed for the convenience of the home. They contain every tool you need and have it ready when you need it. The various assortments were selected and made up by men who know tools and their requirements. Every tool has its own place in the cabinet and every tool belongs to the famous Keen Kutter brand, which means they are the best you can buy and that they are guaranteed perfect.

Keen Kutter Tool Cabinets are made in various styles and sizes at prices ranging from \$8.50 to \$85.00.

If not at your dealer's, write us.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY (INC.), ST. LOUIS AND NEW YORK, U. S. A.

There is no doubt about the OSTERMOOR

The Ostermoor Mattress has been *proved* by every test that human reason demands.

The theory behind it is *right*—that the best mattress must be *built*, not stuffed—free from animal hair or anything else unclean and unsanitary.

It has stood the test of time—for over 50 years we have been making Ostermoor mattresses to satisfy a constantly increasing demand.

It has a multitude of witnesses to its excellences. Many thousands have of their own accord sent us letters of gratitude and congratulation over this mattress that induces sleep and ministers to health. The name *Ostermoor* is to-day a household word, due not alone to our convincing advertisements, but to the good report of it that neighbor has made to neighbor.



Trade Mark
Reg. U.S. Pat. Of.

It has been measured by the laws that rule the business world. Nothing of inferior quality can be sold to the public year after year in increasing quantity. Imitations of the Ostermoor by the score have come and gone. Imitations are now in the field. They too will live only as they have real worth. Their borrowed glory can last but a little day. To protect you we trade mark the genuine with the square label shown below so that you cannot be misled.

WRITE FOR OUR FREE 144-PAGE BOOK AND SAMPLES OF TICKING

30 NIGHTS' FREE TRIAL. You may sleep on an Ostermoor for a month and, if not *thoroughly* satisfied, have your money back without question. Full particulars in our beautifully illustrated 144 page book—sent free.



**WE SELL BY MAIL OR THROUGH
2,500 OSTERMOOR DEALERS**

Exclusive Ostermoor agencies everywhere—that is our aim; the highest grade merchant in every place. The Ostermoor dealer in your vicinity—be sure to ask us who he is—will show you a mattress with the "*Ostermoor*" name and trade mark *sewn* "on the end." Mattress shipped, express paid by us, same day check is received, if you order of us by mail.

OSTERMOOR & CO., 111 Elizabeth St., New York
Canadian Agency. The Alaska Feather and Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

MATTRESSES COST

Express Charges Prepaid

4 foot 6 inches wide, \$15.00

40 lbs.

4 foot wide, 40 lbs., 13.35

3 foot 6 inches wide, 35 lbs., 11.70

3 foot wide, 30 lbs., 10.00

2 foot 6 inches wide, 25 lbs., 8.35

All 6 feet 3 inches long.

In two parts, 50 cents extra.



Iron-de-quoit Port Wine

BEST IN THE WORLD

For three generations the Iron-dequoit wines have been solely made and sold for use in the **home** and in the **sick room**; and as such they have met every demand made upon them. Connoisseurs of wines and many people, many times, have pronounced them superior wines. Why? Because they are the simple fermented juice of ripe grapes—the very heart of the grape. Their purity is scrupulously guarded from beginning to end.

Physicians have praised their merits and thousands of them show their appreciation by freely recommending the use of Iron-dequoit wines to their patients.

For sale by Druggists. If you cannot get them there, write us. Booklet, free on request.

IRONDEQUOIT WINE CO.
205 Main Street E., Rochester, N. Y.

*Most
Ancient
and
Glorious
of
Cordials*



*Most
Ancient
and
Glorious
of
Cordials*

LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

This famous Cordial, now made at Tarra-gona, Spain, was for centuries distilled by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) at the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, France, and known throughout the world as Chartreuse. The above cut represents the bottle and label employed in the putting up of the article since the monks' expulsion from France, and it is now known as **Liqueur Pères Chartreux** (the monks, however, still retain the right to use the old bottle and label as well), distilled by the same order of monks who have securely guarded the secret of its manufacture for hundreds of years and who alone possess a knowledge of the elements of this delicious nectar.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés.
Batjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.,
Sole Agents for United States.

Pabst Extract

The "Best" Tonic

Strength
Vigor



For Old Age

In the evening of life, when age is full of beauty, precaution should be taken to keep the forces of life at their best. Without the vigor and active recuperative powers of youth, we must ward off those little ailments that with impaired age are often forerunners of serious sickness. Nature to an extent should be aided and the system fortified by a nourishment that will enrich the blood, strengthen the nerves and revitalize the entire body. These properties are all found in

Pabst Extract

The "Best" Tonic

Glowing and sparkling with vitality, it is the staunch vigor of barley malt and hops, rich in the tissue building qualities of the former and the splendid tonic properties of the latter. This highly nutritious liquid food, in its palatable and predigested form, is welcomed and retained by the weakest stomach, being easily assimilated by the blood and carries in it those properties that revitalize and rebuild the muscles and nerve tissues.

Pabst Extract

The "Best" Tonic

strengthens the weak, builds up the run down, cheers the depressed. It will nourish your nerves, enrich your blood and invigorate your muscles. It gives sleep to the sleepless, relieves the dyspeptic and is a boon to nursing mothers.

For Sale at All Leading Druggists
Insist upon the Original

Guaranteed under the National Pure Food Law
U. S. Serial No. 1921

Free Picture and Book

Send us your name on a postal for our interesting booklet and "Baby's First Adventure," a beautiful picture of baby life. Both FREE.

PABST EXTRACT DEPT E MILWAUKEE, WIS.

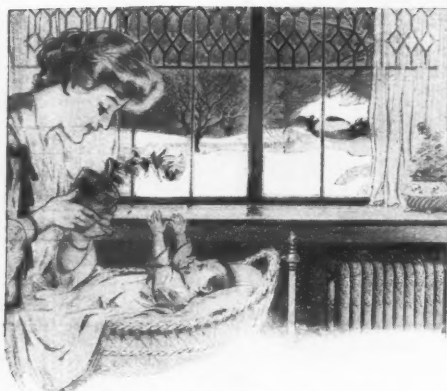


New York.

I take great pleasure in assuring you that I have found Pabst Extract. The "Best" Tonic, of great benefit to my aged mother, who has been lacking strength and tone for some months.

Katherine G. Townsend, M.D.

Heating that



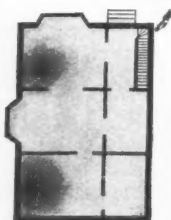
Delicate women and children, as well as frailest flowers, thrive and bloom in the uniformly tempered and ventilated homes made perpetually June-like by

AMERICAN RADIATORS

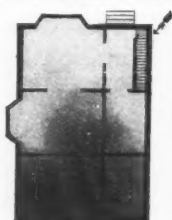
That these outfits for either Hot Water or Low Pressure Steam are best for health, sanitation, and growth is proven by the fact that they are used in every prominent hospital, sanitarium, institution, etc., and in greenhouses—wherever perfect heating and ventilating are desired. Comfort is had *at a turn of the valve*.

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators cover the same welcome advantages whether for cottage, mansion, store, office, school, church, hotel, etc., because they distribute genial, equal warmth *throughout* the building; protect the health of the occupants; give absolute *control* of heat, with pure air; prevent drafts; free the premises

Showing inhabitable portion of house in zero weather and a northeaster blowing



Heated "in spots" by Stoves



One-sided heating by Hot-Air Furnace



Evenly warmed by Water or Steam

from ash dust and coal gases; secure full benefit from each pound of fuel burned; require no repairs; and all these with perfect safety and lowest insurance rate. The outfit will save in fuel the difference in cost over a hot-air furnace in two or three seasons.



at invigorates

ADVANTAGE 7: Where building has no cellar, an **IDEAL** Water Boiler can be located in a back or unused room, and the **AMERICAN** Radiators may be placed in other rooms *on same floor-level*. An **IDEAL** Boiler for an 8- or 10-room house occupies as little space as would one or two flour barrels. The piping is so small and hugs the ceiling so closely that it does not obstruct the

cellar as do the tin pipes of a hot-air furnace.

& IDEAL BOILERS

IDEAL
Boilers and
AMERICAN

Radiators are made in sizes to fit \$1,000 cottages up to 90-room buildings. Many thousands of these outfits are annually put in old as well as new cottages, houses, stores, hotels, schools, churches, etc.—*all* buildings—*farm* or city. Put in without tearing floors or disturbing occupants.

Our catalogues (free) explain other **ADVANTAGES** and have a wealth of concise heating and ventilating information which every owner or tenant ought to have at hand. If you are paying the bills and suffering the ills of old-fashioned heating, write today to our General Offices, Dept. 23, Chicago. Inquiries cordially welcome.



"**AMERICAN** Radiators are an ornament to any room, however rich the furnishings." Ask for booklet "Radiation and Decoration," showing Radiators in colors to match room decorations, best ways of placing Radiators, etc., etc.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

New York
Boston
Philadelphia
Baltimore
Buffalo

Pittsburg
Atlanta
Indianapolis
Cincinnati
Cleveland

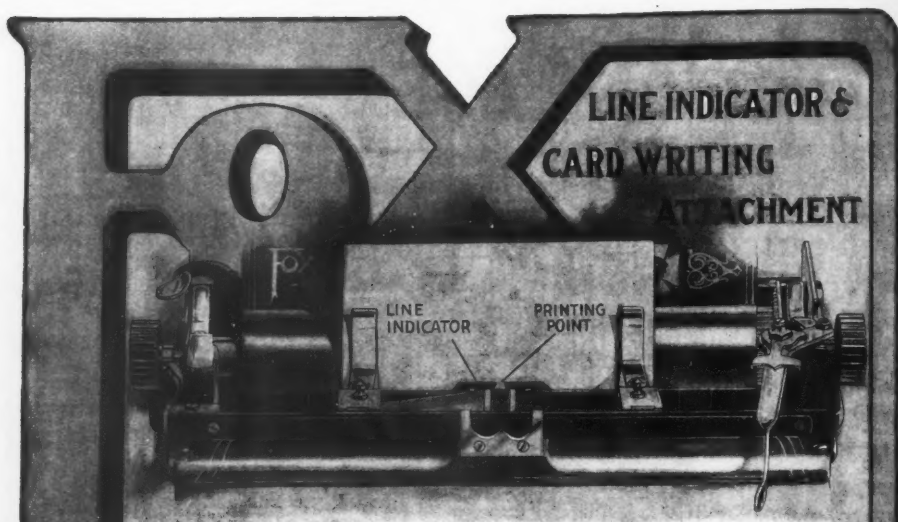
Detroit
Chicago
Milwaukee
St. Louis
Memphis

Minneapolis
Omaha
Kansas City
Denver
Seattle

San Francisco
Brantford, Ont.
London
Paris
Berlin



When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



THE EXACT PRINTING POINT

☛ In addition to the fact that all of the writing on the Fox Visible Typewriter is always in sight, the line indicator not only shows the writing line, but it shows the exact printing point, so that the Fox Visible is just what we claim—

A PERFECT VISIBLE TYPEWRITER

It shows all the writing. It shows the writing line.
It shows the exact printing point.

Every feature that will facilitate rapid work (as far as seeing is concerned) is thus provided for.

A CARD HOLDING ATTACHMENT AS WELL

☛ In addition to showing the writing line and the printing point the line indicator serves as a card holding attachment, and by the simple movement of a lever, holds firmly in position either one or any number of cards or thicknesses of paper, holding them so firmly that the extreme bottom edge of the card can be written on, doing away with the necessity of purchasing an extra card platen

OTHER DISTINCTIVE FEATURES ARE:

Interchangeable Carriages	Wide Adjustable Typebar	Two color Ribbon
Tabulator (with every machine)	Automatic Ribbon Reverse	Line Lock
The Key Tension on the Fox is $2\frac{1}{2}$ ounces. The Carriage Tension $1\frac{1}{4}$ pounds—From 25 to 50% less than on any other Typewriter.		

If you are interested in improving the typewritten work in your office, and at the same time doing it at less expense—Write us today.

We will demonstrate the superiority
of the FOX—AT OUR EXPENSE.

Complete Catalog on Request.

Fox Typewriter Company

Executive Office and Factory

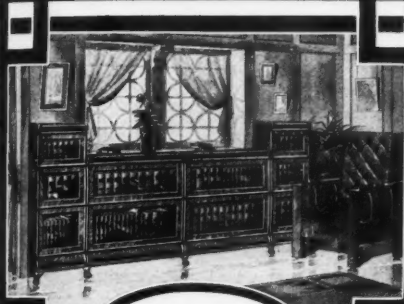
208 Front St. Grand Rapids, Mich.

Branches and Agencies in all Cities



The Varnish that lasts longest

Made by Murphy Varnish Company.



Macey

BOOKCASES

Rich in appearance, capacity large, books easy of access, doors move noiselessly and perfectly, sections for every conceivable space—full, half and corner sections—all dimensions for all sizes of books. Fully illustrated in Art Catalog No. D-1207. Sent on request.

Sold by dealers or direct from factory, freight paid.

The Macey Co.
GRAND RAPIDS MICHIGAN
Formerly THE FRED MACEY CO., Ltd.

Branch Retail Stores:
New York, 343 Broadway. Chicago, 80-82 Wabash Ave.
Boston, 49 Franklin St. Phila., 1017 Chestnut Street

**COLONIAL
MADE-TO-MEASURE
UNDERWEAR**
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Free Offer

of two pairs hosiery to introduce this famous made-to-measure underwear to those who have not worn it, we will send with first order of two suits or more two pairs of Ladies' or Gentlemen's first quality hose.

Colonial underwear is **made-to-order for you**, reinforced where the wear comes, not only fits you right but wears longer. Is made of better, newer materials and **costs no more** than the ready made article, that is not made to fit you.

Take advantage of this opportunity to get two pairs of highest grade hose **FREE** with your first order for the **best fitting, longest wearing underwear you have ever worn.**

We make two-piece garments or Union Suits (\$2.50 a suit and up) for men or women.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Send for our catalog now, it's **FREE.** You can take your own measurements. **This offer is limited.**

COLONIAL KNITTING MILLS
200-202 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO

No. 58



No. 34



Here is a Knife Men Love so Much

They Hate to Throw an Old Handle Away

No. 58. Cut is exact size; ebony handle, 3 blades, German silver ends. The long blade is for rough or fine work; the medium blade is as thin as a razor. Price, postpaid, \$1.00. If you are not "DE-E-E-LIGHTED" send it back.

Our strong 2-blade, 75c **Jack Knife** we send for a while for 48c, postpaid; 5 for \$2.

No. 34 we call "Our Master-piece;" weighs only 2 ozs.; 3 cutting blades; will cut a quill pen or an ax-handle; price, with ebony handle, postpaid, \$1.25; ivory, \$1.50; choicest pearl, \$2.00.

Send for 80 page Free List and "How to Use a Razor"

MAHER & GROSCH CO.
77 A STREET, TOLEDO, OHIO

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

1835
R. WALLACE
CARDINAL *PATTERN*



SILVER PLATE
THAT RESISTS WEAR

The outward appearance of plated ware can be seen — its lasting qualities must necessarily be taken on faith.

The pure beauty of the Cardinal pattern is plainly evident.

Its long life is guaranteed by the trademark "1835 R. Wallace" — that's why it is called "silver plate that resists wear."

Ask your dealer for "silver plate that resists wear," and don't forget the word **RESISTS**.

If you prefer Sterling ask to see Wallace's Berain pattern.

Send postal card for copy of our book, "The Story of Silverware and How to take Care of It."

Address to R. Wallace & Sons Mfg. Co., Box 20, Wallingford, Conn.

Write Today For This
FREE Pillow Top
For Pyrography

Made of beautiful Real Plush, in your choice of Old Gold, Tan, or Light Green Color, and plainly stamped with Colonial Maid Design, with full instructions so that anyone can burn it with handsome effect. Given free to every person who sends 25 cents to pay cost of stamping, shipping, etc.

We make this offer to get our big new catalog into the hands of new customers interested in home beautifying.

This handsome top burned **\$1.50**



Size
17 x 17
inches.

Only one
top to one
address.

SPECIAL Our No. 97, \$2.50 Out-
fit, only **\$1.60**

This splendid outfit, partly shown above, is complete for burning on plush, wood, leather, etc. Includes fine Platinum Point, Cork Handle, Rubber Tubing, Double-action Bulb, Metal Union Cork, Bottle, Alcohol Lamp, two pieces Stamped Practice Wood and full directions, all in neat leatherette box. Ask your dealer, or we will send C. O. D. When cash accompanies order for No. 97 outfit we include free our 64-page Pelican Instruction Handbook (price 35c), the most complete pyrography book published.

Assortment CM Only \$1.75

If bought by the piece would cost you \$2.50. Includes: One Handkerchief Box, size 6x11 inches; one Glove Box, 4x11½ inches; one hand-turned round Jewelry Box; one oval Picture Frame; one American Girl Panel, 8x11½ inches; one oval Match Hanger, 12 inches high; and three Small Panels in assorted designs, all pieces made of best three-ply basswood and beautifully stamped in late and popular designs, all ready for decorating. If Outfit No. 97 and this assortment are ordered together

our special price for both is only **\$3.20**

Write for New **FREE Catalog CM60** Contains 96 Pages with 999 illustrations. The largest pyrography catalog ever issued. Write for it today.

THAYER & CHANDLER,
160-164 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.
"Largest Makers of Pyrography Goods in the World."



GINSENG culture is the "Only Way" to make big money on little Capital. One acre is worth \$25,000, and yields more Revenue than a 100 acre farm.

My natural method of culture and Co-operative Plan enables you to take life easy and live in comfort on the large income from a small garden. Write today.

T. H. SUTTON, 600 Sherwood Avenue, Louisville, Ky.

ARMY AUCTION BARGAINS

Tents - \$1.00 up	Old Pistols - \$.50 up
Rifles - 1.25 "	Officers' Swords, new - \$1.75
Army Saddles - 3.00 "	Cavalry Sabres, " - 1.50
Bridles - 1.00 "	Army Fur Cap, " - 2.00
Leggins, pr. - 1.5 "	7 Shot Carbine, " - 3.50

1907 MILITARY ENCYCLOPEDIA CATALOGUE (\$1.00 book), 260 large pages, thousands beautiful illustrations—wholesale, retail prices of 15 acres **40c.**
AUCTION SALE goods, mailed 15 cents (stamps).
FRANCIS BANNERMAN, 501 Broadway, New York



Father Time Outwitted

Time cannot leave his marks on the woman who takes care of her complexion with Pompeian Massage Cream. Wrinkles and crow's-feet are driven away, sallowness vanishes, angles are rounded out and double-chins reduced by its use. Thus the clear, fresh complexion, the smooth skin, and the curves of cheek and chin that go with youth, may be retained past middle age by the woman who has found what

Pompeian Massage Cream

will do. The use of this preparation keeps skin, flesh, muscles and blood-vessels in a healthy, natural condition, which resists the imprints of time, work, worry and care.

FREE SAMPLE TO TEST

Simply fill in and mail us the coupon and we will send you a large sample, together with our illustrated book on Facial Massage, an invaluable guide for the proper care of the skin.

Suggest to your brother or husband that he try Pompeian Massage Cream after shaving: by cleansing the pores of soap it allays irritation, does away with soreness. All leading barbers will give a massage with Pompeian Cream—accept no substitutes.

We prefer you to buy of your dealer whenever possible, but do not accept a substitute for Pompeian under any circumstances. If your dealer does not keep it, we will send a 50-cent or \$1.00 jar of the cream, postpaid to any part of the world, on receipt of price.

POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 36 Prospect St., CLEVELAND, O.

Pompeian Massage Soap is appreciated by all who are particular in regard to the quality of the soap they use. For sale by all dealers—25c. a cake; box of 3 cakes, 60c.

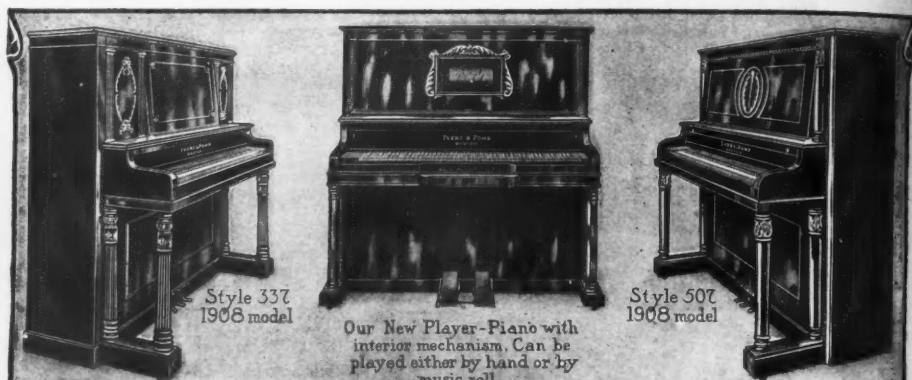


Pompeian Mfg. Co.
36 Prospect St.
Cleveland, Ohio
Gentlemen:—
Please send, without cost to me, one copy of your book on facial massage and a liberal sample of Pompeian Massage Cream.

Name

Address

CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND SEND IT TO US



IVERS & POND PIANOS.

OUR 1908 MODELS ARE OUT.

THEY embody over half a century's experience in high-class piano building, and are finer musically and handsomer architecturally than any we have ever made. IVERS & POND PIANOS are used in over 350 prominent educational institutions and more than forty thousand homes of culture throughout the United States.

Sold by leading piano-dealers everywhere, but if not for sale in your locality we can sell you direct from our large Boston establishment, and will mail you price-list and full information upon request. Our unique Easy Payment Plans allow time-buyers 12, 24, 36 and even up to 48 months to complete payments. Write us.

IVERS & POND PIANO COMPANY, 111 Boylston Street, Boston.



A CHICLET is a tiny, firm morsel of delicious chewing gum, enveloped in a dainty candy coating, flavored by six drops of pungent peppermint—a remarkably appetizing combination. In five and ten cent packets and in bulk at five cents the ounce, at the better kind of stores all over the United States and Canada. If your dealer can't sell you Chiclets, send us ten cents for a sample packet and booklet.

FRANK H. FLEER & CO., Inc., 521 No. 24th St., Philadelphia, U. S. A.



TWO BUTTERICK DESIGNS FROM THE OCTOBER NUMBER OF
THE DELINEATOR

THERE ARE ONE HUNDRED OTHERS

SEE THE REVERSE SIDE



Mrs. Osborn, the Creator of Fashions for Women of Fashion in America

has just returned from Paris, where she has been in close association with the great fashion creators of that center. With that fine discernment which has made her famous, she has selected the very best from their productions. Her letter for October (she writes every month) will tell you all about it. You can get this in *THE DELINEATOR*. It is a special treat.

Six Parisian Fashion Experts and Artists

always in touch with the great autocrats of style in Paris, report regularly, daily and weekly, the latest fads in fashion's world. There is nothing so up-to-date and authoritative. You can secure their services, illustrated in *Butterick Fashions*, for one dollar a year in *THE DELINEATOR* and nowhere else.

The Paris Home of The Delineator

At 27, Avenue De l'Opera is the Paris home of the Butterick fashions and the French edition of *THE DELINEATOR*, that has the largest circulation of any French publication of its kind. This is the tribute of Paris to the preeminence of Butterick Fashions.

Some contributors to *THE DELINEATOR* include Cyrus Townsend Brady, Kate Jordan, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mrs. Edwin Markham, Ada Patterson, Owen Oliver and many more.

For Fashion Authority and Literary Excellence Get

**15 Cents
a Copy**

THE DELINEATOR

**\$1.00
a Year**

FROM THE NEWSDEALERS, OR ANY BUTTERICK AGENT, OR

THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO., Ltd., Butterick Building, New York



The Menace of the Easy Divorce

By Francis L. Patton, D. D., LL. D. Dr. Patton, ex-president of Princeton, contributes one of the most important articles in *THE DELINEATOR* series on "The Marital Unrest," representing his views not only as an educator, but as a minister of the gospel. A clear statement by one of the foremost men of our times on the subject of greatest national importance to the men and women of our homes.

What Jane Addams Has Done for Chicago

Her work among the poor, in civic improvement and in the purification of municipal politics, is of such scope and intelligence that it bears national importance. The story is a heart appeal for those less fortunate than ourselves.

The Child Without a Home

By Mabel Potter Daggett.

Portraying the lives of thousands of little folks in our great cities who have scarcely known the caress of a kindly hand.

Delineator Music

Rupert Hughes's Exquisite Song "Absence"

Inaugurating a new department of original compositions secured for exclusive publication.

COOK'S

Linoleum

By insisting on COOK'S LINOLEUM, you settle at once the question of wearing quality.

Cook's Inlaid Linoleum is made by the modern process of molding. There is not a joint or seam, depression or weakness, in the entire piece. Cook's is a continuous texture end to end, side to side. No part of the pattern can rise up or be torn off; there is no place for dirt or disease germs to lodge, or for scrubwater to soak in.

Cook's Printed Linoleum differs from other printed linoleums—first, in greater pliability; second, in freedom from harshness of surface. Being tough without brittleness or harshness, Cook's stands the wear better without cracking or chipping off, and retains its colors longer.

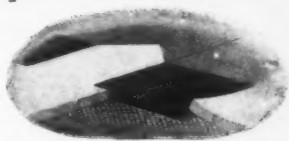
By writing for "**Cook's Linoleum Book T**" you can get complete information on linoleum; including color-plates of the newest patterns; suggestions for various rooms and hints on how to buy. Write for it to-day.

If your dealer won't supply Cook's, write us for the name of a dealer who will.

Cook's Decora for Your Walls The original, washable, water-proof wall covering. Taking the place of wall-paper because it won't crack and needs only a rub with a damp cloth to make it look perfectly new again. Write for leaflet describing **Cook's Decora**.

Trenton Oil Cloth & Linoleum Co., Trenton, New Jersey

Look for the name-COOKS-on the back



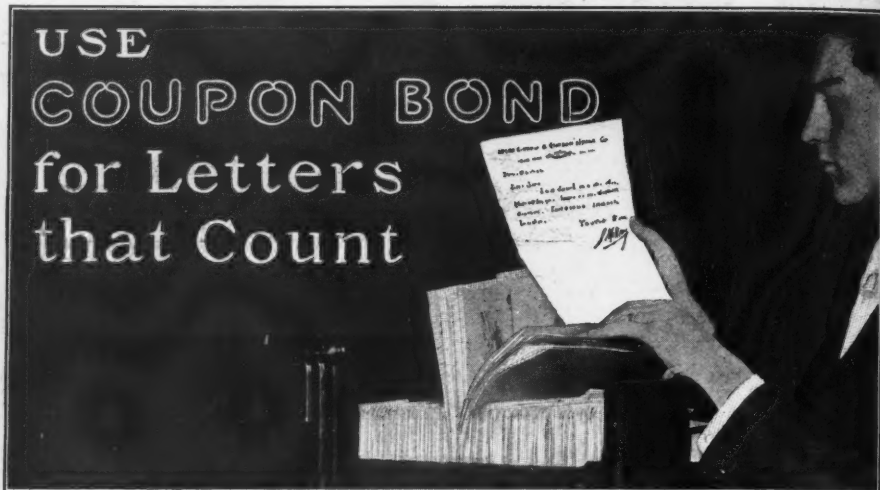
The old kind—formed of separate dies with joints everywhere.



Cook's Inlaid—molded in one piece. Combined inseparably with the burlap backing under hydraulic pressure of 3000 lbs. to the square inch.

Back Up Your Gray Matter With **COUPON BOND**

USE
COUPON BOND
for Letters
that Count



One year or fifty years from now, *your* letters in other people's files will look as well as the day they were received if they are written on

COUPON BOND

COUPON BOND betters by age, because it is made slowly.

You *cannot* hasten the process of paper making and get as good a paper as by the old slow method. *You have to build a sheet of paper.* That is why a blind man could tell a sheet of **COUPON BOND** in a ream of other papers. The "feel" would tell him the character of the paper. Its strength and surface would tell the story of slow, careful manufacture.

BACK UP YOUR GRAY MATTER WITH COUPON BOND

No paper is too good for letters that have to count.


Try it for yourself. Make an experiment. Get a month's supply of **COUPON BOND** from your printer and check up results.

The **COUPON BOND** book, showing various weights, finishes and colors, and how finely the paper prints, will be sent you with the name of a local printer or stationer who can supply you. Write us on your business letterhead.




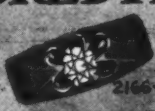
AMERICAN WRITING PAPER CO.,



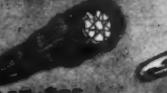

Largest Manufacturers of the Commercial
Paper in the World. 29 Mills.

HOLYOKE, MASS.



DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

20% Down, 10% A Month.

Quality and price, the two vital considerations in diamond buying, are always satisfactory to the buyer of Lyon Diamonds. Our 64-year reputation for reliability is your guarantee of quality. It is to our interest as much as to yours that every sale we make should strengthen that reputation.

As for prices, we are the lowest in the market, because we eliminate every avoidable expense. Importing diamonds in the rough, we save the enormous duties imposed upon polished stones. We import, cut, polish and sell direct to you. This saves you middlemen's profits.

Every customer is protected by our written guarantee to take back the diamond we sell him, and refund his money, if his dealer can duplicate our stone at our price. We agree to exchange any diamond, any time, at full value.

Diamond solitaire rings from \$20 to \$1,000 are included in our regular selling plan. Goods sent prepaid for examination. Write for illustrated Catalogue No. 4

J. M. LYON & CO.

ESTABLISHED
1843

71-73 Nassau Street
New York City.

The PAUL E WIRT FOUNTAIN PEN

The Winner! Something to "Crow About"!

Always Ready! Always Right! Always Writes!

THE

WIRT FOUNTAIN PEN


doesn't flinch or skip. ASK any USER of a WIRT if you need proof before trying; it always Writes when called upon. *You need*


A WIRT FOUNTAIN PEN

BEST BY TEST OF 30 YEARS.

Sold by leading dealers—there is no substitute. Catalogue of 100 styles sent on request. Address

Box G 26 Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania





When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

The Edison Phonograph

HAVE you a Phonograph? How long has it been since you have critically listened to one? Do you know how good The Edison Phonograph is today, how pure the tone, how satisfying the reproduction? If you have one you know. If you have not one, you ought to know—and it's easy to know. Somewhere near you there is an Edison Store. Go there and hear. Learn how inexpensive it is for a complete outfit, including records—and how favorable the terms. Then think of the pleasure you can give yourself, your family and your friends with the world's best music, its most catchy songs and the monologues and dialogues of its funniest comedians. And after doing all this you'll buy one, because you simply can't help it.



October Records

Twenty-four new EDISON RECORDS every month. Those for October will be in every Edison store September 27th. On that date we will send you THE PHONOGRAM, which lists them all and explains them too. We will also send our COMPLETE CATALOGUE and SUPPLEMENTAL CATALOGUE. You will like "Won't You Be My Teddy Bear?" It was sung by Anna Held in "The Parisian Model" and made a great hit. Records for all people can be had in all languages. Write today to
NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., 57 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.



TRADE MARK
Thomas A. Edison

KRANICH & BACH PIANOS

are honestly made by the second and third generations of men who were pioneers in piano building in America. Among the pianos of high grade, these instruments embody more exclusive features of scale, stringing, action, tone and artistic appearance and are the greatest value for their or any price.

How to Judge a Good Piano—From an Unprejudiced Standpoint: The buyer of a piano usually depends upon the opinion of a musical friend or a salesman. **You can know for yourself and avoid expensive mistakes.** We have reprinted an impartial article from a recent issue of a Standard magazine, written by one of the best piano experts in America.

This article tells plainly, simply and authoritatively how to judge any piano made and whether it is high grade or inferior—in short, whether it will prove a satisfactory investment as a musical instrument. We will send it prepaid to all readers of Cosmopolitan who write for our new catalogue. The book will prove valuable to any prospective piano purchaser—no matter what piano may be in mind.

Sold by all of our agents upon most convenient partial payment terms. Old or unsatisfactory pianos taken in exchange by all our dealers.

KRANICH & BACH

233-245 E. 23d St.

New York



When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

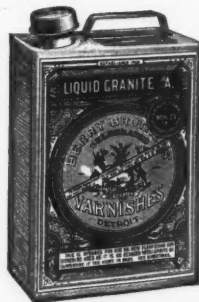


WHEN YOU BUILD
LIQUID GRANITE
SHOULD BE SPECIFIED

It is the VARNISH that adds the final touch of beauty to artistic home finishing. "*Liquid Granite makes poor floors feel rich,*" and look rich too; hence its popularity as a renovator and protector of all material on which a varnish can be used. For restoring Oilcloth and Linoleum *Liquid Granite* has no equal. It is easy to apply and difficult to deface.

Ask your dealer for Liquid Granite and insist on what you ask for. If he does not keep it have him order it and accept no substitute. Write to us for finished woods, and literature on wood finishing and home varnishing.

*Put up only in cans of convenient
size from 1/2 pint to 5 gallons*



New York
202 Pearl St.
Boston
320 Atlantic Ave.
Philadelphia
26-28 No. 4th St.
Baltimore
29 S. Hanover St.

BERRY BROTHERS, Limited
Varnish Manufacturers
ESTABLISHED 1858
DETROIT

Canadian Office and Factory: Walkerville, Ont.

Chicago
48-50 Lake St.
Cincinnati
430 Main St.
St. Louis
112 So. 4th St.
San Francisco
608 Howard St.

"The Business of This Place is to Raise Salaries."



Short Stories of Men Who Have Won High Salaries

Nothing ever written contains such dramatic history of success as the stories of the men who, through the help of the International Correspondence Schools, have won higher places in the world. The *voluntary* endorsement of these men proves beyond any question of doubt that training *does* pay—and that the I. C. S. *does* help poorly paid men succeed.

From Chainman to Civil Engineer, with an office of his own, is the happy experience of Mr. G. A. Collins, of Santa Fe, New Mexico. Mr. Collins says: "My earnings have been increased nearly 1000 per cent. The I. C. S. is certainly a wonderful institution."

Another man, Mr. Joseph Cain, once a mine foreman at \$60.00 a month, is now Mine Superintendent at Searles, Ala., earning a salary of \$225.00 a month. I. C. S. training did it. Mr. Cain writes: "I know of no other method than the I. C. S. by which a man can advance so quickly and surely."

Now earning a salary of \$300 a week, where before he received but \$3.00 a day, Mr. Chas. E. Norberg, of Los Angeles, Cal., says: "Previous to this, I had only a common school education, but the instruction given was *so plain, so easy to follow, and so practical*, that I have now become a General Contractor, and my earnings range from \$75 to \$300 a week. The I. C. S. is certainly a great blessing to the wage earner."

And so it goes. Yet this is not all. These men do not merely advance but a step or two. They go on, on, on, earning more all the time.

The I. C. S. helps you *in your spare time*. No need to leave home or your present position. Lack of capital need not hinder you. It is immaterial where you live or what you do—the I. C. S. can reach you if you want a better position, more money, promotion.

During July 351 students voluntarily reported salary increases and better positions because of I. C. S. training.

You can learn how it is done by sending the attached coupon to the I. C. S. *No charge whatever for this information.*

Be a Success. Mark the Coupon To-day.

International Correspondence Schools,

Box 541, SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked X

Bookkeeper
Stenographer
Advertisement Writer
Show Card Writer
Window Trimmer
Commercial Law
Illustrator
Civil Service
Chemist
Textile Mill Supt.
Electrician
Elec. Engineer

Mechanical Draftsman
Telephone Engineer
Elec. Lighting Supt.
Mechan. Engineer
Surveyor
Stationary Engineer
Civil Engineer
Building Contractor
Architect
Architect
Structural Engineer
Bridge Engineer
Mining Engineer

Name _____
Street and No. _____
City _____ State _____



"Lundstrom" Sectional Bookcases

The Lundstrom Sectional Bookcases are made for and universally used in the finest homes and offices throughout the country.

They combine artistic appearance, solidity of construction and latest practical improvements. Sent

On Approval Freight Paid

Rigid economy, acquired by the manufacture of a single product in large quantities and our modern methods of selling direct to the user, enable us to offer a superior article at a considerable saving in cost to the purchaser

Solid Oak per section **\$100 and Upwards**

Send for Our Beautiful New Catalogue No. 40

In which we illustrate the different grades from neatly finished Solid Oak cases at above prices, to the highly polished Solid Mahogany cases for the more elaborate library. Every book section has non-binding, disappearing glass door.

THE C. P. LUNDSTROM MFG. COMPANY, LITTLE FALLS, N. Y.
Manufacturers of Sectional Bookcases and Filing Cabinets.

The Stock of the
United States Banana Co.
YIELDS 10% NOW
PAYABLE 2 1/2% QUARTERLY
WRITE FOR PARTICULARS
Barney, Mitchell & Co., Whitehall Bldg., New York

Die in
open air
seeking
water.



Rat Bis-Kit "Gets them all"

Has
cleaned
out the
worst
infested
"rat-

Packed in boxes, ready for use.

holes." Rats and mice leave choicest food and grain for it. Dry, clean; never leaves a mark.

At Druggists—15c. a box. If yours hasn't it, send us 25c. for one box or 60c. for three boxes, express prepaid. Also ask your druggist for **Yankee Roach Powder** or send us 25c.; we'll mail direct to you. "Never fails."

THE RAT BISCUIT CO., Dept. 4, Springfield O.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

Write
to-day

Catalog
free
with
full
information



Motsinger Auto-Sparker

starts and runs
Gas Engines without Batteries

No other machine can do it successfully for lack of original patents owned by us. No twist motion in our drive. No belt or switch necessary. No batteries whatever, for make and break or jump-spark. Water and dust-proof. Fully guaranteed.

MOTSINGER DEVICE MFG CO.

15 Main Street, Pendleton, Ind., U. S. A.



IGNORANCE of the laws of self and sex will not excuse infraction of Nature's decree. The knowledge vital to

A Happy Marriage

has been collected from the experience of the ages, in

SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

By **WILLIAM H. WALLING, A.M., M.D.**

It contains in one volume:

- Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
- Knowledge a Father Should Have.
- Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
- Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
- Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

"Sexology" is endorsed and is in the libraries of the heads of our government and the most eminent physicians, preachers, professors and lawyers throughout the country.

Rich Cloth Binding, Full Gold Stamp, Illustrated, \$2.00

Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents

Puritan Pub. Co., Dept. A, Phila., Pa.

WINSLOW'S Skates

The
standard
for over
fifty years.

Made
in all
styles and
grades.

THE BEST ICE AND ROLLER SKATES



Our new illustrated catalogues are free. Write for a copy, and let us know whether you are interested in Ice or Roller Skates.

THE SAMUEL WINSLOW SKATE MFG. CO.

Worcester, Mass., U. S. A.

84-86 Chambers St., New York.

8 Long Lane, E. C., London.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



"When Frost is on the Pumpkin
and fodder's in the shock," there comes a feeling of
satisfaction to daily users of

Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder

at having survived the summer months with clear skin and com-
plexions unimpaired. Mennen's is a safe and pure toilet necessity,
delightful after bathing and after shaving, and indispensable in
the nursery.

For your protection it is put up in a non-refillable box—the
"box that fits." If MENNEN'S face is on the cover it's genuine
and a guarantee of purity. Guaranteed under the Food and
Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial No. 1542.

Sold everywhere, or by mail, 25 cents. Sample Free.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

Try MENNEN'S Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder
It has the scent of fresh-cut Parma Violets

Filtered Coffee

Ever stop to think why
coffee that is boiled is of-
ten bitter and unpleasant?

It's because the tannic
acid and the strong, as-
tringent properties have
been extracted from the
grounds.

Filtered Coffee made
in the



Manning- Bowman

"METEOR"

Coffee Percolator

contains nothing but the good
of the coffee, and the grounds are
left above the liquid where they
can do no harm. Coffee made
in this way can be enjoyed by
the most delicate persons.

Saves One-Third over all other
methods.

Sold by leading dealers in both urn
and coffee pot styles. Write for
Booklet "K-15"

MANNING, BOWMAN & CO.
Meriden, Conn.

OPEN



Fight the "White Plague" with Fresh Air!

"It is an outrageous shame that so many people die needlessly of Tuberculosis. Tuberculosis is generally nothing short of suicide. People coop themselves up in the stuffy, vitiated air of living rooms all day and night and then wonder why the 'White Plague' slowly chokes them to death. Get out into the fresh air that God gave you! You have no excuse for breathing poison when for a few dollars modern devices make it possible to fill your lungs with the breath of life."—From Dr. Baker's address to tubercular patients.

M. Portable & Open-air M. Cottages

are as movable as a tent, as comfortable as a house; Water Tight Roof
and Dry Matched Pine Floor. Light and Fresh Air in abundance.
Enclose 2c stamp for handsome Illustrated Catalogue of our M. & M.
Portable Houses, Summer Cottages, Automobile Houses, etc.

WE PAY THE FREIGHT.

MERSON & MORLEY CO., 64 Broadway, Saginaw, Mich.

CLOSED



When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

RASHES Irritations



ECZEMA

And other torturing, disfiguring humours, inflammations, itchings, and chafings of infants, children, and adults instantly relieved, in the majority of cases, by warm baths with Cuticura Soap and gentle applications of Cuticura Ointment, the great Skin Cure. This pure, sweet, and gentle treatment permits rest and sleep, and points to a speedy cure in the most distressing cases, when all else fails.

Guaranteed absolutely pure and may be used from the hour of birth.

Sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 5, Rue de la Paix; Australia, R. Towns & Co.; Sydney; India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Drug Co.; Japan, Maruya, Ltd.; Tokio; Russia, Ferrein, Moscow; South Africa, Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, etc.; U.S.A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Post-free, Cuticura Book on Care of Skin.



**By Using the Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums.
A Device that is Scientific, Simple, Direct, and
Restores Hearing in Even the Oldest Person—
Comfortable, Invisible and Perfect Fitting.**

They are so soft in the ears one can't tell they are wearing them. And no one else can tell, either, because they are out of sight when worn. Wilson's Ear Drums are to weak hearing what spectacles are to weak sight.

Because they are sound magnifiers, just as spectacles are sight magnifiers.

They rest the Ear Nerves by taking the strain off them—the strain of trying to hear dim sounds. They can be put into the ears, or taken out in a minute, just as comfortably as spectacles can be put on and off.

And, they can be worn for weeks at a time, because they are ventilated and so soft in the ear holes they are not felt even when the head rests on the pillow. They protect raw inner parts of the ear from wind or cold, dust, or sudden and piercing sounds.

THE PROOF is in our Book, which tells how these tiny sound magnifiers are made, and contains four hundred letters from people whose hearing was brought back by their use. **BOOK FREE.** Send postal for it today—get it by return mail.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., 234 Todd Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

Fashion Book Free!

I want to send you my handsome new book showing hundreds of the latest styles with illustrated lessons on cutting and dressmaking. I will agree to sell you all the patterns you want for five cents each. They are the same patterns you have always paid 10c and 15c for at the stores, made by the same people, and correct in every detail.

HOW I DO IT.

I publish the **FARMER'S CALL**, a weekly farm paper that every Farmer should read. I want every farm home to subscribe for it. It treats on all subjects pertaining to the farm. It is also mighty interesting for the woman on a farm.

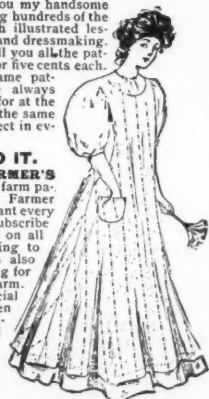
Among its special features for women folks is its fashions in which I show the

Five Cent Patterns.

Let me help you to save money.

My Special Offer.

Send me 25 cents and I will send you the **Farmer's Call** every week (over 1,000 pages) for one year and will send my big Fashion Book to you free. I will also agree to sell you any pattern you want thereafter for 5 cts. I can sell them for 5 cents because I buy them by the thousand and don't make any profit. I don't want the profit, I want your subscription to the **FARMER'S CALL**. You will save many times the cost of my offer in a year. Write to-day. **JOHN M. STAHL, Dept. 5 Quincy, Ill.**



THE-YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST PAPER FOR FAMILY READING.

New Subscribers who send \$1.75 at once for The Companion for 1908 will receive eight issues Free (see offer below).

The Contents of the 52 issues for 1908 will include:

250 Good Stories

— Serial Stories, Stories of Character, Adventure and Heroism.

350 Articles

Sketches and Reminiscences by Distinguished Men and Women.

1000 Notes

on Current Events, and Discoveries and Inventions in Nature and Science.



IT COMES EVERY WEEK THE YEAR ROUND.

2000 One-Minute Stories

Bits of Humor and Miscellany, the Weekly Health Article, Timely Editorials, the Children's Page, Etc.

EVERY NEW SUBSCRIBER

Who cuts out and sends this slip (or mentions this publication) at once with \$1.75 for The Companion for 1908 will receive

FREE

The eight issues of The Companion for Nov. and Dec. 1907. The Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Double Numbers. The Companion's 4-Leaf Hanging Calendar for 1908 in full color. Then The Companion for the 52 weeks of 1908—a Library of the Best Reading for Every Member of the Family.

Send for Free Sample Copies and Illustrated Announcement for 1908.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION - - BOSTON, MASS.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

Helpful Hints for the Motorist

The Care of Magnetos

BY ROBERT BARTLETT

THOUGH it is now two or three years since the use of the magneto became general on American cars, there are still those who look upon it with suspicion. It is still regarded as more or less of a mystery—in many cases by those who should know better, their distrust most often taking the shape of a fear of being left helpless should anything happen to this most important part of the ignition system on the road. The practice of equipping the up-to-date car with two independent systems of ignition that has become general has done much to show the average motorist that the small alternating current generator is a most dependable machine.

Doubtless the suspicion of many of those who have since blossomed forth as engineers was merely the distrust of ignorance—with the motorist himself it was another matter. He was usually frank to confess his utter lack of knowledge and it was just that which made him fight shy of something which was so entirely beyond him.

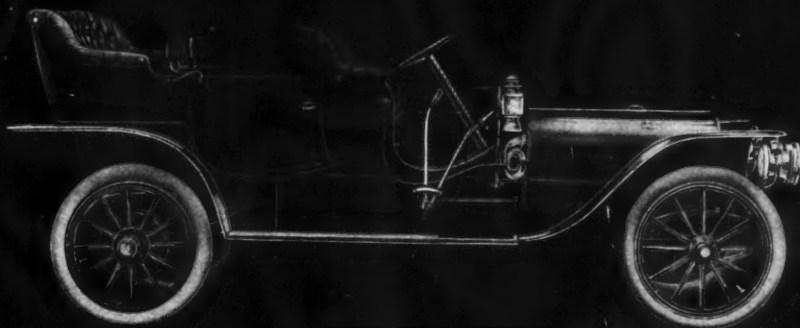
That this natural, albeit entirely unfounded, suspicion should have sprung into existence was probably inevitable, for as one owner tersely put it, no one was anxious to put such an amount as a first-class magneto cost into "a box of tricks," for it was in this category that the high-tension magneto was early placed by many of the uninitiated. But that it should have lasted for such a length of time as it did seems almost inconceivable. It is not the intention here to attempt to explain the why and wherefore of the magneto from a technical point of view, nor to reduce a technical description of its workings to words of one syllable, so to speak. The subject is one that has been dwelt upon at length to such an extent that it would seem as if there could hardly be a motorist who has not had all of this he could possibly digest for some time to come, or at least a good opportunity to do so, were he thus inclined. There are, however, several points that it will be necessary to refer to from time to time in order to make clear the discussion of what is intended to be the subject matter of the present article; that is, the operation of the magneto on the car and its proper maintenance.

And one of these that should probably be brought up at the outset, as there appears to be a general amount of misunderstanding concerning it, refers to the difference that exists

between the types of magnetos in current use. As already stated, it is assumed that the reader is at least conversant with the rudiments of the alternator as applied to automobile ignition, but he is frequently puzzled in trying to distinguish some of the machines which at times he hears referred to as low tension, and at others as high tension. In short, there are three distinctive types of systems in general use, though there are actually but two different kinds of machines. The simplest of these is naturally the simple pure low tension magneto which is distinguished by its extreme simplicity and which is always used in connection with make and break ignitors, not being applicable to use with the jump spark plug; nowadays, it is entirely self-contained, being grounded on the motor by its connection with its base plane on the frame while the other side of the circuit is usually led to what in electrical parlance would be termed a bus-bar—that is, a strip of brass or copper to which is attached the single wire from the magneto and from which the plug connections are made by individual switches to facilitate testing for ignition and other faults.

At the other extreme, there is another type of self-contained ignition unit—what may most correctly be termed the true high tension magneto. In this the current is generated in exactly the same way as in the low tension magneto—in fact, the same as in every magneto of whatever type, the same covering all generators using a permanent magnetic field, as contrasted with one employing an electrically excited field known as an electro-magnet as used on the dynamo. A ground connection is also formed, in this case both on the primary and the secondary sides, by the attachment of the machine to the motor. The chief difference is to be found in the fact that the low tension machine has but a single winding of comparatively coarse wire on its armature or revolving part, while the true high tension magneto carries both the primary or generative winding and a secondary or transformer winding on the same core. The current is stepped to a high potential or voltage simultaneously with its generation; the remainder of the accessories to be found on machines of this type arise from the necessity of properly handling the secondary current thus produced. To give a simile that will doubtless serve to make the matter clear even to the least versed in such lore,

1908 Franklins



Type H six-cylinder seven-passenger touring-car, 42 horse-power, \$4000—top and special equipment or colors extra.

Forty per cent more power
without more weight.

The greatest advance since
automobiling began.

16 h. p. Touring-car \$1850

16 h. p. Runabout \$1750

28 h. p. Touring-car or Runabout \$2850

42 h. p. Touring-car or Runabout \$4000

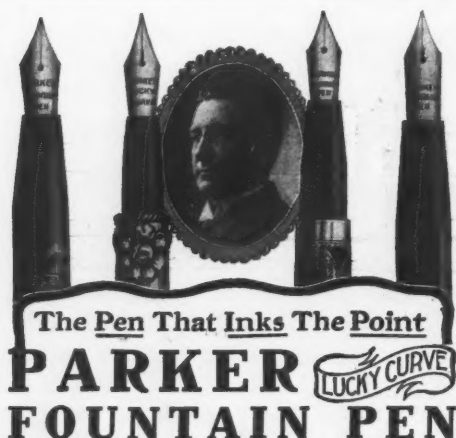
Landaulets and Limousines.

Prices f. o. b. Syracuse

Send for book of Advance News.

H H FRANKLIN MFG. CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.



Are you satisfied in using a fountain pen to be compelled to wipe off the inky nozzle each time the cap is removed or have soiled fingers?

If not, buy a Parker Pen with the Lucky Curve and avoid this trouble.

"The pen that inks the point" is the name of a little booklet we would like to send you because it tells why Parker Pen users have pleasant thoughts and clean pens.

Perhaps your dealer sells the Parker—ask him—if not ask us, and we will send you a beautiful catalogue and a personal letter telling you where you can find a Parker Pen dealer. It's worth while to be particular when buying a pen.

See that it has the "Lucky Curve."

Standard or Self-filling. Catalogue free.

The Parker Pen Co. 22 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.

European Branch: Stuttgart, Germany.

Canadian Agency: Buntin, Gillies & Co., Hamilton and Montreal.

Gerber Carlisle Co., Mexico City, Mex. E. Luff & Co., Sydney, Aus.

A-R-E
SIX'S

A Time-Tried 6% Investment

WE offer you an unusual investment opportunity, affording the highest return consistent with absolute safety, based upon the best security on earth—selected New York real estate.

There is nothing new or experimental in the proposition. We have been paying 6% to thousands of investors the country over for nearly twenty years.

There is nothing sensational in this proposition. It is merely a matter of safely *investing* your money instead of safely *loaning* it.

If you are interested in saving money or investing money already saved you ought to read our literature about A-R-E 6% Gold Bonds and the security on which they are based. Write us about it.

American Real Estate Company

523 Night and Day Bank Building

Fifth Avenue and 44th Street, New York City

it may be said that the true high tension type of magneto is a combination of the low tension type with an induction coil, a timer and a distributor. It is just as if the battery, coils and timer of the ordinary system of ignition had been combined into one very small and compact piece of apparatus which is, in short, entirely self-contained.

Between these two there is an intermediate step which may most appropriately be designated as the high-tension with coil type. It is thought this was the first step toward the unit type that appeared shortly after it, and both systems have in the meantime come into more or less general use. As its name signifies, it is essentially a low tension generator used in connection with an independent induction coil to step the current up to the required tension, but a further refinement has been incorporated in the shape of a synchronously operated distributor mounted directly on the magneto itself and driven by half speed pinions from the armature shaft of the latter. The current is permitted to flow into the primary winding of the coil twice per revolution of the armature as in the high tension type, and the operation of the contact breaker also corresponds to the passage of the grounded terminal of the distributor disk under one of the distributor fingers corresponding to the cylinder to be fired, in all of which respects both machines are similar, so that their differences may be summed up in the single distinction of having the coil incorporated in one case and independent in the other. The difference in type has little or no bearing on the treatment necessary at the hands of the driver, nor the remedies to be employed in case of defection on the road, as both are so nearly alike in their working parts that the description of the ills to which one is subject will apply equally well to both.

Dirt is an enemy to be guarded against here as everywhere else, and the best magnetos on the market have more than once been utterly condemned when the amount of "matter out of place," not more than sufficient to put a finger nail in mourning, has been the sole moving cause. Before the machine came to be as well understood as is the case to-day the garage cleaners had considerable contempt for it, patterning after the drivers who despised it solely from ignorance and were not over-careful in guarding it when performing the car's ablutions nor when wiping the engine off, for a small piece of stray cotton waste has sometimes been discovered after a long and trying search of totally innocent things to have been the genesis of over-much profanity on the part of the searcher. It would seem entirely superfluous to add that water is even more fatal than dirt, but to anyone who has seen the variegated pyrotechnics re-

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



12-14 H.P. Tourabout, \$825

The Family Necessity Car—the car that you, your wife and your family need every day—the Economical Car—

THAT'S *The* **"Maxwell"**

The "Maxwell" is not a fad machine, a luxury or a racer. It is an every day utility—the most perfect means of conveyance ever perfected—a sure, safe, sound, year-in and year-out indispensability for the business man—for everybody who wants automobile comfort at little cost.

And why pay from \$2000 to \$5000, or even more, for a motor car with fancy horse-power, when the "Maxwell" will fulfill every requirement?

The "Maxwell" 12-14 H. P. Tourabout, for \$825, is all that anybody could wish in the way of a two-passenger car. The "Maxwell" 16-20 H. P. Touring Car, at \$1450, is the most popular family car in America.

There are over 7,000 "Maxwells" in use in America today.

The way to appreciate to the best advantage what a sturdy, trouble-proof car the "Maxwell" is, is to let us give you a ride in a "Maxwell" up the most stubborn hill or over the toughest piece of road that you know.

That will show you! The "Maxwell" catalogue is free for the asking, and is a valuable book of information for anybody interested in motor cars. Dept. 26.

A letter addressed to me personally will secure an introduction to the "Maxwell" dealer nearest you for that "Maxwell" ride.

10 Walnut St., Tarrytown, N. Y.

Main Plant:

TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

Factories:

CHICAGO, ILL.

PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Benj. Briscoe

President, Maxwell-Briscoe Motor Co.

A. M. C. M. A.

DEALERS IN ALL
LARGE CITIES



16-20 H.P. Touring Car, \$1,450

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



Every man who wants to keep well-groomed should own a set of

The "Practical" Trousers-Hanger and Press

"The only one that really does the work"

Presses your trousers over night as smooth as if ironed.

Made on a patented principle; cannot be imitated; is substantial, finely finished, instantly adjustable; lasts a life-time; doubles your closet-capacity; saves time and bother; and (in the cost of pressing) saves its price many times over.

Our five dollar set contains 5 trousers-hangers and 3 closet rods. This number meets the average needs. Single trousers-hanger \$1.00. Single closet rod 25c. All goods sent express prepaid.

Special Offer With first order only for one trousers-hanger we will include one closet rod free. If not satisfied, we refund your money any time within 60 days, and goods are returnable at our expense. Illustrated booklet free on request.

Practical Novelty Co., 423 Walnut St., Philadelphia

Reasons Why!!



FRONT

BACK

Men Like "COMMON SENSE" SUSPENDERS

1. Do not slide from the shoulders
2. Easiest suspender made
3. Long, medium and short lengths
4. Latest invisible drawers supporter
5. Best material

Price 50c.

{ At all stores or
by mail postpaid

Common Sense Suspender Co., Morristown, N. J.

sulting when the secondary current strikes wet surfaces it scarcely seems necessary to dwell at length on this phase of the subject. Good tight cases are usually part of the equipment of every magneto and as a further means of protection it is customary to fit leather or rubber covers over the machine as a whole.

As already made plain, moving parts will wear so that when looking for the cause of a breakdown, the chauffeur who makes it an invariable practice to ascertain the condition of moving parts first and before indulging in a random tour of inspection that takes him all over the engine and frequently over the same parts half a dozen times, encounters little, if any, difficulty in locating the cause. There are two contacts on every high tension magneto, that on the primary and the one on the secondary distributor. The latter is not as readily found on the average machine as is the primary contact, but its functions are of equal importance with those of the former, for the result will be equally unpleasant whether the generator is not producing a current and the ignition fails on that account, or whether, continuing to produce a current, this is not being conducted to the spark plugs.

The motorist should accordingly familiarize himself, not alone with the exact locality of these two vital parts of the generator, but he should also make the acquaintance of every one of their components, as well as the relationship they bear to one another. It is such an extremely easy matter to dismount the two or three little pieces—sometimes not as many—that go to make up these essential portions of the machine that little or no care is exercised in noting just how they go together and their reassembling in proper position sometimes proves an enigma, particularly to those not otherwise versed in the details of small electric machinery. Once learned, they will seldom be forgotten; it is a lesson that needs but one teaching and though we never learn things quite so thoroughly in any other way as by the hard road of experience, most of us prefer to have someone else inculcate the rudiments in the idle moments of leisure rather than have the necessity of acquiring the much-needed knowledge perforce on the road or find some other way of getting back.

The purpose of the contact piece on the secondary side of the machine is to form a common return for the current from each one of the plugs. It is the grounded connection of the high tension side and as the distributor is a constantly moving part of the machine, a contact is a necessity instead of a firm connection which would naturally be preferable.

BRIDAL ROSE



Sterling
Silver

A beautiful and exclusive design and expert workmanship characterize the Bridal Rose pattern shown above, a pattern most appropriate for Wedding and Wedding Anniversary Gifts. Your dealer can furnish it in all the articles required for the complete equipment of the table.

Send for Pamphlet.

Fifth Ave. at 35th St.
NEW YORK CITY



VOSE PIANOS

This Vose style, known as the "Library Model," is cased in a unique art setting that is as distinctive in its beauty as is the Vose Tone in its artistic quality.

WE CHALLENGE COMPARISONS

During fifty-six years the Vose Piano has been purchased for use in nearly 60,000 homes, and its popularity is attested by the continually increasing demand for home use.

By our plan of convenient payments we put the Vose Piano within the reach of those whose refined taste leads them to desire an artistic instrument. We make a liberal allowance for your old instrument, and deliver piano at your home.

Send for our beautifully
illustrated catalogue.

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.
Vose Bldg., . . BOSTON, MASS.



Over five thousand miles without a single adjustment to power plant; that's the record which motor car authorities challenge all Europe to equal. Moreover the car is now running with original New York and Chicago Motor Clubs seals intact. A Mechanically Right MORA power plant and MORA Mud Proof Construction is what made this feat possible.

When you own a

Mora

MECHANICALLY RIGHT

you're assured of a right racy car equally suitable for town or cross country running.

Its low speed motor runs smoothly on high gear as slow as four miles an hour, also as fast as most drivers care to go.

Wheel base, 98 inches; weight, 1750 pounds; 24 horse power; La Coste magneto. Price, \$2300.

Write for "The Sealed Bonnet," free. Being a complete story of the most wonderful world's endurance record ever created in motor car history.

MORA MOTOR CAR CO.

2 Mora Place, NEWARK, New York



The Fame of Tom L. Johnson

President of this bank, as an earnest worker for the interests of the whole people is world-wide. Few men are better known and the efforts of none are more appreciated. In organizing this bank we enlisted the personal and financial co-operation of Mr. Johnson upon the understanding that it should be a bank for "*the people*" rather than for the benefit of a few capitalists.

It is particularly gratifying that we are able to present our

BANK MONEY ORDER PLAN

the most *perfect* method ever devised for handling accounts from depositors *anywhere* in the world. When you send money to us for deposit, we issue to you, instead of the old, clumsy "pass-book," with its dangerous and inconvenient features, our Bank Money Orders. They show, on their face, the amount of principal and interest—you know what it is at a glance, without figuring. They are *Certified Checks* on this Bank, the *safest* known form of commercial paper. You *keep* them and when you *need* money,

You Can Have These Bank Money Orders Cashed Instantly—Anywhere

with interest at 4 per cent. The plan is ideal—your money is *always* on deposit, yet you have it *constantly* in *hand* ready for *instant* use in time of need.

Deposits accepted for any sum from \$1.00 up, and from the moment your money reaches us it draws

4 PER CENT. INTEREST

If you have money on deposit *anywhere*, or if you contemplate opening a savings account, you *owe* it to *yourself* and those dependent upon you to *investigate* this remarkably convenient and safe method.

Write for Booklet "*K*" *to-day*, or send us your deposit and we will at once mail you BANK MONEY ORDERS for the full amount. The booklet is free—write for it now.

THE DEPOSITORS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
TOM L. JOHNSON, President, - CLEVELAND, OHIO



OUR BUILDING

BANKING
BY
MAIL
AT
4% INTEREST
COMPOUNDED
TWICE A YEAR

WITH

**THE CITIZENS SAVINGS
& TRUST COMPANY**

OF CLEVELAND, OHIO

has been proved to be

SAFE, PROFITABLE AND CONVENIENT

SAFE, because your money will be deposited with a bank which has been transacting a conservative savings bank business since 1868, its assets having steadily increased until they now amount to over

FORTY-TWO MILLION DOLLARS.

PROFITABLE, because savings which are earning you three per cent interest or less, may by our method safely bring you

4 PER CENT INTEREST

compounded twice a year with your money always available.

CONVENIENT, because patrons from all parts of the world are mailing their deposits with facility and entire privacy.

CAPITAL and SURPLUS, \$6,500,000.00.

Mail this coupon to-day or send your address on a postal card asking for Booklet "W"

The Citizens Savings & Trust Company
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Send me your free booklet "W" describing your system of Banking by Mail at 4 per cent interest.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

WINCHESTER

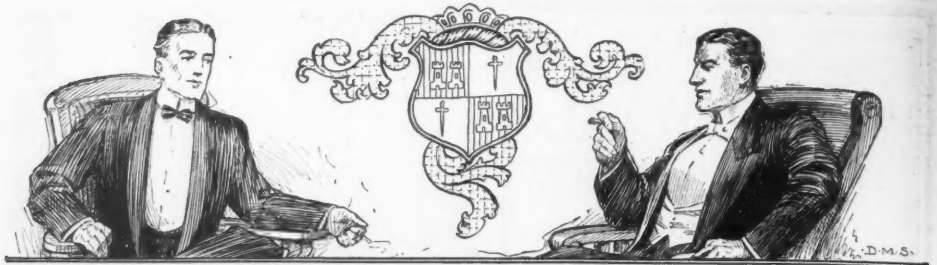


.405 Caliber Model '95 High-Power Rifle

This rifle, aptly called the "Grizzly Gun," is the most powerful hunting arm ever made. No animal can withstand the smashing, knock-down blow of the 300-grain bullet it shoots. For hunting dangerous game, it's the gun of guns. Investigate its merits.

FREE: Our large illustrated catalogue,

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.



MEN'S MODES & MANNERS

BY GEORGE CARTER SHERMAN

IF ever a sartorial convention be held for the purpose of designing clothes for evening dress, I want to be present at that meeting. If it happens when I'm asleep, I want to be awakened (even if it be midnight), and I'll travel hundreds of miles (even if I have to walk), and I will then raise my feeble voice (even if I be obliged to fortify it with a megaphone) and cry out for some new style, cut, form, creation or whatever is needed in order to institute for evening wear a coat which will be a radical departure from the present so-called "full-dress suit."

If you follow the cut of the garment from the top of the collar and proceed along the left side of the garment, in the language of the sailor (who once saw his admiral decked in this robe), you go southwest by south for half the course, then south a half west, then southeast a half east, then south southeast along a good part of the course, then due east—and just the opposite course for the other side. If you don't believe this description covers the article of dress, just try to describe the cut of the coat to a friend, without first telling him what you are trying to do. If he guesses the answer, I am all wrong. However, as custom prescribes the use of this coat, we must submit to wearing it, and, in doing so, let us try to get one which, while conforming to the mode prescribed by custom, will at the same time present some element of style and beauty; that is, if there is any beauty at all in such garment.

The shoulders should always be made square and broad, with full, shaped sleeves, and a blind cuff of silk cord about two inches from the bottom of the sleeve. The waist should be shaped and hug the body, the skirt full and liberal. The tails from the waist-line should not slant too much to the back of the coat, but should be made as nearly vertical as possible, with corners slightly curved. These coats, this season, are made long, with an attempt to have them graceful, if such thing be possible. The coat is made with peaked or notched collars. The shawl collars have been relegated to the history of past styles.

The trousers are cut full and peg-top and have a wide military seam of black, silk-corded tape.

The waistcoats worn are no longer the U shaped ones, with wide opening at the bottom, but are cut more V shaped, with two or three buttons and pointed bottoms, slanting well upward, fitting closely over the hips. Waistcoats of white silk or mercerized material, or light gray with pearl buttons, will predominate, and are made with two "watch" pockets without flaps. The garments with gilt buttons are tabooed by the best dressers, being only affected by railroad conductors, footmen, and valets.

The hat appropriate for formal dress is the silk beaver of Uncle Sam variety, but the proportions, of course, are not so exaggerated. The silk beaver has entirely supplanted all other headgear for formal dress, although the silk crush hat will be worn for theater.

The patent leather shoe with buttons will be the proper shoe for formal dress, but those who have no occasion to trod outdoors will affect the patent leather pump with the short broad bow.

The only proper shirt for formal dress is the stiff starched shirt with three buttonholes and small, neat pearl studs with cuff buttons to match. A watch fob is not worn.

Don't wear conspicuous diamond studs and obtrusive jewelry with formal dress clothes. It is in the simplicity of a man's garb wherein lies its charm and richness.

If that sartorial convention mentioned before, ever holds a session, I am going to proclaim the supremacy of the so-called dinner coat or the Tuxedo over the dress coat as a thing of beauty and a garment of more sensible lines.

This coat is cut with notched collar of the same material as the cloth, and is made with a button and buttonhole, which serve a purpose—it closes. Do you remember the coat for formal dress with the impossible buttons, one on each side, and the elastic, which spread across to hold it together, as though the wearer had sustained an expansion of girth since dinner? I am thankful



ASCOT
 No. 1 - 2 in.
 No. 2 - 2 1/4 in.
 No. 3 - 2 1/2 in.

How Many Trips to the Laundry?

We see to it in the making that our collars are given the strength to out wear all others.

We also give them distinctive style.

Now, for your own satisfaction, see how their good lines are brought out by their perfect set and fit.

The best men's shops sell Corliss-Coon Collars. If not willingly supplied send us 25c for any two collars you would like to try. We want to send you our style book showing all the latest shapes. Free on request.

Corliss Coon & Co., Dept. K., Troy, N.Y.

How's Your Action?

Do your legs move easy? Do they toe the mark? Brighton Flat Clasp Garters make life easy for any pair of legs (men's legs). Prove it yourself. Maybe you never wore garters before —then start right and wear

BRIGHTON FLAT CLASP GARTERS

They are the easiest to attach, easiest to detach, easiest on the legs. The patented flat clasp can neither loosen nor bind the leg. Made of pure silk webbing. If your dealer hasn't them we will send a pair postpaid upon receipt of price.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO., 718 Market Street, Philadelphia.

Makers of Pioneer Suspenders.



**25¢
A
PAIR**

P
PATENT
TRADE MARK

Healthful Heating

with all the "life-quality" and vitality of sunlight and sun heat left in it—not the baked, dried-out kind—a system of radiation that gives the nearest approach to sun warmth, that promotes Health and Comfort with Economy—isn't that the sort of Heating System you want for your house?

PIERCE

SYSTEMS

of Steam and Hot Water Heating
diffuse warmed fresh air; maintain an even temperature throughout the entire house—no matter what the weather conditions may be—because of their perfect control.

"Pierce" Boilers are adapted for all kinds of fuel—hard or soft coal, coke, wood or gas. "Pierce" Boilers are made in more than 300 styles and sizes for use wherever heat is required.

The time to prepare for next winter is NOW—before winter comes. Don't wait until you are obliged to send in a "rush" order. "Pierce Quality"

SANITARY PLUMBING

goods in Porcelain Enamel and Solid Vitreous Ware make the Bath, Laundry and Kitchen attractive and sanitary parts of the home. "It's good economy to procure both heating and plumbing goods of one manufacture."

Send for "Common Sense Heating and Sanitary Plumbing," a very practical and interesting book. Free on request. The name of your Architect, Steamfitter and Plumber would be appreciated.

PIERCE, BUTLER & PIERCE
MANUFACTURING CO.
610 James St., Syracuse, N.Y.
Branches in all leading cities.




that this ridiculous excuse for a supposed fastener has passed from the page of fashion.

I wonder whether or not the dinner coat was designed by cutting the tails from the dress coat, and then a few inches added, or whether the dress coat was invented by adding tails to the dinner jacket. It is the old story of the chicken and the egg, after one came the other, no one seems to know which came first.

The dinner coat is the necessary evil for stags and informal functions at which the fair sex is not present, although this rule has lately lost some of its rigidity and is worn where ladies may be present, provided the affair is an informal family gathering.

The waistcoat to accompany the dinner coat is made of a gray silk material, cut rather high, and with three buttons.

The evening jacket is the plague of the dresser because no accompanying headgear has been devised. The silk hat or the crush hat should, of course, never be worn with this form of dress. The soft alpine hat of silk is too negligee in appearance and the whole gamut of headgear by a process of elimination, leaves the derby as the only remaining style of head piece. Here is another problem for the sartorial convention.

The collar for formal dress is the high poke collar, and for informal dress the white wing or the high band turned-down collar is a fitting accompaniment. With the swallowtail a white tie is the only cravat permissible, and with the dress jacket a black or gray batwing tie is worn.

An innovation in the get-up of the costume for evening wear, is the use of suspenders, which are worn immediately over the undershirt and beneath the white shirt. These are the same as the summer negligee suspenders that have been worn. The bulging of the shirt is in a great measure overcome by the use of these suspenders, and in the event of the waistcoat not setting flat against the shirt the disagreeable sight of a visible suspender is done away with.

It is not only the cut and fit of the garments but the occasion on which they are worn that proclaims carefulness on the part of the wearer. The dress jacket is frequently worn at the theater and at other functions where absolute rigid formality is not required. At receptions, the opera, banquets, and dances the "claw-hammer" is indispensable, but the dress jacket or Tuxedo is gaining vogue, despite the cry of many authorities to the contrary.

Some men who deem a walking-stick an indispensable accessory at all times carry their propensities too far when they indulge in the use of this article with full evening dress. Evening clothes carry with them the idea of carriages or other similar vehicles of transportation, and under these conditions it is entirely out of place.



Kenyon

RAIN-COATS

GIVE DOUBLE SERVICE

In these factories sickness does not exist. The Kenyon Label Guarantees against the dangers of wearing clothing made in sweat-shops amidst unclean, unhealthy surroundings.

KENREIGN RAINCOATS

FOR years we have been making the best raincoats in the market. This superiority has earned for us the greater portion of all the raincoat business.

BECAUSE of this great volume and our special facilities and trained organization, we always undersell the market. Naturally we show the largest line and we invite comparisons for style, fit, finish, workmanship, fabrics and prices.

Equally well made, are **KENYON OVERCOATS.**

Our Free Booklet, "How to Judge an Overcoat," will save you money every time you buy any kind of clothing. Style books and samples of novel fabrics for Fall are ready, for Kenreign Raincoats, Kenyon Light Overcoats, Kenyon Overcoats and Hangwell Trousers, also for Ladies' Silk Rubber Coats, Tourist Coats and other novel lines.

We have a handsome set of colored "Den Pictures" entitled "Revelries of a Bachelor" to send free on receipt of **your clothier's name and address.**

CHICAGO C. KENYON CO. NEW YORK
Address correspondence to the factories 710 Pacific Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



The Patent Double Crown Roller

An Exclusive Feature of

THE KADY Suspender

saves many a pound of pressure across the back and shoulders in the course of the day.

It is elegant and fashionable. Retail 50 cents.

The store that sells the KADY is the one most likely to be sincere with its customers.

Send us the name of the dealer from whom you buy suspenders and receive

THE NEW BROWNIE BOOKLET
An amusing, interesting hit

THE OHIO SUSPENDER CO.
MANSFIELD, O.



DOLLARS & CENTS COLLARS

\$16.00 Saved

The usual "Laundry-way" figures something like this:

2 doz. Collars, at \$1.50	\$3.00
1 doz. pr. Cuffs	\$3.00
Laundrying Collars 365 times	\$7.30
Laundrying Cuffs 156 times	\$6.24 \$19.54

The new "Litholin" way:

1/2 doz. Litholin Collars	\$1.50
4 pairs Litholin Cuffs	\$2.00 \$3.50 \$16.04

With a damp cloth they wipe clean, and as white as when new. Won't wilt, crack or fray.


Collars 25c. Cuffs 50c.

Ask for **LITHOLIN** (Waterproofed Linen) at your shirt store. If not in stock, send style, size and remittance, and we will mail to any address, postpaid.

Catalogue complete with all latest styles free on request.

The Fiberloid Co., Dept. 20, 7 Waverly Place, N. Y.

WATERPROOFED LINEN LITHOLIN TRADE MARK



GENTLEMEN
WHO DRESS FOR STYLE
NEATNESS, AND COMFORT
WEAR THE IMPROVED

BOSTON GARTER

THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD

The Name is stamped on every loop—
The *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER SLIPS, TEARS NOR UNFASTENS

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c.
Mailed on receipt of price.

GEO. FROST CO., Makers
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

ALWAYS EASY

A cane being supposedly useful as well as ornamental, should be used only when walking, and should be carried only with clothes which imply that the wearer will have occasion to travel on foot. Nothing is more objectionable in dress than to see a man clad in formal evening dress with patent leather pumps and carrying a stick. Even if the wearer of "full" evening clothes shall have traveled to his destination in a street-car, he need not proclaim such act by the tell-tale evidence of a walking-stick.

The question of gloves for evening dress has long since been settled. The white kid gloves with one pearl button are worn with formal evening clothes and are not discarded, when the wearer arrives at his destination, unless the function be a dinner or banquet, at which they are discarded before the meal, and are not affected unless followed by a dance or reception.

Breaches of etiquette in dressing are committed more frequently by those who attempt to dress correctly and fall into the trap of overdressing, than by those whose main object is to simply garb themselves in clothes which are in the main properly suited for the occasion and who, while correctly dressed, thus avoid the pitfalls of the over-dressed man. Man should always bear in mind that he is a man and not a puppet.

NO MONEY DOWN

MEN'S SUITS ON CREDIT

\$1.00 A WEEK

Buy Men's Suits, Overcoats, Topcoats and Raincoats direct from our factory by mail

For \$15 & \$18

We require no security or reference and we trust any honest person anywhere in the United States.

We send garments on approval—you don't pay a penny 'till you get the clothes and find them satisfactory—then pay \$1.00 a week.

We are the pioneers and twice over the largest Credit Clothiers in the world. We operate 73 stores in the principal cities of the United States and have over 500,000 customers on our books.

FREE Send today for our fine line of Fall and Winter samples. Self measurement blank, tape and full particulars of our convenient payment plan—all free to you.

Commercial rating \$1,000,000.

Menter & Rosenbloom Co.
219 St. Paul Street Rochester, N. Y.



"KLEINERT-CROWN"

GARTERS for MEN

25 & 50¢

"CROWN MAKE" CAST-OFF. "KLEINERT'S" RUBBER GRIP

"KLEINERT-CROWN GARTERS"

Made with "KLEINERT'S" Flexible Rubber Grip and "Crown Make" patent stud (cast-off) fastener, the two most essential features of any good Garter.

No slipping. No tearing of Hosiery.
No unfastening of grip or Cast Off.

Sample Pair Mailed on receipt of 25¢ (Star Color).

I. B. KLEINERT RUBBER CO., Dept. D.
721-723-725-727 BROADWAY, New York



The "Lincoln" is the Original Leather Garter

"LINCOLN" LEATHER GARTERS



3 Sizes Adjustable
Size 10 10 to 13 inches
Size 12 12 to 15 inches
Size 14 14 to 17 inches

Cut curved to fit snugly over the calf of the leg, making it impossible to slip when used with either ankle length or knee drawers, therefore they are comfortable and

Entirely Satisfactory All the Year Round

"Lincoln" Leather Garters are made in Suede Calf, White Calf and genuine English Pigskin. They are soft, pliable and comfortable.

An entirely new **Lever Grip** holds the stocking flat, cannot tear it, a recent improvement.

Our patent **Glove Snap** fastener is adjustable to fraction of an inch. It insures perfect comfort—never too tight, nor too loose. It is **guaranteed** not to slip.

At dealers or post-paid (50 cents) with initial on support if desired. Ask for the "Lincoln" and take nothing else, for there are none so good.

THE LOCKHART-MAC BEAN CO., Inc.

Makers of "Lincoln" Lisle 50c Suspenders

1213 Market Street

Philadelphia

President 50¢ Suspenders

NONE SO EASY



President Suspenders live long, fit right, and feel easy. Men who wear them are unwilling to take others. That's why so many stores find it necessary to supply Presidents.

There are men all around you who wear President Suspenders. A good many have worn no other kind for years. They will tell you that Presidents are the easiest and strongest of all suspenders.

For comfort and long service Presidents will please you immensely. They're delightfully easy. Bend low or reach high and the back slides freely and gracefully—no tugging or pulling.

Light, Medium and Heavy weight. **EXTRA LONG** for tall men. **SPECIAL SIZE** for youths and boys.

If you cannot get Presidents at your home stores, we'll supply you at 50 cents a pair postpaid. We will return your money if you are not satisfied after 3 days wear.

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO., 559 Main Street, Shirley, Mass.

"Shibboleth" Neckwear

Made from the finest quality of ALL SILK BLACK AND WHITE

Barathea

Woven on

Our Own Looms

and fashioned in

Our Own Shops

into neckwear of quality. Such as is sold by retailers at 50 and 75 cents. Our Price when sold to you direct Postpaid is

35 Cents Each

3 for \$1.00

Made in all desirable shapes in black and white only.

The only neckwear in the world sold direct

"From Weaver to Wearer"

SHIBBOLETH SILK CO. 467 Broadway New York

Write for illustrated and descriptive Catalogue "F"



REVERSIBLE Linene Collars and Cuffs



Have You Worn Them?

Not "celluloid"—not "paper collars"—but made of fine cloth; exactly resemble fashionable linen goods. Price at stores, 25 cents for box of ten (2½ cents each).

NO WASHING OR IRONING

When soiled, discard. By mail 10 collars or 5 pairs of cuffs, 30 cts. Sample collar or pair cuffs for 6 cts. in U. S. Stamps. Give size and style.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., Dept. S, Boston, Mass.

Hawes, Von Gal Co. Inc.

Agencies

\$3

Everywhere

HATS



55188



83508



83508

**MADE AND MARKETING BY
MODERN METHODS**

Made in largest quantities and in the greatest variety of styles, shapes, and colors,—made with the aid of all the latest and best quality-getting, cost-saving processes; and then marketing direct to the wearer through agencies everywhere makes it possible for our agents to sell you a hat of latest vogue and give with it the broad

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

of better all-around hat satisfaction than comes with hats offered at nearly twice the \$3 price.

WE SELL BY MAIL

If we have no agency in your city send for Catalog No. 8, which gives you practically unlimited choice in soft and stiff hats; or choose the hat you like best from the illustrations in this advertisement and order at once, inclosing the price of \$3. The hats are made in light, medium and dark brown, and in pearl and black. In ordering by mail specify the color and hat number wanted; also give your age, height, waist measure and size of hat worn. Send your order direct to our factories, Danbury, Conn. The hat will come to you by prepaid express without delay.

HAWES, VON GAL CO., Inc.
 Factories: DANBURY, CONN., U. S. A.
 Wholesale Offices: New York, Chicago, Boston



83618



83438



55748

HIGHEST AWARDS ST. LOUIS & PORTLAND



FOLDING BATH TUB

WEIGHT 16 POUNDS COSTS LITTLE
 Requires little water

Write for special offer
 A. B. IRWIN, 103 Chambers St., New York City

CLASS PINS AND BADGES

FOR SOCIETY OR LODGE—COLLEGE OR SCHOOL

Factory to you. Made to order in any style or material. Read this offer. Either of the two styles here illustrated, enamelled in one or two colors and showing any letters or numerals, but not more than shown in illustrations.


Silver Plate \$1.00 doz.
 Sample 10c.
 Sterling Silver \$2.50 doz.
 Sample 25c.

FREE—our new and handsomely illustrated catalog shows new styles in GOLD AND SILVER. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Collapsible Buttons and Ribbon Badges at right prices. Special designs and estimates free.

BASTIAN BROS. CO., 87 South Avenue, ROCHESTER, N. Y.




AGENTS WANTED. We need a representative with tact and perseverance in your community to take subscriptions for COSMOPOLITAN. If qualified we will make you a special offer that will surpass anything we have ever offered agents. Be sure to write for full particulars now—to-day. Room 40 Cos., COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE, 2 Duane Street, New York City.



New Lamps for Old

should you have a Rochester that does not give satisfaction, return it to us, (if not injured) and we will give you a new one FREE.

The Rochester gives a soft, cheerful, mellow light of wonderful brilliancy, enabling weak eyes to read without straining. Made of brass throughout, any finish. Perfectly constructed, absolutely safe, guaranteed; millions in use.

We manufacture, import and deal in all sundries pertaining to light and heat—oil, gas, alcohol, electricity.

Agents wanted, men and women; experience unnecessary; permanent home employment, salary or commission. Send stamp for salesman's instructions and Lamp Information, the knowledge acquired through years of experience.

Rochester Lamp Co., Dept. O, Rochester, N. Y.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

THOSE who have been made young again by their vacation can keep up the good work by drinking

Evans' Ale

It supplies, in a most natural and delightful way, the stamina to withstand the wear and waste of body and brain.

Clubs, Hotels, Restaurants, Saloons and Dealers Everywhere

C. H. EVANS & SONS
Brewery and Bottling Works
HUDSON, N. Y. Established 1780



"His Master's Voice"

The most famous trademark in the world. It is on the horn, on the record, on the cabinet, of every genuine

VICTOR

\$10 to \$100. At all leading music houses and talking-machine dealers.

Write for complete catalogues of Victors and Victor Records.

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.
Camden N. J., U. S. A.

See other Victor ads. on other pages

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

We could fit these men.



Clothes You Look Good In

Your clothes should do two things for you—

Hide defects of figure.

Bring out the good points.

How can they, if they are not made for you?

Not made scientifically?

Not made to your measure? By experts.

Every detail in our garments is elaborated by a high-priced specialist. The results show it.

One of our dealers says:

"Your clothes have revolutionized my business. None of my customers are so well pleased with them as those who used to patronize the tailor who makes every part of the whole suit himself. Choice of 340 designs and the high class work in your garments make quite a difference. Handling clothes of your kind makes it easy for me to guarantee satisfaction. Your clothes are all right and business is rushing."

Be a well dressed man!

Look your best!

Be comfortable—be satisfied.

Prices \$18 to \$40—moderate, because we do things on a big scale.

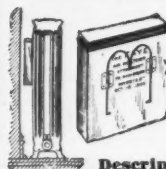
Ask our dealer in your town.

If you don't know who he is, write us.

Great Western Tailoring Co.
CHICAGO

THE FAYE AIR MOISTENER

The Greatest Invention of the Age for Preservation of Health



hangs on back of steam or hot water radiator. out of sight, works automatically. Preserves health by keeping the air moist. All doctors recommend it—ask yours.

Send us \$2.00. Use it 30 days. If not more than satisfactory return it and money will be refunded.

Descriptive Booklet No. 220 FREE

ORR & LOCKETT HARDWARE CO.

Dealers and Agents Wanted. Chicago, U.S.A.

Style Catalogue and Samples FREE

NEW YORK CITY FASHIONS

SUITS and OVERCOATS

\$12.50 to \$25.00



which you must see to appreciate. "Seeing is Believing."

OUR New Sack Suit in a three or four buttoned style—shoulders broad, athletic effect. Body—loose fitting but shaped to a slight flare featuring the new long roll lapel and collar fitting close to neck.

Vest. Five buttoned single breasted flange front.

Trousers. Medium wide but fitted shapely on very graceful fashion lines.

Materials. English Worsted, Serges and Tweeds, Scotch Bannockburns and Plaid, Cheviots, and the very flower of Foreign and America's best mixtures. The latest colors and shades

MADE TO YOUR MEASURE

Made in New York City

By New York's Expert Craftsmen

OUR New Overcoat has all the essentials of Overcoatdom, viz.: Style that conforms in a pleasing way to the motions of the body. In Kerseys, Meltons and Herringbones with the new Fawn shades of Tweed Cheviots, it is bold and masculine looking. Lengths range 34—42, 46 and 52 inches. Luxuriously lined, trimmed and finished.

An overgarment that will stamp any man well dressed and prosperous looking. And will make him feel Confident, Comfortable and Capable.

FREE and postpaid our Handsome Catalogue, "New York Styles for Men" and samples of cloth from which to select. **Write a postal today** and you will receive them by return mail with our complete self-measurement outfit for taking your own measurements at home. **Write today and see what "Made in New York" really means.**

We prepay Express Charges to any part of the United States, which means a big saving to you.



THE NEW YORK TAILORS

H 729 to 731 Broadway, New York City

No Agents.

No Branches.

Est. 16 Years

No Honing— No Grinding

RAZOR FLASHES
No. 1

Some day shaving is forced upon every man. At first it does not matter what sort of razor is used—father's pet Carbo Magnetic or mother's fond birthday gift of an expensive safety with its constant tax of new blades—just so it shaves.

The beard soon stiffens and then the real, vital question arises: "Why doesn't a razor hold its edge uniformly from heel to head without honing or grinding?" Shaving has now become a necessity—but the comfort and satisfaction of a daily, cool, clean shave is very seldom obtained. Pulling and smarting is the usual outcome of the effort, whether you shave yourself or have it done in your favorite barber's chair. You persistently ask, "Why?" "The temper of the blade is not uniform, making periodical honing and grinding a necessity," is our answer.

The blade of the Carbo Magnetic razor is finished by a secret process of **Electric Tempering** that positively merges every particle of carbon (the life of steel) into the metal—giving a **diamond-like hardness** uniformly throughout the blade—something absolutely impossible with fire-tempered steel used in making all other razor blades.

But test this **no honing, no grinding**, unconditionally guaranteed razor in your own home—or have your barber use it on you. Send us your dealer's name, tell if he handles the Carbo Magnetic razor, and we will mail you our new proposition for testing these razors **without obligation on your part to purchase, together with our free booklet, "Hints on Shaving."**



HOLLOW GROUND
AS ILLUSTRATED
\$2.50
DOUBLE CONCAVE
FOR HEAVY BEARDS
\$3.00

THE Carbo Magnetic
RAZOR

SET OF TWO IN
LEATHER CASE
\$3.50
CARBO MAGNETIC
STROP
\$1.00

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY

Firm of A. L. SILBERSTEIN, 469 Broadway, N. Y.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



EAMES
The great American prima-donna sings only for the
VICTOR
\$10 to \$100. At all leading music houses and talking-machine dealers.
Write for complete catalogues of Victors and Victor Records.
Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden N. J., U. S. A.




See other Victor ads. on other pages

"The Old Family Doctor"

POND'S

EXTRACT

**SIXTY YEARS AT WORK
RELIEVING PAIN.**
The test of time has only served to strengthen the confidence in POND'S EXTRACT.
**SOOTHING, REFRESHING
AND HEALING.**
The most useful household remedy.
Ask your druggist for Pond's Extract. Sold only in sealed bottles—never sold in bulk. Refuse all substitutes.



LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., Agents,
75 Hudson Street, New York.

There are fifteen thousand active accounts on my books.

That is, there are fifteen thousand men continuing to buy cigars from me after they have given my cigars a fair trial.

This is about the best evidence that I can offer that my cigars *make good*.

There are almost as many reasons why they do. I will name three or four here.

First, economy. My customers get their cigars at strictly wholesale prices.

Next, they know what they are getting. Every cigar is as I describe it.

Another. The cleanest cigar factory in America.

Still more. Clean, clear, straight tobacco. No drugging, doctoring or flavoring.

Next. All strictly *hand made* cigars. No machine in the world will make a cigar that will smoke as well as one made by the trained human hand.

Another. Fair treatment. I never ask a man to buy my cigars until he has given them a fair trial at my expense.

I manufacture every cigar that I sell, and my factory is not a little basement affair in a side street either, but a full size five story city building, literally within the business heart of Philadelphia, and I use every part of it, and find it none too large for my ever increasing output.

MY OFFER IS:—I will, upon request, send one hundred Shivers's Panatelas on approval to a reader of Cosmopolitan Magazine, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining ninety at my expense, and no charge for the ten smoked, if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, \$5, within ten days.

Be sure and state which you prefer—light, medium or dark cigars.

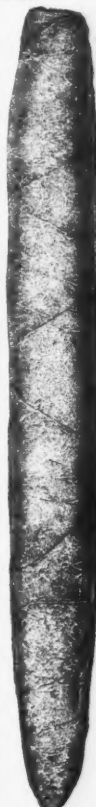
My Panatela cigar is hand made, of clear, clean, straight, long Havana filler with a genuine Sumatra wrapper. It is the retailer's 10c cigar.

I make other cigars than the Panatela. If you prefer some other size or shape, or cigars with Havana wrappers, permit me to mail you my catalogue, and explain more fully my methods of supplying smokers with genuine cigars at wholesale prices.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS

913 Filbert Street

Philadelphia, Pa.



Shivers' Panatela
EXACT SIZE
AND SHAPE

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



ADD TONE TO YOUR STATIONERY IN THE OFFICE, BANK, SCHOOL OR HOME BY USING ONLY Washburn's Patent

"O.K."

Paper Fasteners

There is Genuine Pleasure in their use as well as PERFECT SECURITY

These Fasteners are in a class by themselves. There are no others like them, therefore they can not be compared with the ordinary paper clips which depend entirely on friction for their holding power.

The "O.K." Paper Fasteners have the advantage of a *tiny but mighty, indestructible piercing point* which goes through *every* sheet co-acting with a small **PROTECTING SLEEVE** which prevents any liability of injury.

HANDSOME COMPACT STRONG NO SLIPPING, NEVER!

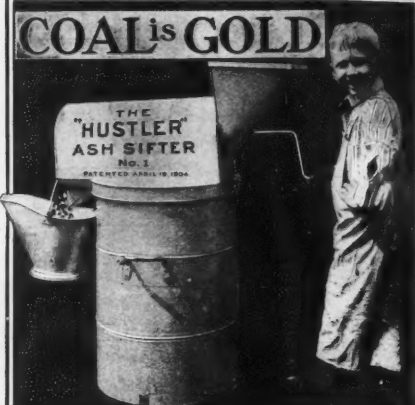
Easily put on or taken off with the thumb and finger. Can be used repeatedly and *"they always work."* Made of brass, 3 sizes. Put up in brass boxes of 100 Fasteners each.

All Entertaining Stationers
Send 10c for sample box of 50 assorted sizes. Illustrated descriptive booklet free.
Liberal Discount to the Trade

THE O. K. FASTENER CO. Inc. Mfrs.
Dept. D SYRACUSE, N. Y.



COAL is GOLD



THE "HUSTLER" ASH SIFTER
No. 1
PATENTED APRIL 16, 1904

SAVE IT AND DON'T WORRY

It's like finding money the way the **Hustler Ash Sifter** saves coal. Turning the crank for a minute sifts the day's ashes. No dust nor dirt: easy to operate: a child can do it, and no maid objects to it. Fits wood or iron barrel: saves many times its cost in a year, and the cinders are excellent for banking fire at night. If your dealer can't supply you, we will. Write for Catalog W.

HILL DRYER CO.

379 Park Avenue

Worcester, Mass.

MAKE MONEY YOUR SLAVE

The "Investment Herald," a clever monthly magazine, shows you how to make your money **WORK HARDER**, how to invest for profit, and how to realize an **INDEPENDENT FORTUNE**. Sent six months **FREE** on request.

A. L. WISNER CO., Publishers

80 Wall Street

Dept. 11

New York

Can You Draw This?

Copy it as well as you can, send to us and we will give you a handsome portfolio of drawings by the noted artist, Charles Lederer. A course of lessons by mail, at home, may qualify you to earn a good salary as an artist and cartoonist. Instruction individual and exactly adapted to your talent.

THE LEDERER SCHOOL OF DRAWING
Chattanooga, Tennessee



Make Big Profits

Selling the famous, simplicity Low Pressure system

Standard Hydro-Carbon Light



for homes, stores, halls, churches, streets, etc. Brighter than gas, electricity or acetylene, and cheaper than kerosene. No smoke, no odor. Absolutely safe and guaranteed. Can be installed by any handy man.

We want Good Agents Everywhere
Exclusive territory, liberal terms, quick sales with big profits. Our "Sales System" aids you in selling. Write today for terms.

Standard Gillett Light Company
922 N. Halsted St., Chicago.

Print Your Own Cards

Circulars, books, newspaper, Press \$5. Large size \$18. Money saver, maker. All easy, printed rules. Write factory for catalog, presses, type, paper, cards.

The Press Co., Meriden, Conn.

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

We ship on approval, without a cent deposit, freight prepaid. **DON'T PAY A CENT** if not satisfied after using the bicycle 10 days.

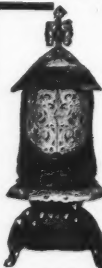
DO NOT BUY a bicycle of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our latest art catalogues illustrating and describing every kind of bicycle, and have learned our unheard of prices and marvelous new offers.

ONE CENT is all it will cost you to write a postal and everything will be sent you **free postpaid** by return mail. You will get much valuable information. **Do not wait, write it now.**

TIRES, Coaster-Brakes, Built-up-Wheels and all sundries at half usual prices.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept D33, Chicago

THIS REMARKABLE STOVE BURNS ANY FUEL



Hard or soft coal, slack, wood or corn-cobs—it warms the house completely with any fuel. Burns clean with almost no ashes. We sell this wonderful heater direct to user, saving you all dealer's and middle man's profits. We pay the freight.

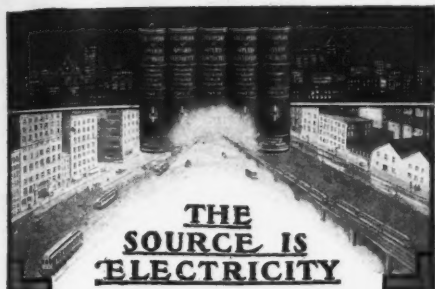
Try it at Our Risk

Our 30 day trial offer allows you to test our claims for this stove at no risk to you. Don't buy a stove before you investigate this. Send today for our catalog, with special order blank, for our trial offer.

DIAMOND STOVE CO.

229 Grand River Ave.,

Detroit, Mich.



Almost every comfort, convenience and luxury of modern life is dependent upon it.

Under these circumstances and with the unlimited opportunities that the study of Electricity offers for advancement, do you think you can make any mistake by devoting a few hours a day to the study of this subject?

CYCLOPEDIA OF APPLIED ELECTRICITY

Five handsome volumes, containing the essence of the most successful methods yet devised of getting a practical knowledge of Electricity at home. Storage batteries—The Telephone—Telegraphy—Trolley Car—Electric Light—Wiring for Light and Power—Burglar Alarms—Door Bells—and hundreds of other daily uses of electricity are explained in a simple manner within the understanding of any intelligent man. All rules and formulae are stated simply and illustrated with diagrams and practical examples. The books have been compiled by practical men for the use of practical men, and contain information that is found only in the private note book of the Superintendent or Foreman.

Free for Inspection

We employ no agents. We believe that our books will sell on their own merit and we give our customers the benefit of the large commissions that are ordinarily paid to agents. Furthermore, to give you an opportunity to see what you are buying, we will send you the books by prepaid express, on one week's approval, if you mention this magazine. Examine them thoroughly and if they are not in every way what you want, notify us and we will send for them at our expense. It does not cost you one penny to see the books and you have one week in which to examine them at your convenience.

—SPECIAL PRICE—

These books are compiled from the best instruction papers in our Electrical Engineering course, and to bring our home study course widely before people interested in electricity, we have made a special price of \$19.80 (regular price \$30.00) until November 1st, payable \$2.00 within one week and \$2.00 per month until the special price of \$19.80 is paid.

2500 pages, 2000 illustrations, diagrams, etc. Substantially bound in three-quarter red morocco leather, handsome marbled edges, fully indexed, size of page 7 x 10 inches.

200 page hand book giving full information in regard to our Electrical—Mechanical—Steam and Civil Engineering Courses—Architecture—Mechanical Drawing—Structural Drafting, etc., sent FREE on request if you mention Cosmopolitan, October, 1907.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
CHICAGO

VARNISH VITALITY I.X.L. FLOOR FINISH



Varnish Vitality I.X.L. FLOOR FINISH

Long life is a marked characteristic of I.X.L. Floor finish. It shines when it is new and it shines when it is old. It lasts from three to five times longer than other floor varnishes. Costs more, but it is by far the most economical. Will not scratch white.

To get the best possible results, a floor finish should be applied by an expert, but owing to its easy flowing, quick drying qualities, anybody can get better results with I.X.L. Floor Finish than with other preparations.

For varnishing fine interiors, ask for SMITH'S I.X.L. NO. 1.



Send for "Rules for the Preservation of Hardwood Floors." Please mention your dealer's name.

EDWARD SMITH & CO.,
59 Market St., Chicago. 45 Broadway, New York.

SAVAGE



FEATHERWEIGHT RIFLE

¶ Not a superfluous ounce of weight in it. Has the hammerless feature, the revolving magazine, the strong breeching mechanism, the Savage Micrometer Sight (adjusting the rear sight to a thousandth part of an inch), and the metal bead front sight. ¶ Stock is shot-gun style, with rubber butt plate. ¶ Barrel is of the powerful Savage "Hi-Pressure" steel, is just as accurate and effective as if made longer, and is handsomely round tapered. ¶ Weighs but 6 pounds. Perfectly balanced. ¶ Supplied in 25-35, 30-30 and 303 calibre at \$21.00. ¶ Look it over at all good dealers and send for the new Savage catalogue.

SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY
1610 Savage Avenue, Utica, N. Y.

STREET & FINNEY

\$1500 A YEAR FOR LIFE

Five shares in the great commercial rubber orchard of the Conservative Rubber Production Company should, at maturity, yield you a sure and certain income of \$1500 a year. No large cash payment down is required to secure them as they can be paid for as follows: \$25.00 a month for the first year; \$20.00 a month for the second year; \$15.00 a month for the four succeeding years; then \$20.00 a month the last year—making \$1500 in seven years which covers the entire cost.

One or more shares are sold at a proportional rate.

The income derived from trees during these seven-year development period should average 25% on the money invested; then \$1500 a year for life. This most conservative estimate is based upon government reports of the United States and Great Britain, the most reliable sources of information in the world.

On our splendid estate of 2,000 acres in Tropical Mexico, we are changing the production of crude rubber from the primitive and destructive methods hitherto employed by the natives to the most scientific and successful plan known to modern forestry, and under Anglo-Saxon supervision.

There is nothing speculative about crude rubber. It can be sold every day in the year in any market in the world at a price that has been steadily increasing for years. For a quarter of a century the world's supply has been spoken for months before it reached the civilized market. The price has doubled in a decade, and the question of future supply is of vast moment and can only be solved by the scientific cultivation of the rubber tree.

We are now engaged in this new and immensely profitable industry on a large scale, and the unusual opportunity is open to you to secure shares in our plantation. Each share represents an undivided interest in all our land—6000 acres of which is being planted to rubber, and what has already been accomplished assures the success of the enterprise.

One of our 15-months old trees

Every possible safeguard surrounds the investor. These safeguards are embodied in the contracts which provide that you are to pay no taxes, no salaries, no fines or assessments, and payments will be suspended for three months without prejudice and may be made up any time during the seven years.

Our literature gives conclusive facts, logical figures, and definite reference as to our integrity and responsibility, and proves that our proposition is bona fide, safe and enormously profitable. Such an investment insures the absolute safety of your future and comfort in old age. Our booklet, "Money Making Opportunities of Mexico," proves that our statements are absolutely correct. The Company is divided into only 6,000 shares which are being rapidly taken—over 900 people having already become associated with us.

Write to us and we will furnish you with facts that will put you in close touch with every detail of our plan. Our literature is sent Free, and every request for it will receive immediate attention. Write for it today.

Conservative Rubber Production Company, 613 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

The Greatest of Musical Inventions—the Two-Horn
DUPLEX
 PHONOGRAPH
FREE TRIAL

NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

It is the phonograph that gives you all the sound vibrations. It has not only two horns, but two vibrating diaphragms in sound box. Other phonographs have one diaphragm and one horn. The Duplex gets all the volume of music; other phonographs get the half. The Duplex gives you a better tone—clearer, sweeter, more like the original. Our

FREE Catalogue

will explain fully the superiority of The Duplex.

Don't allow any one to persuade you to buy any other make without first sending for our catalogue.

Save all the Dealers' 70% Profits

The Duplex is not sold by dealers or in stores. We are Actual Manufacturers, not jobbers, and sell only direct from our factory to the user, eliminating all middlemen's profits. That is why we are able to manufacture and deliver the best phonograph made for less than one-third what dealers ask for other makes not as good.



Each horn is 30 in. long with 17 in. bell.
 Cabinet 18 in. x 14 in. x 10 in.

Freight Prepaid
Seven Days' Free Trial

We allow seven days' free trial in your own home in which to decide whether you wish to keep it. If the machine does not make good our every claim—volume, quality, raving, satisfaction—just send it back. We'll pay all freight charges both ways.

All the Latest Improvements

The Duplex is equipped with a mechanical feed that relieves the record of all the destructive work of propelling the reproducer across its surface. The needle point is held in continuous contact with the inner (which is more accurate) wall of the sound wave groove, thus reproducing more perfectly whatever music was put into the record when it was made.

The Duplex has a device by which the weight of the reproducer upon the record may be regulated to suit the needs of the occasion, thus greatly preserving the life and durability of the records. These are exclusive features of the Duplex and can not be had on any other make of phonograph. Plays all sizes and makes of disc records.

Our Free Catalogue explains everything

DUPLEX PHONOGRAPH Co., 291 Patterson St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

OUTWEARS THE SHOE



DIAMOND BRAND
FAST COLOR EYELETS

Look new even after the shoe is worn out. The top of the eyelet is of solid color, it never changes color or wears "Brassy." It is a simple matter to obtain genuine

FAST COLOR EYELETS

in your shoes. Ask for shoes fitted with them. Then see that there is a little Diamond trade-mark slightly raised on the surface of each eyelet, as shown in the illustration. By this Diamond you can distinguish genuine Fast Color Eyelets from all that imitate them in appearance, but lack the qualities which have made Fast Color Eyelets so popular.

United Fast Color Eyelet Co.
 Boston, Mass.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

Now is the Time to Make Money

By James T. Pendleton

THE money situation is peculiar in the United States. There was never before so much real wealth in this country. The average fortune of the individual was never so great. Disturbances shake the speculative centers, but the people of the country as a whole have never had so much actual *property*; there has never before been such an aggregate of *incomes*. Now is the time to make money if you see the opportunity.

If you can listen to the surprising facts which follow, and do so without prejudice, I can point but to you what in my judgment is the greatest source of money making in the United States in a way that will interest you personally.

The surest and richest source of profit in this world is gold. Railroad stocks, copper stocks, manufacturing stocks rise and fall with changing conditions. There is always fear and doubt about their value and the stability of their dividends. *Gold remains stable*: it is always and everywhere worth \$20.67 an ounce. Last year the world produced \$400,000,000 worth of gold—a magnificent sum. Half of this, or \$200,000,000, was net profit. It was added to the bank accounts of thousands of men and women—those who owned the mines that produced this wealth. It secured comforts, luxuries and social position—all the things which can be gained with a good and regular income properly and honestly made.

Profits in the mineral industry have never before in the history of this country been so great. The mineral industry is making more money than any other. The men interested in it are acquiring fortunes more rapidly than any other men. Statistics show that during the first seven months of 1907, only ninety-nine metal mines paid dividends of more than \$50,000,000—a rate of nearly \$100,000,000 a year. These companies have a total capital of \$378,000,000. They have already paid in actual dividends more than \$463,000,000, or \$85,000,000 more than *their entire capital*. No other industry can show such profits as these. *The greatest fortunes are made in new gold fields by pioneers who are skilled, practical mining men, and by those who become associated with such men.*

The newest and richest unexplored mineral field on this Continent is the west coast of Central America and Mexico. The largest fortunes made anywhere in the near future, will be made

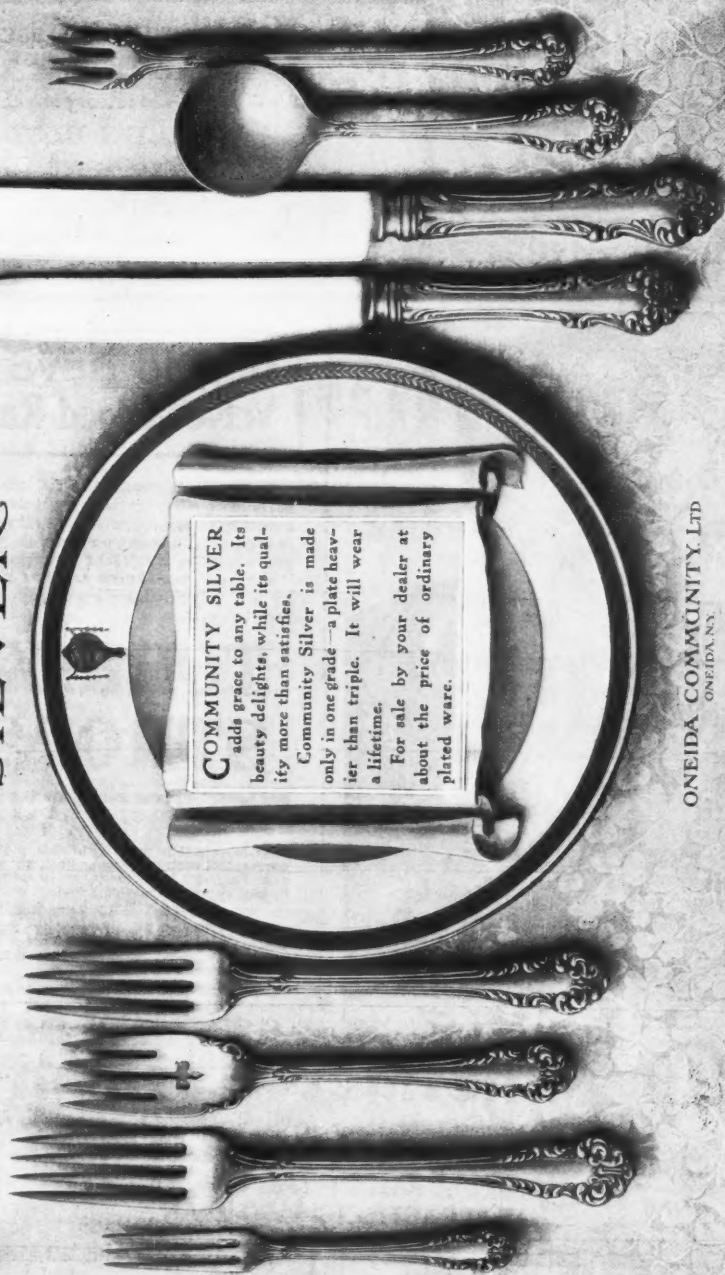
in this mineral belt by Americans. In this country, Charles Butters, who is well known as one of the ablest mine operators and metallurgists in the world, has already gained a magnificent fortune. One gold property in which he and his associates invested \$40,000 cash has already paid \$3,000,000 in dividends and has \$3,000,000 of ore blocked out in the mine. If you had had an opportunity to join Mr. Butters in the *San Sebastian* gold mine, you would now be getting 100 per cent. every year on your investment, and this annual profit should ultimately be doubled or trebled, for this mine is just in its beginning. Other gold companies of Mr. Butters' are as rich and profitable as this one and his mines are shipping every year to the United States mint in San Francisco \$3,000,000 worth of gold and silver in bars. He employs more than 4,000 men.

A particular opportunity exists at this time to become associated with Mr. Butters in a new gold enterprise which is already proven and which it is believed will be even more profitable than any of his other very successful companies. You can learn about this by writing at once to Beardsley & Company, Brokers, 115 Broadway, New York, asking them for definite information. When you have received this information you will appreciate the remarkable nature of this opportunity to make money. The profits are very large. A competent estimate places them at 20 per cent. in the beginning and the same authority expresses the opinion that these profits will increase to 125 per cent. and upwards. You must write immediately, for the condition is brief and unusual. You are asked to make a thorough investigation, but you should not delay in doing so.

NOTE.—Charles Butters is indorsed by leading banks of the United States, England, Mexico and Central America. He refers to R. G. Dun & Co. and Bradstreets.

It should be remembered that the enormous profits in gold mining are made by men like Charles Butters who have a high order of business ability, and a scientific and practical knowledge of the mining industry, re-enforced by long and successful experience. The great success which he has attained is the best evidence of his capacity and the best reason for your confidence in him. To make splendid profits in gold you must get into a company headed by such a man in the *beginning* of its operations. These statements can be confirmed by Beardsley & Company, 115 Broadway, New York, if you write now.

COMMUNITY SILVER



COMMUNITY SILVER

adds grace to any table. Its beauty delights, while its quality more than satisfies.

Community Silver is made only in one grade—a plate heavier than triple. It will wear a lifetime.

For sale by your dealer at about the price of ordinary plated ware.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY LTD.
ONEIDA, N.Y.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



Do You Want the Best? Garland Stoves and Ranges Gas Ranges and Heaters

THE WORLD'S BEST

35 Years the Standard

Sold by all First-Class Dealers Everywhere.
Ranges furnished with the Garland Oven Heat Indicator. Booklets free by mail.
THE MICHIGAN STOVE COMPANY,
Detroit, Mich. Largest Makers of Stoves and Ranges in the World. Chicago, Ill.



MELBA
The world's foremost
soprano sings exclusively for
the
VICTOR
\$10 to \$100. At all leading music houses
and talking-machine dealers.
Write for complete cata-
logues of Victors and Victor
Records.
Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden N. J., U. S. A.



See other Victor ads. on other pages

How To Have A Velvet Edged Razor

There is a *quality* in the smooth surface of a Torrey Strop which gives a wonderfully fine edge to a razor—our *free* catalogue tells you about it. Once you shave with a razor stropped on a "Torrey," you know what is meant by a "velvet edge" and you know how to get it.

TORREY STROPS

are best. To use one puts a razor in such fine trim that shaving is a luxury.

Torrey Stropps can be had for 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50 in style and quality to correspond with the prices. Postpaid if your dealer doesn't have them, and a new strop or money back if not satisfied.

Ask for **TORREY STROPS and RAZORS**

Torrey's *Oil-Edge* Dressing will keep any strop soft and pliable. Price 15c at dealers or mailed on receipt of price. Catalogue containing valuable information free.

J. R. TORREY & CO., DEPT. F, WORCESTER, MASS



Oppenheimer Treatment FOR ALCOHOLISM

Available on Reasonable Terms wherever there is a
PRACTISING PHYSICIAN

If you will fill out this coupon we will mail you, in a plain envelope, full particulars. All correspondence strictly confidential.

K **OPPENHEIMER INSTITUTE**
159 W. 34th Street, New York City

Name
Address

Morphinism and all drug addictions
successfully treated at the Institute in
New York, in about three weeks' time.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



KEEPS YOU YOUNG

Physicians and Physical Culture experts are united in praising mechanical massage. It is as necessary as the bath, and when frequent exercise is inconvenient vibratory stimulation keeps the body in good condition. In illness and in health it is of benefit to persons of both sexes and of all ages. The

AMERICAN VIBRATOR

represents the fullest development in massage instruments. It gives the true rotary movement and can be adjusted perfectly to any desired strength and rapidity of vibration. Avoid inferior imitations. Send to us for free description of Model C machine and proposition for a fifteen day trial without risk. Address either office.

AMERICAN VIBRATOR CO.

St. James Bldg., New York

Victoria Bldg., St. Louis



Stallman's Dresser Trunk

Easy to get at everything without disturbing anything. No fatigue in packing and unpacking. Light, strong, roomy drawers. Holds as much and costs no more than a good box trunk. Hand-riveted; strongest trunk made. In small room serves as chiffonier. C.O.D. with privilege of examination.

2c. stamp for Catalog.

F. A. STALLMAN, 47 E. Spring Street, Columbus, O.



Geisha Diamonds

THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY

Bright, sparkling, beautiful. For brilliancy they equal the genuine, standing all test and puzzle experts. One twentieth the expense. Sent free with privilege of examination. For particulars, prices, etc., address

THE R. GREGG MFG. & IMPT. CO.

Dept. 10, 201 E. Van Buren Street, Chicago, Ill.



TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

All the Standard Machines SOLD or RENTED ANYWHERE at 1/4 to 1/2 M.T.'s price. **EX-RENTAL** APPLIED on price. Shipped with privilege of examination. Write for Catalog 0

TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM, 230 Fifth Ave., CHICAGO



DEAFNESS

The Morley Phone"

A miniature Telephone for the Ear—invisible, easily adjusted, and entirely comfortable. Makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. Over fifty thousand sold, giving instant relief from deafness and head noises.

There are but few cases of deafness that cannot be benefited.

Write for booklet and testimonials.

THE MORLEY COMPANY, Dept. 80,
31 South 16th Street, Philadelphia.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

A FAIR OFFER!

to convince

Dyspeptics

and those suffering from

Stomach Troubles

of the efficiency of

Glycozone

I will send a

\$1.00 BOTTLE FREE

(ONLY ONE TO A FAMILY)

to any one **NAMING THIS MAGAZINE**, and enclosing 25c. to pay forwarding charges. *This offer is made to demonstrate the efficiency of this remedy.*

GLYCOZONE is absolutely harmless

It cleanses the lining membrane of the stomach and subdues inflammation, thus helping nature to accomplish a cure.

GLYCOZONE cannot fail to help you, and will not harm you in the least.

Indorsed and successfully used by leading physicians for over 15 years.

Sold by leading druggists. None genuine without my signature.

Charles Marchand

Chemist and Graduate of the "Ecole Centrale des Arts et Manufactures de Paris" (France)

57 Prince Street, New York City

FREE!—Valuable booklet on how to treat diseases

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

Is Successfully Employed by the Profession in the Treatment of Inflammation of the Bladder, Albuminuria, Bright's Disease and Uric Acid Conditions. The Long Experience and Many Carefully Conducted Experiments of These Well-Known Medical Men Entitle Their Opinions to Consideration.

Hunter McGuire, M. D., LL. D., *Ex-Pres. American Medical Association, late Pres. and Prof. of Clinical Surgery, University College of Medicine, Richmond, Va.:* "In Uric Acid Gravel, and, indeed in diseases generally dependent upon a Uric Acid Diathesis, it is a remedy of extraordinary potency. Many years experience in its use only confirms the good opinion I have so often expressed in regard to it."

Graeme M. Hammond, M. D., *Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System in the New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital:* "In all cases of Bright's Disease I have found of the greatest service in increasing the quantity of urine and in eliminating the Albumen."

Robert Battey, M. D., *Rome, Ga., Suggestor of Battey's Operation:* "I have used in my practice for three years past, in cases of Chronic Inflammation of the Bladder, whether induced by Stone, by enlarged prostate in the aged or from other causes, I have secured excellent results from its use."

J. Allison Hodges, M. D., *President University College of Medicine and Prof. of Nervous and Mental Diseases, Richmond, Va.:* "In Albuminuria of Pregnancy, this water is one of the very best alkaline Diuretics, and, with a milk diet, is one of my sheet anchors."

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER is for sale by the general drug and mineral water trade. Voluminous medical testimony mailed on request.

PROPRIETOR BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VA.

JEWSBURY & BROWN'S ORIENTAL



TOOTH PASTE

England's
Favorite Dentifrice

Will make your teeth pearly white and sound.
Removes tartar and preserves the gums.

Jewsbury & Brown's
Oriental Tooth Paste

100 Years in Use

Contains the most valuable vegetable antiseptics for cleansing the mouth. It imparts a delicate fragrance to the breath.

Sold in Pots and Tubes at All Good Stores

SOLE IMPORTING AGENTS:

F. R. Arnold & Co., New York. Marshall Field & Co., Chicago.



THE WORLD'S BEST PIANO-PLAYER THE MELODANT-ANGELUS

The best that can be said of the ordinary piano-player is that it enables the performer to give a fairly creditable imitation of the hand-playing of the average pianist. How different with the MELODANT-ANGELUS! The MELODANT-ANGELUS is the only piano-player made, by whose aid the player, even though a novice, is enabled to render any selection — popular or classical — with a musical brilliancy which astonishes and delights the person of critical musical taste.

A performance on the MELODANT-ANGELUS is as artistic in every sense and as musically perfect as that of an acknowledged master of piano-music. The delicate fingers of the MELODANT-ANGELUS bring out the best there is in the piano. The *Phrasing Lever*, *Diaphragm Pneumatics* and *Melody Buttons*—all exclusive features of the ANGELUS—entirely eliminate the mechanical effect. These devices enable the player to inject *personal feeling* into the performance and to interpret any composition in the way that most appeals to him. With the MELODANT, the new device exclusive with the ANGELUS, the most artistic music is produced without thought of expression on the part of the performer.

Before purchasing your piano-player just hear the MELODANT-ANGELUS once. The music of other piano-players can no more be classed with that of the MELODANT-ANGELUS than the playing of an ordinary pianist can be classed with that of a Paderewski or a Rubenstein.

Pianos, with the ANGELUS built within the case, from \$550 upwards—the Cabinet ANGELUS, which plays any make of piano, \$250.

Write us for name of nearest representative and free descriptive literature.

Established 1876

THE WILCOX & WHITE CO.

Meriden, Conn.



THE PLEASURE DOUBLED---THE COST REDUCED

THE NEW
Z O N
-O-
PHONE

Talking Machines exhibit the highest standard of mechanical perfection, yet cost less than similar models. The \$75 Royal Grand Zon-O-Phone is the superior of any machine made. The Zon-O-Phone with Tapering Arm for \$20 has no equivalent on the market. Its resonance and rich fullness of tone cannot be equalled excepting at much greater cost. Catalogues free.

Zon-O-Phone Records are the most pleasing, play longest, last longest; musically superior, free from scratching or harsh tones. The finest disk records made, embracing every form of auricular entertainment:—Complete Operas, Standard Selections, the Latest Hits, Exclusive Novelties.

You Be the Judge Go hear Zon-O-Phone Records. 10 inch 60c, 12 inch \$1. List of **New Records for October** sent free, or obtainable at the dealers.

See for yourself: or, rather, HEAR for yourself. Get the Catalogue. Write today.

THE UNIVERSAL TALKING MACHINE MFG. CO., 371 Mulberry Street, Newark, N. J.



HEATHERBLOOM

TRADE MARK

PETTICOATS In Every Shade the Styles Demand

*"Women who formerly could afford only one
or two perishable silk skirts may now rejoice
in four or five dainty ones of Heatherbloom."*

—Mrs. Osborn.

Constantly higher in the scale of elegance climbs the rich, durable Heatherbloom petticoat. It reflects fully the wealth of Autumn shades in frocks and gowns.

The highest-priced silk petticoats, expensively embroidered or lace trimmed, are now duplicated in Heatherbloom, and because of their brilliance, their unusual durability, their enduring freshness, are in great demand by smartly gowned women.

We particularly invite your attention to these more elaborate designs. Though reflecting all the rich beauty and advance style of silk petticoats costing \$12 to \$18, the same dainty creations in Heatherbloom cost but \$5 to \$8. These, according to experience at our National Exhibit at Atlantic City, are the most popular with fashionable womankind—the first chosen everywhere. Three times the wear of silk.

Sold by dealers in all the latest shades, in every modish color.



Every Petticoat of genuine
Heatherbloom bears this label.



See this trademark on selvage
of every yard of piece goods.

By the Yard

Heatherbloom is obtainable in 150 shades at lining counters—36 inches wide; 40 cents the yard. The ideal material for drop skirts, petticoats, foundations, etc. The trademark Hydegrade on selvage protects you against imitations.

If not at dealer's, write.
Send for booklet **The New
Idea in Linings**, free.

A. G. HYDE & SONS, New York—Chicago

Makers of Hydegrade Fabrics



When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

Bubbles with Health



A new enjoyment is added to Fall pleasures with the opening of each bottle of the incomparable

WAUKESHA
Arcadian
WATER

the sparkling, effervescent beverage that delights and enchants with its natural healthful purity. Waukesha Arcadian Ginger Ale is made of this world-famous water.

Waukesha Arcadian Co.
Waukesha, Wisconsin



SOUSA

The celebrated "March King" with his band—the finest concert band in the world—makes records only for the

VICTOR

\$10 to \$100. At all leading music houses and talking-machine dealers.

Write for complete catalogues of Victors and Victor Records.

Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden N. J., U. S. A.



See other Victor ads. on other pages

"THREW OUT A GAS MACHINE"

"I AM very enthusiastic over The Angle Lamps, and can certainly give them the highest recommendation," writes Mr. George G. Brown of Ohio. "In fact I am so well pleased with the lamps, I have taken out and dismantled a gas machine which I put in for lighting purposes a short time back at an expense of several hundred dollars."

There, reader, is a little food for thought on the lighting question for you. It is easy enough to *claim* safety, perfect service, economy, but proving it is another matter. The trouble with the gas machine is that when it fails to make good, it is your money that is lost; the manufacturer takes no responsibility. Mr. Brown has had his gas machine experience at the cost of several hundred dollars. Now this machine is a full charter member of the "Down and Out Club," along with his money. Now he is using The Angle Lamp and finds it far superior.

Don't such facts make you curious to know more about this new kind of oil burning lamp which so many particular people are using in preference even to gas and electricity? Then ask us for free catalogue "32." Let us explain the working of this new device.



FOR THE ANGLE LAMP

is no ordinary lamp, understand. It is not a mere improvement on the old style lamp. It is an entire departure from old style methods. In its construction the forced draught "chimney principle" of air supply which for so long has made oil-burning devices smoke, smelly and troublesome, has been replaced with a method which gives perfect combustion. The result is a lamp as clear and convenient to operate as gas and of such splendid lighting power that even such people as Ex-Pres. Cleveland, the Rockefellers, Carnegies, etc., use it for lighting their estates in preference to all other systems. But write for our Catalogue "32" giving full information and our proposition for

30 DAYS' TRIAL

Wouldn't you like to have your home admiringly referred to by your neighbors as "the best lighted house in the country"—if you knew such a light would cost so much less than your present system as to pay for itself in a few months' use? Then write for Catalogue "32" describing the Angle Lamp fully and listing 32 varieties from \$2.00 up. It is free for the asking.

ANGLE MFG. CO., - - - **159-161 West 24th Street, NEW YORK**

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

Let Nature Have Her Way

with the *color* of your hair; whether blonde or brunette, don't try to change it, for you may ruin its quality. But you owe it to yourself to improve its growth and condition with



ED. PINAUD'S (Eau de Quinine) HAIR TONIC

Once let the benefits of this famous French hair dressing be firmly established, and even old age itself will not detract from the beautiful quality of your hair. It keeps the scalp in perfect health, removes dandruff and prevents falling hair.

Get a bottle from your dealer to-day and prove for yourself the pleasure of hair cultivation with **ED. PINAUD'S Hair Tonic**. If you desire enough for three applications, write us, enclosing 10 cents (for postage and packing).

PARFUMERIE ED. PINAUD

Department 105,

ED. PINAUD Bldg., New York

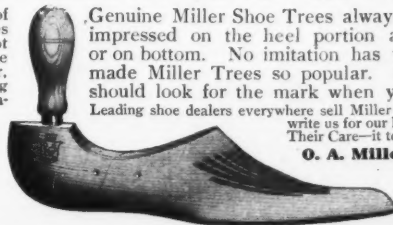
Another Famous ED. PINAUD Preparation—Lilac Vegetal Toilet Water

Delightfully fragrant. For bath, atomizer and finger-bowl. Used after shaving in place of bay-rum or witch-hazel by refined men everywhere. Send 10 cents (to pay postage and packing) for miniature bottle.

NOTICE SOME OF THE SHOES YOU SEE

—just a glance at a row of feet in a street car or elsewhere, shows that most of the shoes which hold the feet are unsightly. Unless they are very new, they look old, warped, curled up and wrinkled. If everybody used Miller Shoe Trees, everybody's shoes would look new until they were worn out.

You need a pair for every pair of shoes. Keep them in the shoes every minute when the shoes are not on your feet. They will prevent the wrinkles which come from daily wear, and from drying out after being soaked with rain, slush or perspiration. They will increase the life of your shoes at least 25 per cent., make them far more comfortable, and add vastly to their neatness and attractiveness.



Genuine Miller Shoe Trees always have our Trade Mark impressed on the heel portion as shown in illustration or on bottom. No imitation has the qualities which have made Miller Trees so popular. It is important that you should look for the mark when you purchase.

Leading shoe dealers everywhere sell Miller Shoe Trees. If yours does not, write us for our handsome booklet on Shoes and Their Care—it tells how to order by mail.

O. A. Miller Treecing Machine Co.
138 CHERRY STREET
BROCKTON
MASS.



When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

DUPONT BRUSHES



Made of the best Bristles and Backs by most skilled brush makers in a clean and sanitary factory—the largest in the world.

DUPONT BRUSHES
Outlast several ordinary brushes—but Cost no more.
Hundreds of styles—in natural Woods, real Ebony, Bone, Pearl, Ivory—for Hair, Teeth, Face, Hands, Clothes, etc.

If not at your dealer's, kindly write us and we will see that you are supplied.

**NAME
DUPONT
ON EVERY BRUSH**

**OUR FREE
BRUSH BOOK**
tells how to choose,
how to clean and properly
care for your brushes. Send
your address and dealer's.
E. DUPONT & CO.
PARIS, BEAUVAIS, LONDON
New York Office, 36-28 Washington Place

Have an Even Heat All Winter



- It means **HEALTH**
- It saves **COAL**
- It saves **Time and Worry.**

This automatic regulator will actually keep your house at an even heat whether the weather outside be at zero or above freezing. You or anyone can easily attach it to any furnace, steam or hot water boiler. It don't mar the walls in any way.

You fix the "Time-Set" and the thermostat at the degree you want the heat for the day. Then all you've got to do is to put on coal and forget it. It positively keeps an even temperature without variation. That means health.

At night do the same. Set it for as cool as you want the house and the clock will start the heat in the morning. No getting up early to make fire and warm up.

30 Days' FREE TRIAL—60 Days to Pay

Great Saving on Coal Bills

and will more than pay for itself in a short time. Prove this for yourself. We send it to you on 30 days' Free Trial so you can do this. If not perfectly satisfied—send it right back.

If you keep it, pay us in 60 days or take advantage of discount for cash with order.

The instructions and illustrations in our free booklet are so plain that anyone can understand them. Send for it today if you keep house.

**"THE CHICAGO"
HEAT REGULATOR CO.**
40 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.



MAY IRWIN

The queen of fun-makers
makes records exclusively for the

VICTOR

\$10 to \$100. At all leading music houses
and talking-machine dealers.

Write for complete catalogue of Victors and Victor Records.

Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden N. J., U. S. A.



See other Victor ads. on other pages

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

HYGIENIC SOAP GRANULATOR SYSTEM

Clean, pure soap, free from germs and the offensive conditions of the common cake, and without waste or loss.

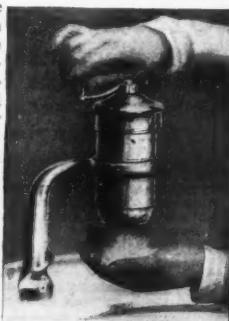
The modern hygienic system, whereby each user is provided an individual supply of pure, fresh soap uncontaminated by previous contact. The soap is cut from the round cake (which is locked in the granulator) by a turn of the handle, and delivered into the hand in fine flakes.

Luxurious, hygienic, economical—saves from 25 to 50 per cent.

A device demanded by refined people. Adopted by the United States Government Departments, the North German Lloyd Steamship Company, New York Central Railroad, Southern Railway, the Waldorf-Astoria, Hotel Imperial, Post Graduate Hospital, and thousands of the best homes, hospitals, hotels, shops, factories and public places.

Send for our book, "The Modern Way to Use Soap," and our list of prominent users.

HYGIENIC SOAP GRANULATOR COMPANY
24 New Chambers Street, New York



FALL STYLE BOOK

Also a Big Bundle of Latest Shades and
Novelties in Fabrics—All Sent Free

We furnish all materials, linings, findings, etc., and deliver to you by
prepaid express man-tailored, dressy garments made to your order
at the following prices:

Suits \$7.50 to \$30 Silk Suits \$12.50 to \$25
Skirts 3.50 to 14 Cloaks 5.50 to 25
Rain and Automobile Coats \$7.50 to \$25

From samples of over 250 newest materials
you may select goods most becoming and
linings and trimmings of any shade.

Models to Suit You

You need not order a garment just as
shown in our catalog. You may order the
jacket of one model with the skirt of another;
or change sleeves, collar, back or front of one
jacket for those of another; *i. e.*, have your
garment made just as you want it. The fol-
lowing never-broken guarantee has appeared
in our advertisements in high-grade magazines
for the past 14 seasons:

**I Guarantee to fit and satisfy you
or promptly return your money.**

There is comfort in a garment cut and tail-
ored to your order. It doesn't draw in one
place nor feel too loose in another.

Our coats are built on shrunken canvas re-
inforced with haircloth. *Our skirts are cut
full, with a generous sweep.* Our garments
are "better than the ready-made." They
are more dressy, fit better and therefore are
more comfortable. All garments are made
in our Sunshiny Shops.

Let me send you our valuable style
book, big bundle of latest materials, testi-
monials from satisfied customers in every
state of the Union and our simple instruc-
tion book without the aid of an experienced
tailor. **WRITE TODAY.**

tions for taking measures
person. All sent FREE.

ALBERT M. HOFFMEIER, Pres't

THE LADIES' TAILORING COMPANY

337 Power Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

N. B.—If you prefer, I will make up your own materials.

BISHOP FURNITURE CO. GRAND RAPIDS MICH.

Ship anywhere "On Approval" allowing furniture in your home five
days, to be returned at our expense and money refunded if not perfectly
satisfactory and all you expected.

We Prepay Freight to all points east of the Mississippi River and north
of Tennessee line, allowing freight that far toward points beyond.



Only \$35.50

For this massive "Napoleon" Bed No. 840
(worth \$150.00) in Mahogany or Quartered
Oak. Piano Polish or Bull finish. Dresser
and Commode to match, and many other de-
sirable styles in our LARGE, FREE CATALOG.



\$22.50

Buy this large, luxurious Colonial
Rocking Chair, No. 1275 (worth \$40.00),
covered with best genuine leather.
Has Quartered Oak or Mahogany
finish rockers, full Turkish spring
seat and back. An ornament and
gem of luxury and comfort in any
home.



\$24.75

Buy this handsome Dining Extension Table
No. 626 (worth \$36.00). Made of select
Quartered Oak, Piano Polish or Bull finish.
Top 60 in. Has perfect lock. Seats 6 when
extended, 4 when closed.

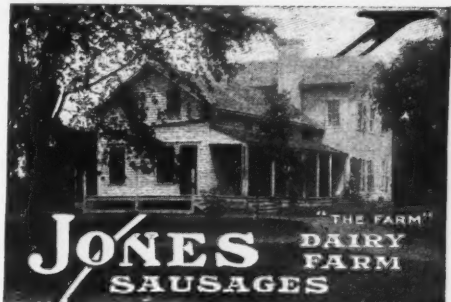


\$10.75

Buy this large high-grade
Library Table No. 811 (worth
\$17.00). Made of select figured Quar-
tered Oak with Piano Polish. Length 42
inches, width 27 inches. Has large
drawer. For Mahogany add \$2.25.

Our FREE catalog shows over 1000 pieces of high-grade fashionable
Furniture, from the cheapest that is good to the best made. It posts you
on styles and prices. Write for it to-day.

BISHOP FURNITURE CO., 22-34 Iowa Street, Grand Rapids, Michigan



JONES DAIRY FARM SAUSAGES

Real, old-fashioned farm sausage,
made of dairy-fed little pig pork, pure
spices and salt, combined according to a
recipe that has never been equalled. No adul-
terants, preservatives or fillers. If you want to try
this sausage, and your dealer doesn't keep it, I make a

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER
4 lbs. for \$1.00 Express Prepaid
and you may have your money back if not satisfied.

Please note that this offer is good only east of Colo-
rado and north of Alabama—outside this territory,
add 40c. for additional express charges. Repeat
orders at regular prices. **M. C. JONES.**

JONES DAIRY FARM

Box 615 Fort Atkinson, Wis.

INSPECTION INVITED

This is the Fashion

Paris made the fashion and London
and New York quickly took it up.
Now all well dressed men and
women are wearing shoes made of

**"Golden Brown Kid
Color No. 21"**

It requires no cleaning nor dress-
ing. It is soft, pliable, waterproof
and a beautiful harmonizing color
for any costume. Order by the
full name and refuse substitutes.

A sample free on request

The Fashion Publicity Co.

193 William Street

NEW YORK CITY



THE COMFORT SPRING FOSTER'S Ideal

Why Foster's IDEAL Is the Best

The Foster Ideal or "400" Spring Bed is acknowledged by the furniture trade and by its thousands of users to be the acme of perfection. It is constructed on unique patented lines and is the crowning achievement of a lifetime's experience and effort. Every one of its many specially tempered coil springs acts independently, gently yielding to the downward pressure of the body in exact proportion to weight, and conforming perfectly to every curve, yet returning instantly to its original height as soon as the occupant arises. The upper tier of springs carries the weight of light persons; the central metal strips distribute the weight of heavy persons throughout the lower tier. The only spring on which a heavy and a light person may sleep at the same time without being involuntarily rolled together. A priceless boon to invalids, a delightful luxury for all.

This
Trade Mark



is on all
our goods.

Look for it. Like all best things, the Ideal Spring is imitated, but in appearance only. To permit an inferior substitute to be palmed off on you is to encourage the imitator, discourage progress, and disappoint yourself. All good dealers sell and recommend the full Ideal Line of Springs, iron beds, and safety cribs. Write for free booklet "Wide Awake Facts About Sleep" and name of nearest dealer.

FOSTER BROS. MFG. CO.

53 Broad Street, Utica, N. Y.

1453 N. 16th Street, St. Louis, Mo.



Mother retires knowing baby's safe in Foster's Ideal Crib. High sliding sides, closely spaced spindles, woven-wire springs, patented rail fastener (on our cribs only)—guaranteed not to break. Different styles and prices. Enamelled white or colors. Write for free Crib booklet.



THE JEWEL

\$600

1908 Model

with two speeds forward and reverse.
Write today for our free booklet, describing this handsome car and the JEWEL Runabout.

Distinctively a Gentleman's Car.

THE FOREST CITY MOTOR CAR CO.

1810 Walnut St., Massillon, Ohio, U. S. A.

**Delightful Autumn Weather—
Good Roads—Ideal Touring Days.**

JEWEL Stanhopes and Runabouts are practical roadsters, with all the elegance and quality of the best city car.

Equipped with the simplest known gasoline motor—a valveless Two-cycle developing 10 H. P.—they give four to thirty miles an hour on the high gear,

Dr. Marshall's Catarrh Snuff

CONTAINS NO COCAINE

Morphine or Other Injurious Drugs—Most Other Remedies Do



OVER 70 YEARS
SUCCESS

It is the pure old remedy for Catarrh—Cold in the Head—Headache—LaGrippe—Hayfever—Ringing in the Ears—Deafness (due to Catarrh), and Lost Sense of Smell, bringing relief and comfort at once, aiding Nature to heal and effect a permanent cure. Made from the same formula since 1835—fifty years before Cocaine was discovered—guaranteed pure, and registered by the Government under the Pure Food and Drugs Act of June 30th, 1906. Serial number 243.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR DR. MARSHALL'S CATARRH SNUFF

As neither sprays, ointments nor medicine taken internally will cure Catarrh in the head. Sold by all druggists at 25c per bottle or mailed direct.

F. C. KEITH, Mfg. and Prop., 553 Society for Savings Bld., CLEVELAND, O.



When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



Are Your Sox Insured?

Read this **Holeproof Guarantee!**

"We guarantee to any purchaser of **Holeproof Sox** or **Holeproof Stockings** that they will need no darning for 6 months. If they should, we agree to replace them with new ones, provided they are returned to us within 6 months from date of sale to wearer."

Holeproof are the original guaranteed sox that wear **Six Months Without Holes**. **Holeproof Sox** and **Holeproof Stockings** are handsome in appearance, elastic, and easy to the feet in every way. By using a certain combination of the highest grades of long-fibred yarns, where the hardest usage comes, we are able to knit sox and stockings which will outwear ordinary hosiery **Six to One**.

Holeproof Hosiery

"That's the second pair of sox I've gone through inside of a week. No matter what I pay for them, they seem to wear out just as quickly. Guess I'll have to start wearing leather stockings."

Small wonder our friend is disgusted. He has a right to expect value and comfort for his money.

And he would get it, too, if he only knew of **Holeproof Hosiery**.

Men's Holeproof Sox

Fast Colors—Black, Tan (light or dark), Pearl and Navy Blue. Sizes 9 to 12.

Egyptian Cotton, (medium or light weight) sold only in boxes containing six pairs of one size—assorted colors if desired—six month's guarantee with each pair.

Per box of six pairs **\$2.00**

Women's Holeproof Stockings

Fast Colors—Black, Black legs with white feet, and Tan. Sizes 8 to 11. Extra reinforced garter tops.

Egyptian Cotton, sold only in boxes containing six pairs of one size—assorted colors if desired—six month's guarantee with each pair. Per box 6 pairs **\$2.00**

CAUTION! In buying, be absolutely positive that you get the original **Holeproof** goods. Insist upon it to protect yourself. Dishonest manufacturers and dealers are attempting to profit by our success, and are offering worthless imitations under names and in packages as near like **Holeproof** as they dare. In some instances, dealers even claim that such goods are made by the **Holeproof Hosiery Company** of Milwaukee. We wish to emphasize most strongly that **Holeproof** is the only brand we manufacture, each and every pair of **Holeproof Sox** or **Holeproof Stockings** bears our trade mark (registered) plainly stamped thereon.

If your dealer doesn't sell the **Holeproof** line we will supply you direct upon receipt of price and prepay all shipping charges. Let us know the size you wear, the color you prefer, and remit by money order or draft, or any other convenient way.

Write today for our Free Booklet

It's full of interesting convincing facts about **Holeproof Hosiery**. We will also give you the name of the local dealer in your city.

Holeproof Hosiery Company

53 Fourth Street
Milwaukee, Wisconsin



Pony Rigs for Boys and Girls

CHRISTMAS IS COMING



This nobby **Governess** cart, one of the favorites in our famous **Tony Pony Line**, would give your little folks more pleasure than anything else you could buy for them. It is so strong, so roomy, so "comfy"—**high quality**, through and through—made for **durability** as well as **appearance**. Let us tell you more about it and all our other up-to-date **Tony Pony Wheeled Vehicles** and **Pony Sleighs**—the most delightful and beneficial holiday presents you could think of. Our **Pony Farm** is the best stocked in the West, and we make prompt shipments of pony rigs complete—pony, harness, cart or sleigh, and all the trimmings. We will send you our beautifully illustrated catalogue Free. Address **Michigan Buggy Co.**, 389 Office Building, Kalamazoo, Michigan.



CARUSO

The greatest tenor of modern times sings only for the

VICTOR

\$10 to \$100. At all leading music houses and talking-machine dealers.

Write for complete catalogues of Victors and Victor Records.

Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden N. J., U. S. A.



See other Victor ads. on other pages

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

We Pay Freight

TRADE-MARK REGISTERED

Save from \$5 to \$40 by buying stoves and ranges direct from our factory at actual factory prices. Quality guaranteed. We sell on 360 Days' Approval. Get our prices for comparison. Send For Catalogue No. 247.
KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mfgs., KALAMAZOO, MICH.
Original "Direct-to-User Manufacturers." Beware of Imitators.

300 Styles and Sizes

For the home, parlor, kitchen, bedroom. For churches, schools, lodge rooms. For factories and stores. Hotel Ranges for restaurants, clubs, camps, boarding houses. Gas Stoves for heating and cooking.



If you can whistle a tune
you can play it on this

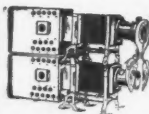


Played with
keys like a piano

DOLCEOLA

A Miniature Grand Piano

The DOLCEOLA'S captivating harmony and original construction give it instant popularity, and the hearty endorsement of musical experts everywhere. It appeals to the larger number because of its low cost. Free, handsome catalog. Agents make \$100 to \$500 monthly.
The Toledo Symphony Co.
1082 Snow Flake Bldg., Toledo, O.



BIG RETURNS

Are obtained giving public Exhibitions with a good Stereopticon or Moving Picture Outfit. Nothing affords better opportunities for men with small capital.

Start right, get your instrument and supplies from a reliable house. Established 1783, profitable entertainment.

Write for new illustrated catalogue telling you how to conduct
McALLISTER MFG. OPTICIANS, Dept. H, 49 Nassau Street, New York.

KAHN SYSTEM

of Reinforced Concrete

Specify Kahn System—You will if you investigate.

The United States Government has given substantial endorsement to the Kahn System in over 20 buildings erected at West Point, Annapolis and Washington.

If you plan to build—investigate the practical advantages and economies of the Kahn System of construction—absolutely fireproof, eliminates cost of maintenance, reduces insurance, saves time in building, grows in strength and quality with age.

INVESTIGATE—Your interests are greater than ours, your money, your investment is concerned—find out. Know what the KAHN SYSTEM of construction means—that it operates in accord with your architect, engineer and contractor without extra cost to you. Why not profit by this combined knowledge and experience.

What the Kahn System can do for you depends on your needs—write us giving particulars—it costs nothing to investigate.

(Our Bulletin "A Record of Results" giving names, location, names of architects and contractors of hundreds of Kahn System buildings sent on request.)

After thorough investigation the Packard Motor Car Co. of Detroit built their first Kahn System building three years ago. Each year new buildings have been added until today their "Kahn System Plant," here illustrated, embraces upward of ten acres of factory floor space. The Packard Co. give the following reasons for their belief in the Kahn System of concrete construction:

"First: You get the best fireproof conditions.

"Second: You avoid the delay of waiting for steel and work proceeds immediately and expeditiously and without the disturbance of riveting.

"Third: The shop-light conditions are much better with the Kahn System of concrete construction."

If request is made on your letter head, a copy of "The Typical Factory," an elaborate book describing the Pierce "Factory Behind the Car," will be sent free. Write for copy of "Mills and Factories," and Bulletin No. 5, "What Reinforced Concrete Is."



View of the Packard Automobile Plant—A convincing endorsement of the Kahn System

Trussed Concrete Steel Company

LONDON, ENG.

29 Congress Street, DETROIT

TORONTO, CAN.

BUILD KAHN SYSTEM—IT STANDS TO REASON

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

SIX PAIR HOSE GUARANTEED SIX MONTHS NO HOLES

AUGUST											
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31					

SEPTEMBER											
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30						

OCTOBER											
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31					

NOVEMBER											
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30						

DECEMBER											
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31					

JANUARY											
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31					

No darning—no wearing of ragged or darned hosiery. Guaranteed against holes, rips and tears for six months.

Does that interest you—does it suggest satisfaction and comfort you are not receiving?

EVERWEAR HOSIERY is guaranteed ABSOLUTELY. New hose is sent FREE OF COST to YOU if it does not outwear the guarantee.

We know it will wear and give satisfaction because it is made of the very finest grade of Egyptian cotton, soft as silk, flawlessly knit in fast colors.



Everwear
TRADE MARK
Hosiery

Absolutely seamless—and has a soft silky feeling that cannot irritate the most sensitive foot. It is sold by all dealers at \$2.00 per box of six pair, one size to a box. If your dealer does not handle EVERWEAR HOSIERY order direct, stating color and size.

Write for our interesting booklet, "An Everwear Yarn," beautifully illustrated. It is free.

LADIES' Six Pair in a Box. MEN'S Six Pair in a Box. \$2.00.
\$2.00. Made in black and tan, or black with white feet. Made in black, blue, steel gray, black tan, or black with white feet. With white feet, light and dark tan.

EVERWEAR HOSIERY CO., 552 State St., MILWAUKEE, WIS.



★ The STAR SAFETY RAZOR ★

"Yesterday, to-day and to-morrow" the best mechanically perfect device for shaving with **safety, dispatch, ease and comfort** that has ever been placed before the public. Fitted with a keen forged and concaved blade that cuts the beard and will not pull. No burning after effect and will not irritate the skin as is often the case if **thin metal blades or poor cutting razors are used**. Read the following letter and consider carefully before being **induced** to buy any other make of (so termed) Safety Razor.

No razor, **even if protected by a guard**, can be considered a Safety Razor unless it shaves clean and in other ways carries out what we say for **our Star Safety Razor**.

A Testimonial from a Customer

KAMPFE BROS.,
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—The continued and solid satisfaction that I am obtaining from your Safety Razor impels me to give you this testimonial.

I did not discontinue the use of ordinary razors because I could not use them, but because after a trial some eight years ago of your razor, The Star Safety, I found that the ease, rapidity and comfort with which shaving could be accomplished with it was so marked that I have rarely, if ever, used an ordinary razor since.

In this day of widely advertised Safeties with non-sharpening paper-like blades, would say right here that none that I have seen will produce anything like the results of the Star, to which I still cling. The blades of the non-sharpening razors are apparently too thin to produce the best and pleasant results, and the way that the lather is gathered up with the Star is an added advantage.

My Star, with two blades, is still in first-class condition, after eight years of service.

Respectfully yours,

(Signed) CLAUDE L. WOOLLEY.

Star Safety Razors, sets \$1.50 and up. Star Safety Razor with one blade, Strop and Automatic Stropping Machine, price \$4.50. Illustrated catalogue on request.

The **STAR SAFETY CORN RAZOR**, \$1.00. Simple, Safe and Sure, on sale by all dealers, or sent you on receipt of \$1.00. Star Safety Razors on sale by dealers all over the world, or sent on receipt of price.



★ KAMPFE BROS., 2 Reade Street, NEW YORK ★

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



THE WELL GOWNED WOMAN

BY LAURA R. SEIPLE



CRYSTALLIZED fashions for autumn reveal many changes. Skirts are longer with less fullness, shoulders are unbecomingly narrow in many dressy costumes, and short sleeves have been put aside for exaggerated lengths. Taking the new sartorial situation in at a glance, one would say the present silhouette to be almost hideous in the designer's effort to inaugurate a complete change in styles. The mere fact that shoulders are being reduced in breadth to absurdly narrow lines is not encouraging to the average woman, for wide cuts were almost universally becoming. Now with the top of the sleeve running up into the collar, the best formed woman is bound to have a cramped look.

Going over critically the new styles set forth by the world's most renowned designers, there is but one solution to the problem of dress and that is that woman will have to put her best foot forward to reveal her good points, for surely the couturier has done all in his power to hide them. Skimpy skirts with silly little pointed trains that dip in ungraceful lines, cramped shoulders, long sleeves, and short waists are not flattering details to work upon in the building of attractive frocks. Modifications of freakish styles are, however, springing up in a-plenty, and perhaps, after all, the day will be saved. American women will adopt new modes or revivals of old ones just long enough to have a good look at themselves in the mirror; if the reflection is not entirely satisfactory, off goes the garment to be altered in this or that individual way. So much for the clever versatility of Uncle Sam's daughters.

Recently a fascinating little bolero, with arm-holes of such size that they are almost caricatures, has found favor with smartly gowned women. This bolero must not be confused with jackets having arm-sizes of Japanese persuasion; on the contrary, it is rather close fitting and is cut round just below the elbow, the opening being faced with embroidery or soutache braiding to correspond with the body of the bolero. The odd little arm-hole relieves the severity of the long tight bodice sleeve and gives an extremely dressy appearance to a plain frock. This is only one caprice of an ingenious fashion arbiter whose little

whims and vagaries are always cordially welcomed.

Colors that stand to the front are greens for tailormades; purple and kindred shades of violet for more elaborate costumes. Next come gray striped effects in dozens of different styles. Navy blue worsteds with invisible stripes are at the height of their popularity for trotter suits. For the first fall tailormade a blue cloth of medium shade striped a distance of from three-quarters of an inch to one and one-half inches apart is recommended. The skirt cut after any of the new walking lengths must hug the figure to the knees when it may fall below the ankles in unconfined plaits. Reference now is being made only to the walking-skirt and must not be confused with the statement made at the opening of this article mentioning the fact that dresses were growing longer. While this is true, it does not necessarily mean that the comfortable little pedestrian skirt is to be ousted altogether; at least not by American women whose independence carries them triumphantly over many difficult dress problems.

With the navy blue trotter skirt is shown a trig little semi-fitted coat, several inches longer than fashion called for a few weeks ago. A decided mannish finish is given in the lapped seams, coat collar, pocket flaps, and horn buttons. Sleeves are long and finished with turned-back cuffs stitched flat and closed with two buttons. Up to the time snow flies the smart blue tailormade will be accompanied by Russia tan boots of extra height, heavy gloves in the same shade as the shoes, and when a hand-bag is carried the exact tone should be preserved. Pigskin will be found adaptable for this use as it retains the rich golden tan it affects after having been exposed to the sunlight a few times. Besides, pigskin is extremely popular and promises to retain its place of supremacy in the realm of leather goods.

Returning to greens, many of the hand-somest long tailormades are in rich olive tones graphically described as Caledonia and Laurier. Russian green, too, has a host of admirers, but the shade, being less becoming than olive and

There's a Good Time Coming



Kellogg's
TOASTED CORN FLAKES
W. K. Kellogg
TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO.
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

Kellogg's
TOASTED CORN FLAKES

always means a good time for the children. Not only good for breakfast, but for every meal and between times.

And you can't find anything that is better for them. You can't find a breakfast food so eagerly relished—so delicious, and distinctive in flavor.

But be sure you get the genuine. There is only one genuine Toasted Corn Flakes; that is Kellogg's—the kind that "won its favor through its flavor." In packages as large as the largest—at your grocer's.

TOASTED CORN FLAKE COMPANY
Battle Creek, Mich.

Canadian trade supplied exclusively by the
BATTLE CREEK TOASTED CORN FLAKE Co., Ltd.
London, Ontario

The Genuine has this signature on the package

W. K. Kellogg

There
is
Beauty
in
every
Jar



A little care—a little daily attention—and a little Milkweed Cream will give the woman who cares, a perfect complexion.

What attention do you give your face and hands?

You wash them of course, but that's not enough. Exposure to the weather, to heat and cold, to dirt and dust, indoors and out, to the tainted air of the ball room or the steam of the kitchen, will take the bloom from any complexion. These causes and conditions result in a sallow complexion, make the skin rough, coarsen its texture, and unless proper attention is given there comes lasting and unsightly facial blemishes.

Milkweed Cream

Used night and morning has proven to women everywhere that they can have a clear, bright and healthy skin, for it

Improves bad Complexions, Preserves good Complexions.

Milkweed Cream is a skin food with tonic properties. It is dainty, fastidious, refined; just a little applied with finger tips (no rubbing or kneading) clears the minute pores from dust and dirt, stimulates them into natural activity, and through them feeds the inner skin so that a brilliant and glowing complexion is obtained.

Sold by all druggists at 50 cents and \$1.00 a jar, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. A sample will convince you; mailed free for stamp.

**F. F. INGRAM & CO., 40 Tenth St.
DETROIT, MICH.**

SEE!
YOU
CAN
HANG
IT UP



ZODENTA

Is for particular people, for those who care about the little things which add to the appearance of the well groomed man or woman.

It is a dentifrice in paste form, different from the ordinary pastes because the ingredients are blended together by intense heat, so that Zodenta is always the same.

It dissolves all injurious deposits which discolor and in time ruin the delicate enamel, causing decayed teeth. It prevents the formation of tartar and destroys all poisons and germs which cause softened and diseased gums.

If your druggist does not keep Zodenta, send us 25 cents for a large (2½ oz.) tube postpaid. Your money returned if you don't like it.

Write for Tooth Brush Holder, mailed free

**F. F. INGRAM & CO.
40 Tenth St.; Detroit, Mich.**

Comfort, Convenience and Cleanliness

are assured by
the use of a

Bissell

"Cyclo" Bearing Carpet Sweeper. You can double its benefits by having two sweepers—one for up-stairs and one for down; this saves the work of carrying the sweeper up and down stairs; besides, you always have a sweeper at your command when you want it.

There is no article in the home at double the cost that contributes as much comfort, or that

saves as much hard labor and fatigue, as Bissell's "Cyclo" Bearing Sweeper. It operates easily, silently and thoroughly, raises no dust, brightens and preserves your carpets and rugs; will last longer than fifty corn brooms. Prices: \$2.50, \$5.00, \$8.25, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50.

Buy a Bissell "Cyclo" Bearing Sweeper now of your dealer, send us the purchase slip within one week, and we will send you FREE a neat, useful present.

BEWARE of frauds who claim to be sent out by us to repair Bissell Sweepers. We employ no agents of this kind.

Dept. 64

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

(Largest and only Exclusive Carpet Sweeper Makers in the World.)



CHINESE JADE Direct from the Orient.

Finest grade only, rich green, genuine Chinese Jade Jewelry. Mounted in 24K Solid Gold (absolutely pure) by highly skilled Chinese goldsmiths. Rings, Scarf Pins, Brooches, Pendants, Necklaces, Bracelets, Cuff Links, etc. Write for Beautiful Souvenir Booklet No. 6 "Jade." Tells all about this rare, sacred gem and illustrates many pieces of fine jewelry in colors. Large regular Diamond, Watch, Jewelry and Silver Ware Catalog No. 6 free on request.

BROCK & PEAGANS, Importing Jewelers
437-439-441 Broadway, Los Angeles, California.

Perfect

Fitting



Glasses at 1/2 Price

We sell at wholesale prices, saving you the dealer's and oculist's profits, equal to one-half retail prices. We guarantee satisfaction or money returned.

Our eye tester, the Oculoscope, is the only recognized reliable instrument for fitting glasses by mail. It is the invention of our Mr. A. J. Shellman, for 26 years in the retail optical business in Grand Rapids, and is sent Free on request.

It will pay you to send to-day for our illustrated catalog of eye glasses, spectacles, etc., and our "Oculoscope"—both FREE.

Special Offer.—We will mail free a book of chemically prepared tissue paper for cleaning your glasses for 2c stamp.

GRAND RAPIDS WHOLESALE OPTICIANS,
210 Ledyard Bldg., Grand Rapids, Mich.

"Oldest and Largest Mail Order Optical House."



lace. So great is the general demand for expensive all-overs, galoons and motifs that one can hardly imagine it being set aside very soon since all innovations have grasped it with a firm hold. Even the old-fashioned guipures have returned with all the vigor of their former popularity. They are now being successfully introduced in combination with fine soutache braids.

A stunning jumper or guimpe gown in one of its manifold forms is made of tan and green striped voile over green silk. The skirt fits closely over the hips in many fine plaits stitched in block fashion. The pinafore jumper is cut round at the neck and is hung over the shoulders by means of straps made of pin-tucked stripes running crossways; these straps are finished on the edges with scallops of green silk held in place with little tan-colored silk buttons. The usual elaborate lace guimpe has a high collar and long sleeves, the lower parts covering well the back of the hand.

The fad for lining transparent fabrics with contrasting colors remains one of the season's strongest preferences. Not only in combinations of light colors over dark ones, but dark colors over light foundations are found in abundance, the latter arrangement being a recent adaptation of a French designer. His highest achievements, as an American appreciates them, are found in models combining dove gray and Burgundy, the latter being the over-dress. Another combination that arrested general attention was dark blue, coin-spotted veiling over coral pink silk.

No more attractive separate coats have been launched this season than the very long skirted ones that resemble the princess. These open all the way down the front or at one side where they fasten with cloth-covered buttons. Two styles in collars are shown—the very high military collar and the regulation coat collar, running into variously shaped lapels. Covert cloth is given precedence over other materials for coats of this class, although a great many in fine black cloths are found at the best shops. As a rule, the high class ready-made garment requires little if any alteration. First class merchants cater to their patrons by handling few duplications of smart apparel, which fact is another consideration in favor of the woman who patronizes the outfitter.

Hats shown during the first fall openings were atrocious, but yet women fairly gloried in their ugliness. Modistes set to work at correcting, as much as possible, the most spectacular phases and now we have a varied assortment of jaunty and becoming hats. For afternoon wear very large shapes prevail.



Paints and Finishes For the Home

The Acme Quality plan makes every housewife, however inexperienced, a practical paint buyer and successful user of paints and finishes for shabby things about the home.

The trademark Acme Quality, covering the world's most complete line of paints, enamels, stains and varnishes, enables you to get the finish made exactly for your purpose, by telling your paint dealer what you wish to do and asking for the proper Acme Quality specialty for that use. The trademark on the can is a guarantee that you have the finest finish obtainable. For competent direction in applying, ask the dealer for the

ACME QUALITY

extbook on the selection and use of paints and finishes. No matter what the work may be, old or new, on wood or metal, this book will tell you how it should be done.

To rebeautify a bureau, or other piece of furniture, for instance, the chapter on "Refinishing Furniture" explains how you can produce any desired finish. A popular method is to apply *Acme Quality Furniture Varnish* after removing the old varnish with *Acme Quality Paint and Varnish Remover*. The result will be a rich, lustrous, enduring finish.

Dealers have both the finishes and the book. If yours can't supply the book, send his name and we will mail copy free.

Address Dept. A. ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS, Detroit, Mich.

A MAN TALKED

This Is His Talk

“For fifteen years I’ve had all the magazines in my house. I read them all at first, then I only read some, then I read none. I just looked at the pictures and let it go at that. I began reading EVERYBODY’S by accident. I read more and was convinced

I Like It

- “It stimulates my brain, makes me feel fresher. I read it every month. I don’t always agree with it—sometimes it aggravates me; but it always makes me think and I like the sensation.
- “I get up from a session with EVERYBODY’S feeling tense, animated, vital; there’s no sameness to it. I like it because

It’s Mighty Human.”

Two things in the October Number you mustn’t miss: OWEN WISTER’S “Keystone Crime,” and a story the Editors say is the best of the year. See if you can pick it out.

*Get a copy and try it. If it convinces you--subscribe.
\$1.50 a year. 8 months for a dollar. 15 cents on all news-stands.*

Address, EVERYBODY’S MAGAZINE, NEW YORK, N. Y., Dept. F

Finicky Furnaces

Steam and Hot Water Boilers

Easily Regulated

Let the little *General Manager* make "just right temperature" a certainty in your home all day and all night.

This Jewell Controller with "Time Clock" attachment is the only absolutely accurate controller of temperature made.

You can set it at any temperature and your room will remain at that temperature regardless of outside changes. You can set it for 60 degrees or any temperature at night, and if you like 70 degrees at 7 o'clock, set the time clock attachment for 6:30 and at 6:30 your room will begin to warm up, and at 7 it is 70 degrees without anyone having done anything to the furnace or the controller.

Convenient? Yes—and unailing.

The Jewell Controller

With Time Clock Attachment

never loses thermostat control night or day for a moment. It's the only so-called controller made that does not.

You can depend upon the Jewell—not only to settle the "Just Right Temperature" question in your home, but to save coal bills enough to pay for itself in a very short time, to say nothing of doctor bills. The discomfort of uneven heat and danger of colds and resulting serious illnesses are entirely avoided in its use. Every house ought to have one. It is convenient—economical—necessary to good health.

Regulates Steam, Hot Water and Hot Air with the same unailing accuracy. Write for booklet "The House Comfortable" and name of dealer nearest you. Address—

JEWELL MFG. CO., 22 N. Green Street, AUBURN, N. Y.



1908
MODEL



VICTOR HAND-FORCED

Water cooled engine wheels 37 inches; 11-4 inch solid rubber tires; speed from 1 to 25 miles per hour. No country too rough for the

Hand-Forced Victor

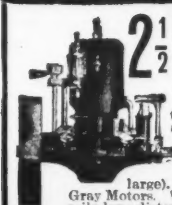
Price \$450.00, including leather top, fenders, lamps, horn, tools, etc. Does a box seat \$40 extra. Write for full particulars.

Victor Automobile Mfg. Co. 102 Carroll St., St. Louis, Mo.

LEARN TO MOUNT BIRDS and ANIMALS

We can teach you by mail at home during your spare hours to stuff and mount all kinds of birds, animals, game heads, etc. Also tan skins and make rugs. Be your own taxidermist. Decorate your home with your beautiful trophies; become a professional taxidermist and earn big income. Quickly learned by men and women. Thousands of successful students. Great Book "How to Learn to Mount Birds and Animals" sent FREE. Write now, today. N. W. School of Taxidermy, Box 604, Omaha, Neb.

GRAY MOTORS



21 H.P. Complete Outfit

not bare—and guaranteed to develop more than 31-2 H.P.—in fact, it is as powerful as most 4 H.P. engines.

We built and equipped a new factory last winter—the most modern and up-to-date plant in the world devoted exclusively to making marine engines. We are now moving into another new and larger plant—5 stories (3 times as large). This shows the enormous demand for

Gray Motors. Write today for the story of the 20 mile long distance race on Lake Erie, also catalog.

Engines 2½ to 40 H.P. GRAY MOTOR CO., 27 Leib St., Detroit, Mich.

\$65



Every Boy
Should Read
This Story

It is breezy—full of wholesome humor—and a true picture of boy life that every American boy and parent will recognize and appreciate.

We send it free—You will enjoy the story itself. Then, too, it tells about the

Daisy Air Rifle

A "real" gun for boys, that furnishes endless amusement, and at the same time gives that true training and development of hand, nerve and eye that makes for healthy, rugged successful manhood. The Daisy Air Rifle is modeled after the latest magazine hunting rifle, and is sighted as accurately and carefully.

1000-Shot Daisy automatic magazine rifle - \$2.00
Other Daisy Models

\$1.00 to \$1.75

Daisy Air Rifles are sold by hardware and sporting goods dealers everywhere, or delivered from factory anywhere in the United States on receipt of price.

Write to-day for a copy of this brisk, breezy, out-of-doors story. To all boys, we will send also complete rules of drill, hints on marksmanship, and full directions for forming a drill company of Daisy Cadets. Address

DAISY MFG. CO.
289 Union St.
Plymouth - Mich.



Are You Ambitious —to earn more money?

Mighty Good.



"The Sheldon Course is a mighty good thing. It has increased my earnings by as much monthly during the past fifteen months as the whole course costs."—*A. C. Burnham, 604 Century Bldg., Kansas City, Missouri.*

Doubled Salary.



"The study of your valuable Course has given me a certain self-confidence that I did not possess before. From the standpoint of money I am receiving at present just twice as much as when I graduated one year ago."—*C. W. Morgan, Mgr., Hammond Typewriter Co., Colorado Bldg., Washington, D. C.*

Then fit yourself to be worth more—make yourself a better business man.

Are you willing to spend one hour a day for six months to double your earning capacity for a lifetime?

Thousands of men have done exactly this.

You can do it too, whether you are earning \$500 a year, or \$5,000 a year.

The Sheldon School has enabled over 25,000 men to increase their earning capacity from 10% to 100% and more, by teaching them to be better salesmen and better business men.

The Sheldon School is a correspondence school. You keep right on earning money in your regular business while you take the Sheldon Course.

The Sheldon Course is just as valuable, just as useful and just as important to the head of the house as to the man on the road.

It is equally valuable to the bookkeeper, the stenographer or to the correspondent, because back of every kind of business is the principle of selling—and the man who is master of salesmanship is better fitted to discharge any of the duties of business life.

Increased 100%.



"I am enthusiastic over the value of your instruction in Salesmanship, and my selling capacity and earning power has increased 100%."—*Chas. G. Zander, Vancouver, B.C., Canada.*

Keener Intellect.



At the time of enrollment commercial traveler making \$100.00 per month. Graduated, established in business for himself. Commissions on single sales at times exceed \$100.00. "Your Course has given me a keener intellect, spurred my energy and has given me a high purpose in life."—*H. H. Austin, 500 E. 14th St., Minneapolis, Minn.*

The Sheldon School

teaches you how to approach men, how to interest them, how to influence them, how to impress them favorably, how to win confidence and keep it—how to make the desirable sale regardless of odds.

It teaches the big, broad principles of business as adopted and practiced by the most successful business men in the country.

The President of the Sheldon School is Mr. Arthur F. Sheldon, who is acknowledged to be one of the greatest salesmen American industry has ever known. Mr. Sheldon has trained more successful salesmen than any other man in the world. He knows how to sell goods himself, and he has the ability to impart this knowledge to others.

Read what these men who have taken the Sheldon Course say about its value, and what it has actually done for them. Write to them if you wish, and also ask us to give you a list of a score of men in your section who are equally enthusiastic in their endorsement of the Sheldon School.

You may be just starting out for yourself. Then you need the Sheldon Course to put you on the right road to success.

You may be a clerk, bookkeeper, stenographer, correspondent or professional man. Whatever your vocation, the Sheldon Course will help you to make more out of your position, your profession or your business.

You may be a good salesman now, but you can become a better salesman, a higher priced salesman, a more successful salesman by following the methods laid out in the Sheldon Course.

You may be an employer of salesmen. If so, the Sheldon Course will help you get better results from your salesmen and will help your salesmen to get better results for you.

The cost is trifling compared with the results obtained.

Let us send you the book entitled "The Science of Successful Salesmanship." It tells exactly how the Sheldon School teaches the principles of salesmanship by correspondence. It is worth any man's reading, whether he wants to take the course or not. It is free for the asking.

The Sheldon School, 1075 Republic Bldg., Chicago, U.S.A.

THE SHELDON SCHOOL, 1075 Republic Bldg., Chicago.

Please send me at your expense your booklet mentioned in this advertisement. I am interested specially in the subjects I have checked below.

.....SalesmanshipSelf Development
.....Ad WritingSystem and Costs
.....Business LogicSelf Education
.....Business PsychologyScience of Retail Merchandising
.....Promotion	

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....

Position.....Business.....



It is only by the measure of experienced smokers' approval
that a cigarette can be judged.

MURAD CIGARETTES

have so signally won and consistently retained the thorough appro-
bation of cigarette connoisseurs that the Murad is everywhere
recognized as

"THE METROPOLITAN STANDARD"

10 for 15 cents

S. ANARGYROS, Manufacturer.

111 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Thoroughbred Fall Styles

Regals have that true, thoroughbred appearance always found in correct footwear.

The "Gridley," pictured here, is a strong favorite this season among men who follow the dictates of fashion.

Every line and curve of this handsome model is perfect. Its narrow, "high-slope" toe is an exclusive feature; the military heel and correct custom extension of the sole give it the perfect balance of a faultless design.

The new Regal models are placed on sale each season only after they have received the approval of New York men and women whose taste in dress is unquestioned. There is a certain satisfaction in knowing in advance that the style you select is correct.

Made in quarter sizes to insure accuracy of fitting.

153 stores and agencies in all principal cities

One of 43 equally correct styles for this season



FALL STYLE BOOK!—Illustrates the correct models for both men and women. It's an acknowledged authority on styles. Magazine size. Handsome cover in colors. Postpaid on request.

GRIDLEY
\$3.50

Delivered prepaid, \$3.75.

STYLE 6-FF0—As illustrated. High shoe, blind cut. Made of Patent Calf.

STYLE 6-FF1—Same, except Black King Calf.

REGAL SHOE COMPANY

Mail Order Department:

319 SUMMER STREET, Boston, Mass.

Mail Order Sub-Stations: Factory, East Whitman, Mass., Box 913, San Francisco, Cal., cor. Van Ness Ave. and Bush St.—New Store, London, Eng., 97 Cheapside, cor. Lawrence Lane.

REGAL SHOES

\$350-\$400-\$500

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

\$350-\$400-\$500

Do You Wish Good Health a Good Figure and a Charming Personality

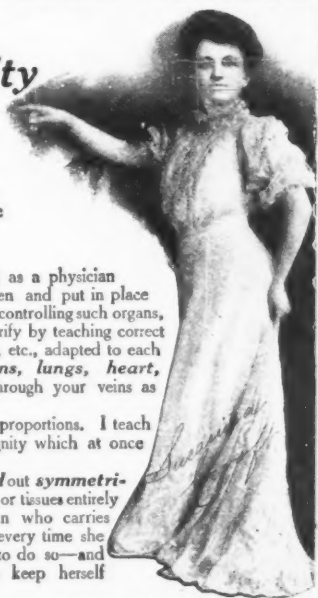
MANY a woman has surprised her husband and friends by giving 15 minutes a day in the privacy of her own room to special directions which I give to her for the care of health, face and figure. Over 25,000 women have studied themselves under my direction in the past five years.

Are You Tired of Drugs?

I use no drugs. I study each woman's case just as a physician studies it, the only difference being that I strengthen and put in place weakened organs by exercise for nerves and muscles controlling such organs, bring a good circulation of warm blood which I purify by teaching correct breathing and by prescribing the special diet, bathing, etc., adapted to each individual. I strengthen *all your vital organs, lungs, heart, nerve centers*, and send your blood bounding through your veins as when a child.

I *develop or reduce your figure* to correct proportions. I teach you to stand and to walk with an ease and dignity which at once bespeak culture and refinement.

Clear Skin and a Good Figure Every figure can be rounded out symmetrically unless bones are missing or tissues entirely wasted away, and the woman who carries from 20 to 100 pounds of *superfluous flesh* every time she moves has my sympathy—but she does not need to do so—and surely it is every woman's privilege and duty to keep herself attractive and pleasing.



The following are some of the ailments I correct. For details about my personal instruction, write me which symptoms apply to your case. If you are suffering from any other ailment write me fully and I will frankly tell you, without charge, if I can help you.

Too short
Thin waist
Thin chest
Thin arms
Thin neck
Round shoulders
Superfluous flesh
Prominent hips
Protruding abdomen
Height
Weight
Do you stand correctly
Complexion
Do you walk gracefully
Weakness
Lame back
Dullness
Irritable
Nerves
Headaches
Catarrh
Dizziness
Indigestion
Constipation
Liver
Kidneys
Lungs
Heart
Throat
Colds
Rheumatism
Circulation
Blood
Is your health or figure imperfect in any way not mentioned here?
Occupation?
What is your age?
Married or Single?
Give me your full name and address, writing very clearly, please.

Write me TODAY!

How to Stand and Walk When you request details about my lessons, I send you, Free, a booklet showing you how to stand and walk correctly, with a card of correct poise for your dressing table.

What My Pupils Say of My Work

I wish every nervous teacher could know what benefit is to be derived from your physical culture. I have lost 75 pounds, and was never better. I look ten years younger. My biliousness is entirely relieved. Just think how I have gained, since I began with you, from 112 to 137½ lbs. in one year. My catarrh and lungs are much better and my body, which was a bony, crooked structure, is actually beginning to look like your picture of correct poise. My head is steady, the confused feeling having gone. It is the best money ever spent for myself. Just think, Miss Cocroft, before I took up your work I could not eat anything without the greatest distress, and now I think I could digest tacks. I am so happy.

Personal Instructions Write me fully, also letting me know your faults of figure, etc. I will make a personal study of your case and will let you know whether I can help you or not. Your letter will be held in strict confidence. I never publish letters without special permission, though I can send you hundreds of testimonials from women I have helped, who have given me permission to show their letters.

SUSANNA COCROFT, Dept. 42 57 Washington St., Chicago
Author of "Growth in Silence," "Character as Expressed in the Body," Etc.



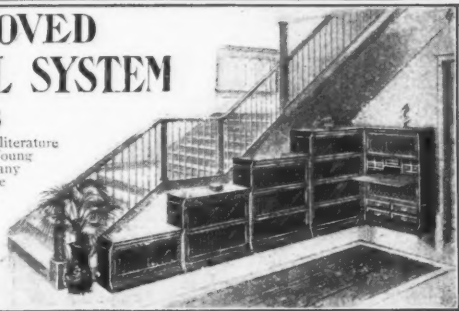
Miss Cocroft at Her Desk

NOTE—Miss Cocroft, as President of Physical Culture Extension Work in America, needs no further introduction.

"GUNN" IMPROVED SECTIONAL SYSTEM BOOKLESS HOMES

College teachers report almost incredible ignorance of standard literature among classes that came up to secure the higher education. Young men from well-to-do homes arrive at the college gates without any of the passwords which admit men to educated society. The home library affords the foundation for higher education. **THE GUNN SECTIONAL BOOKCASE** is an incentive to a well ordered library and adds to the artistic appearance of the home. Exclusive features of Gunn construction are: The Roller Bearing, Non-Binding, Removable Door; No Unsightly Iron Bands. **SEND FOR CATALOG—IT'S FREE.**

GUNN FURNITURE CO., Grand Rapids, Michigan, U. S. A.



When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

Repetti's

CARAMELS

Have You Ever Tasted Them?

To convince every reader of The Cosmopolitan that Repetti's Caramels are the most healthful, delicious and nutritious sweets ever made, we will send to every one, postage paid, a generous box containing six flavors, on receipt of 10 cents.

Repetti's Caramels are known the world over to excel in purity, quality and flavor.

Repetti

was awarded a Gold Medal at the International

Exposition at Milan, Italy, for the purity, superior quality and flavor of his Caramels, Chocolates and Breakfast Cocoa. Orders carefully and daintily packed and sent by mail or express anywhere.

Repetti

on the Box is a Guarantee of Purity and Perfection in the Candy

1472 Broadway, New York



Footwear Distinction for Men and Women

Every man and woman who wants both *foot comfort* and *shoe style*, can get it in the well-proportioned shapes, graceful outlines, trim, neat finish and general smart effect of

Ralston
HEALTH
Shoes \$4.

Made over our exclusive Ralston lasts, so that every line and curve of your foot is fitted by the shoe—not to it. No "breaking in," comfort from the first step, and good looking 'till they wear out—which is a long time off.

OUR FALL CATALOGUE FREE

shows the wide range of this season's metropolitan styles for men and women, and how the famous Ralston Shoe is constructed.

We have agents in most places. On request we will send you the name of our agent nearest you, or we will send you shoes direct by mail, at the regulation \$4.00, plus 25c. for carriage. We guarantee style and fit or refund your money. Price in Canada, \$5.00. Union made

RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS
980 Main St., Campello (Brockton), Mass.



Stock No. 104

Patent Corona Colt Blucher. A refined, graceful model for dress and street wear



Stock No. 500

Women's Patent Colt Blucher. Meridith Last. All the style and trimness of the high-priced made-to-order shoes and with superior features of their own.



KING Air Rifles

Keep the Boys Out of Doors

Now-a-days when physical endurance and health count so much in the ultimate success of the Boy's life, parents should place in the Boy's hands, incentives which will lead him to Nature's overflowing store-houses of Health, Vigor and Vitality, on which he may draw in future years.

The **King Air Rifle** is the most satisfactory method of drawing the Boy into the open fields and fresh air. The **King** is the only air rifle with which you may trust him with absolute confidence in its safety and durability.

KING	500 Shot	\$1.50
KING	Automatic Repeater	
KING	350 Shot Repeater	\$1.25
KING	Single Shot	\$1.00

King Air Rifles are made strong and durable—Black Walnut stock and nickel-plated barrel—the accurate "Rocky Mountain" sight—a handsome, snappy gun—the finest air rifle in the world and the best. Shoots by compressed air, powerful and noiseless. Most dealers carry them in stock. If yours does not, we will ship one prepaid by express upon receipt of price.

BOYS Send for our free illustrated booklet, "How Jimmie Got A Gun" and catalog. Just send us your name and address on a postal and tell us where you saw this advertisement.

Markham Air Rifle Company

Plymouth, Michigan, U. S. A.

"The largest Air Rifle Factory in the World."



Heat your home more hygienically, more uniformly and more economically than any other method can, for they form the fire box of the

Kelsey Warm Air Generator

giving more than double the heating surfaces of any other heater and reducing coal bills 20 to 30 per cent.

The **KELSEY** is not merely an "Economic Heater," it is also a ventilating system and above all supplies heat to every part of the house equally.

The **ZIG-ZAG Heat Tubes** (exclusively a Kelsey feature) force the warmed air to distant or exposed rooms as no other can.

No pipes to leak, no obtrusive radiators; just pure warm air all over the house.

Ask the nearest Kelsey dealer about the **ZIG-ZAG Heat Tubes** or write us for booklet and 112 page book of Opinions with pictures of 250 of the

30,000 Kelsey Heated Homes

Send for information about heating schools and churches.

Kelsey Heating Co.,

Main Office New York Office
262 Fayette St., Syracuse, N.Y. 154 N Fifth Ave.



THE GREATEST GOLD DREDGING ENTERPRISE IN THE WORLD

THE YUKON BASIN GOLD DREDGING COMPANY is an international company organized under the territorial laws of the United States, registered and sanctioned by the strict laws of the Dominion of Canada. Its properties are 105 miles river frontage, or more than 10,000 acres on the famous Stewart River, the richest gold-bearing placer field in the world. Title absolute from the Canadian Government through William Oclivie, former governor of Yukon Territory and now president and actual field manager of the **YUKON BASIN GOLD DREDGING COMPANY**.

This is the biggest gold dredging proposition in Alaska. Each dredge put in the field will do the work of 1000 men, and we propose to install twelve as rapidly as it is possible to make the arrangements. The ground is fully tested and immensely valuable.

Careful tests covering 30 miles of our leaseholds went as high as \$11.00 and averaged more than \$1.00 per yard. Fabulous fortunes are being made dredging in California on ground averaging only 15 cents per yard.

Stock full paid and non-assessable. Par value of stock, \$1.00. A limited amount offered at 10 cents development purposes. Soon to be advanced to 25 cents. We consider this stock intrinsically worth par, and in a reasonable length of time it will be paying large dividends on that amount. Stock may be had on ten monthly installment payments.

Write for prospectus containing minutest details. Make and ask questions. Address

YUKON BASIN GOLD DREDGING COMPANY, Ltd.

152 Scarritt Bldg. KANSAS CITY, MO.

You Must Have Our Catalogue

If you want to know the



LATEST DESIGNS IN FURNITURE

If you want to buy even one piece of good furniture for any part of your house at the lowest price. By shipping direct from the factory to you

WE SAVE YOU 40 to 50 per cent

You take no risk in buying Grace furniture. We ship on approval, deliver promptly, pay freight east of Dakota, north of Tennessee, and equalize to points beyond and guarantee satisfaction or money refunded.



Special Buffet No. 555. Small front, leaded glass doors, bevel plate mirror. Usual retail price \$20.00, our price only \$12.50.

Grandfather Clock, No. 26. Handsome solid frame—85 inches high. Weight movement. Solid brass dial. Bevel or leaded glass door. Quartered Oak, only \$27.50. Genuine Mahogany, only \$32.00. Usual retail price \$45.00.

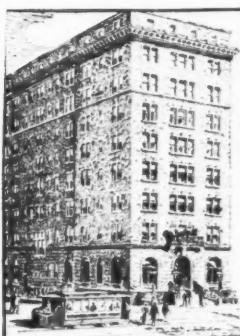
Our catalogue contains over 600 pieces of the most complete, attractive line of household furniture. It is worth having. Won't you write for it today.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
Grace

Grace Furniture Co.

Dept. G

Grand Rapids, Michigan



AWAY FROM THE DIRT AND SMOKE

The knowing traveler, when in Pittsburgh, makes it a point always to stop at the hotel in the cleanest, yet most convenient situation:

HOTEL LINCOLN

Only a step from theatre and high class shopping districts. Nearest to principal railway stations and all trolley lines. Remodeled and refurnished on newest metropolitan ideas. Building modern and absolutely fireproof. One hundred and fifty guest rooms—100 with bath. European plan. Rates \$1.50 per day and upward.

Write for Handsome New Booklet "D."

HOTEL LINCOLN

R. H. KROGST, Manager

Penn Avenue and Fifth Street, PITTSBURG, PA.



R. H. Macy & Co. Attraction: See Their Low Prices
Macy's
636 to 644 N. 3rd St. to 3rd St. S.

THE NEW FALL SUITS MADE TO YOUR MEASURE \$12.74 and up

By Macy's, the Largest Dry Goods and Department Store Under One Roof in America.

Our 450 page catalogue is free



Never before has such an opportunity been offered American women. To have your choice of the 22 most exclusively stylish suits made to your own measure in a choice of over 50 materials, by the great Macy's, is an offer unprecedented. You write us today for Our New Fall Style Book and Household Catalogue of 450 pages and samples of all the new fall suitings. Select from the catalogue fashion plates the suit you prefer and we will make it to your own measure in whatever material you select and guarantee to fit you perfectly.

DESCRIPTION

This handsomely tailored new model is bound with black brand, has patch pockets and velvet collar. An extra skirt is included with fold and train. Made in large variety of handsome material at

\$15.74

450 Page Catalogue of New York Fashions for Fall

This book explains "How Macy's Pays the Freight" and shows plainly just why and how "You" can save money by starting now buying from Macy's everything you wear or use in your home. Write now for this Catalogue and don't forget to ask for samples of our Made to Measure Suits. Just say, "Please send me your 450 page catalogue and complete line of the new fall suitings." Address

R. H. Macy and Co., Room 528, Broadway, New York

Gas Mantles with Backbone

- ☛ Mantles that last.
- ☛ Mantles that require an accident to put them out.

We want every user of incandescent mantles to try the TRUE BLUE Mantle.



If you have ever wished for a really stubborn mantle—one with backbone—you will appreciate the durability of a TRUE BLUE. No holes in mantles—no broken chimneys.

☛ If your dealer hasn't heard of TRUE BLUE Mantles yet, we will send you five prepaid for a dollar bill, and your money back if you are not delighted.

Standard Cap (illustrated) or Inverted Mantles. We also make True Blue gasoline mantles for low or high pressure.

Send a dollar and your address today.

The Michigan Gas Mantle Co.,
1367 Jefferson Ave. DETROIT.



SAFETY CORN KNIFE

50¢
COMPLETE

The only Safety Corn Knife of its kind in the world. A treat for the feet. Enough blades in one set for the family. The complete outfit of sanitary safety blade holder—four blades, sanitary handle and neat case—all for 50 cents. Blades changeable instantly. Every store in the universe will be selling them—if your dealer hasn't them yet, we'll prepay yours upon receipt of 50 cents.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO., Inc., 320 Broadway, New York

Beautiful Woman's Crowning Glory

may fade and her beauty fade too. Many a famous beauty keeps her loveliness by a knowledge of little details. She realizes that grey hair is the surest indication of old age and that it can be easily and effectively obliterated by the use of



Mme. ROBINNAIRE'S WALNUT HAIR DYE

Besides restoring the hair to its original color without discoloring the hands or scalp, it acts as a tonic, giving it the vigor and luster of a young girl's hair.

For sale at all druggists, 75c. Sufficient to last a year.

Free Offer—To any woman sending us the name of her favorite druggist, we will send free, samples of famous Robinnair's toilet preparations and our beautifully illustrated booklet entitled "Personal Charm."

Write now for free offers.

Mme. ROBINNAIRE COMPANY
15 Marietta Street, Atlanta, Georgia

Before You Invest

A dollar in anything get my book "How to Judge Investments." It tells you all about everything you should know before making any kind of an investment, either for a large or small amount. This book gives the soundest advice and may save you many dollars. Send two-cent stamp for a copy; do it now.

Send your name and address and get the Investors' Review for

3 Months Free

This will keep you reliably posted on various kinds of investments. Address

Editor INVESTORS' REVIEW, 1622 Gaff Building, CHICAGO, ILL.

DO YOUR FEET ACHE?

The Scholl Tri-Spring Arch Support is guaranteed to overcome all foot ailments. Cures flatfoot, weak or broken down arches—weak ankles—rheumatism of the foot and limbs, and instantly relieves tired, aching feet. Worn in any shoe. Made of finest Spring German Silver and oak leather in men's and women's sizes. Write for free illustrated booklet. The Scholl Mfg. Co. 80 Market St. Chicago.



USE OXYDONOR AND ENJOY GLORIOUS, BUOYANT HEALTH

OXYDONOR treats Life, and does it by fixing the normal organic relations and conditions which Nature makes indispensable to Life's support. It causes disease to disappear from the human organism by simply bracing the vital process to the mastery of the devitalizing process. But write for free book which tells all about OXYDONOR and gives the testimony of grateful thousands.

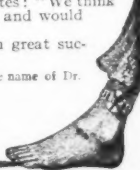
Mr. Washington I. Midler, Gen. Agt. Pullman Car Co., Chicago, writes: "Have used Oxydonor in our family for years with success. Always resort to it in sickness."

Col. La Fayette Lytle, Pres. Toledo Board of Education, Toledo, Ohio, writes: "We think Oxydonor does wonders. Quite a number of our citizens have used it successfully, and would not be without it."

Mr. Elfonzo Youngs, Washington, D. C.: "My wife has used Oxydonor with great success for chronic dyspepsia, sick headache and neuralgia."

Beware of Fraudulent Imitations. There is but one genuine OXYDONOR, that has the name of Dr. H. Sanche engraved in the metal. Look for that name.

DR. H. SANCHE & CO.,
61 Fifth St., Detroit, Mich.
489 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Montreal, Canada.



NOT
LIKE THIS

LIKE THIS

Crooked Spines—Straightened

CURE YOURSELF OR YOUR CHILD AT HOME, WITHOUT PAIN OR INCONVENIENCE, OF ANY SPINAL DEFORMITY WITH THE WONDERFUL SHELTON APPLIANCE.

No matter how old you are, or how long you have suffered, or what kind of spinal deformity you have, there is a cure for you by means of the wonderful Sheldon Appliance. It is as firm as steel and yet elastic at the right places. It gives an even, perfect support to the weakened or deformed spine. It is as easy to take off or put on as a coat, causes no inconvenience, and does not chafe or irritate. No one can notice you are wearing it.

CURE YOURSELF AT HOME

The Sheldon Appliance is made to order to fit each individual perfectly. It weighs only 16 ounces, where plaster casts weigh 8 to 10 pounds. The price is within the reach of all. Hundreds of doctors recommend it.

We Guarantee Satisfaction and Let You Use It 30 Days

If you or your child are suffering from any spinal trouble, hunchback, or crooked spine, write at once for new book with full information and references. We have strong testimonials from every State in the Union.



PHILO BURT MFG. CO.,

201 10th Street, Jamestown, N. Y.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



JEWEL STOVES



Eleven thousand Jewel Stove Dealers will display in their windows a red and white border, of which the border around this advertisement is a facsimile. Look for it. By this sign Jewel dealers will be known.

In Buying a Stove

this Fall we ask you to bear in mind the wonderful fuel-saving and long-lasting qualities which have resulted in the enormous sale of Jewel Stoves. Think of it: Over four million Jewels have been made and sold! You don't buy a stove every year, or every other year, therefore it is important to get the best—especially when the best costs if anything, only a little more at first and is cheaper—far cheaper—in the end. Jewel Stoves have fully satisfied others—isn't it reasonable to suppose that a Jewel will satisfy you?



Jewel Base Burners give one-third more heat from one-third less fuel. Write for free book that explains fully.

JEWEL STOVES

Made in Detroit

with exclusive practical advantages which save fuel and reduce the cost for repairs to a minimum. Only Jewel Kemi-test Metal, analyzed and tested by our own expert chemist, is used, and our careful inspection system prevents flaws. Not a single part is slighted—every part is heavy, durable and properly made to resist heat, and the fitting and finishing is done by the best workmen in the world.

Surely no argument is needed to convince you that stoves and ranges built upon such a plan are superior to and actually cheaper in the end than those simply made to sell at a low price with no thought of future service.

Do you want a Steel Range, Base Burner, Oak Stove, Hot Blast, Cast Cook Stove or Furnace?

Call at the store of the Jewel Stove dealer and have him show you the Jewel best adapted to your purpose. Over one thousand styles and sizes to select from. You are under no obligation to buy unless in your judgment the Jewel represents the greatest value possible to obtain in a stove or range.

Make Comparisons—be Your Own Judge

Jewel Stoves have been made and sold for more than forty-five years. Buy a Jewel and you will get a dollar's worth for every dollar of the price; also, you will never have difficulty in getting repairs. Compare and you will buy a Jewel.

FREE—Send for Special Catalogue with prices—our Base Burner or Steel Range Booklet explains the advantages of Jewel construction in detail. Address Dept. C



Jewel Steel Ranges—the greatest fuel-savers and most perfect bakers ever made. Outlast any others.

DETROIT STOVE WORKS

DETROIT

"Largest Stove Plant in the World"

CHICAGO



JEWEL STOVES



BUY
A
J
E
W
E
L
AND
SAVE
REPAIRS
AND
FUEL

BUY
A
J
E
W
E
L
AND
SAVE
REPAIRS
AND
FUEL

Oliver Leads List

The Ticker of Public Opinion Proves Oliver Typewriter a Gilt-Edge Investment

Big Dividends in Service

Public Opinion is the "Tape and Ticker" that tells the story of the Oliver Typewriter's lead over all other writing machines.

The rapid rise of the Oliver in popular favor is shown by the tremendous volume of sales and the ever-increasing demand.

Investors in Oliver Typewriters all over the world are receiving enormous dividends.

These dividends are paid in the form of

splendid service, which is just as good as the gold.

Buy Oliver! Buy Oliver! Buy Oliver! That's the cry of men who are posted on the "inside" facts of the typewriter situation.

There's absolutely no speculation in buying Oliver Typewriters. The Oliver is worth over one hundred cents on the dollar—never "passes" a dividend, never suffers a "slump," and always leads the list.

Shrewd, far-sighted men—the Bulls and Bears of Business—are equipping their offices with Oliver Typewriters exclusively—

Because—

The OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

has an efficiency of 100 per cent every day in the week and from one year's end to the other.

It's as simple as A B C, and complete from A to Z.

It meets the need for rapid work, with speed to spare.

It fits into any business groove as though it were built to order.

The Oliver Typewriter is original in design, perfect in construction, brilliant in performance.

It has overturned all typewriter traditions and precedents—broken all records in the typewriter world—set up a new standard of results.

Keep your eye on the OLIVER!

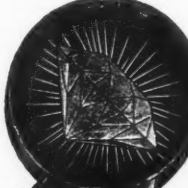
Sales Agents Wanted

We are enlarging our Sales Organization to take care of the heavy increase in business. Unusual inducements offered to young men of satisfactory qualifications. We invite correspondence.

The Oliver Typewriter Company
56 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago



Special Autumn Jewelry Offers



WRITE for our new fall circular—now ready—listing remarkable offers.

If now, or any time between now and Christmas, you contemplate the purchase of a diamond ring, a watch, a locket, cut glass, silver or jewelry of any kind, you should write at once for our special circular. If you want to be posted on latest styles and up-to-date quality, write at once. Our special circular, with its conservative, moderate, rock-bottom prices has been prepared to secure from each one at least a trial order;

for we know that a trial order from you will mean a continuation of your patronage—we know the first purchase will prove to you that you save money, while getting the highest quality from Geo. E. Marshall. You will be surprised when you note our very moderate prices on really high-grade jewelry of all kinds—prices so far below those sometimes charged that there is hardly a comparison.

The Marshall guarantee of absolute standard goes with every article listed in our circular and in our catalog.

Diamonds!

If you are the kind of purchaser interested in the very finest pure white gems, perfect in cut and color, and of superior scintillating beauty, you should certainly send for our special Fall circular and note the quotations on the famous Marshall "F" grade diamonds.

Our "F" grade is a far better grade than the best grade that nine out of ten jewelers ever carry in stock, and because of a large purchase, just before the last sharp advance in diamond market, we are able to quote well below the regular retail price.

For instance: Here is a beautiful oval belcher ring with a Marshall "F" grade diamond for only \$67.00; the belcher ring in the center for \$78.00; the large and extra fine belcher ring at the bottom, in very heavy and elegant setting, for only \$66.00. TERMS, if you desire—

\$5.70 a Month pays for the oval belcher ring; \$7.80 a month pays for the belcher ring in the center, and \$25.00 a month pays for the extra fine belcher ring at the bottom.

For cash in full: 8% Discount—all diamonds on approval prepaid.

Send for Catalog

and extra discount sheet. If you are looking for quality and insist on quality at the lowest possible price do not buy a watch, ring, locket or any kind of jewelry until you have sent for our catalog and circular and note our prices.

Acquaint yourself thoroughly with the net prices offered by the best houses. Get the highest quality and save money.

Tear off this coupon and mail to us now, today. Don't delay.

Geo. E. Marshall, Inc.

W.S. Hyde, President

A. S. True, Sec.

CHICAGO,

I L L.

Geo. E. Marshall, Inc.,
108 State Street,
Suite 427, Chicago.

Without any obligations on my part, please send me at once free, prepaid, your special Marshall catalog and full explanation of your no-money-down approval offer.

Name.....

Address.....

No letter necessary; just sign and mail coupon.

'Ever-Ready' 12 Bladed Safety Razor



MADE
IN
U.S.A.
ON
EACH
BOX

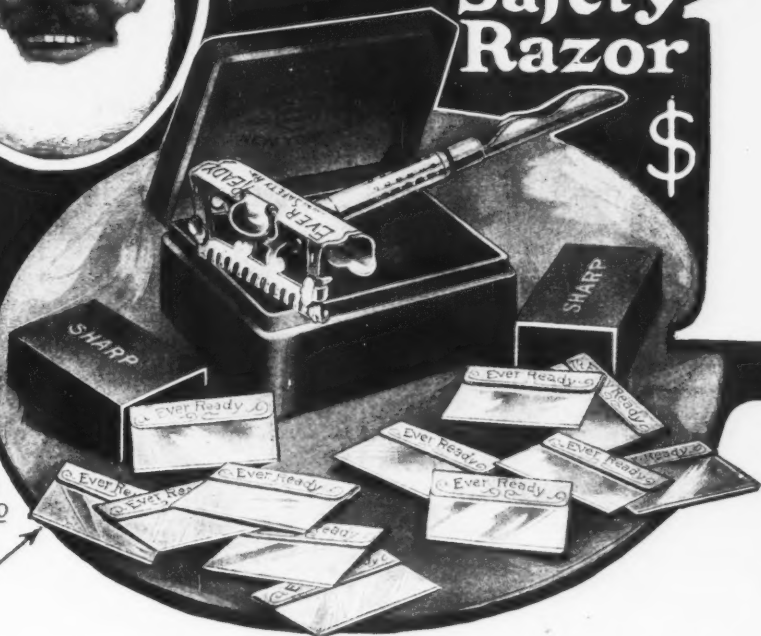


Photo
of \$1.00
SET

We guarantee with a guarantee that returns you your money after trial—that the new "Ever-Ready" 12 Bladed Dollar Safety Razor will shave you best of all safety razors. This means \$5.00 ones and it goes with lesser priced sorts without saying.

No other razor blade in existence is so capable of its shaving mission as the Ever-Ready blade and there are twelve (12) Ever-Ready blades in each set complete for \$1.00. A Million Ever-Ready Safety Razors are giving that sought for, easy, safety shave to a million users. This proves conclusively the pre-eminence of the dollar Ever-Ready over high priced makes or rank imitations.

Each Ever-Ready set is complete at \$1.00, containing handsome safety frame, 12 intensely sharp Ever-Ready blades, handle and blade stropper all in compact case.

You Buy New Blades 10 for 50c direct of us or your dealer.

You don't throw dull blades away—Ever-Ready blades are too good for that. You simply stropper back the keen edge or exchange 10 dull blades for 10 new ones upon payment of 35 cents. The Ever-Ready is least priced of all—the least priced to maintain and the finest ever.

Ever-Ready blades fit "Yankee," "Star," and "Gem" frames or to add to your "Ever-Ready" set—10 for 50 cents, sold by Hardware, Cutlery, Department Stores, Jewelers and Druggists throughout America and the World.

Mail Orders prepaid upon receipt of \$1.00.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO., Inc.,

320 Broadway, NEW YORK

EXTRA 'Ever-Ready' BLADES 10 for 50¢

Coins—Stamps—Post Cards

\$5.75 Paid for Rare 1853 Quarters. Keep all money coined before 1875 and send 20 cents at once for a set of 2 Coin and Stamp Value Books, size 4x7. It may mean your fortune. C. F. Clarke & Co., Dept. 30, Le Roy, N. Y.

10,000 Post Card Exchangers read the Post Card Union Magazine, 25c. lists your name including two-year subscription, cards, rubber stamp and membership in the Post Card Union of America, 1022 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

PUBLISH YOUR OWN POST CARDS. We manufacture post cards for you from photographs, sketches or designs of individuals, hotels, buildings, residences, animals or landscapes, plain or colored, and print your name on as publisher. Quick delivery guaranteed. Send for samples and prices. Advance Studio, 61 Murray St., New York.

FREE. One colored postal and lists of postals. Send us your name and address. Postals made to order from photo \$3.25 per 1,000. Send 10 cts. for 12 samples of this work and particulars. Photo Picture Pub. Co., Box 374, Holyoke, Mass.

Poultry—Pets

GET MORE EGGS by feeding out raw bone. Mann's Bone Cutter sent on 10 days' free trial. No money in advance. Catalog free. F. W. Mann Co., Box 322, Milford, Mass.

Stage Dancing

VAUDEVILLE—George H. Wilson, the World's Champion Dancer, has written a booklet "Vaudeville, Stage Dancing and Entertaining." It is very interesting, and absolutely FREE. Just address Wilson's Vaudeville School, 336 W. 42d St., N. Y.

Wedding Invitations

OUR PRICE FOR ENGRAVED WEDDING INVITATIONS is only \$7.50 for the first hundred and \$2.50 for each additional hundred. The quality of our work is perfect. Price includes delivery anywhere in United States. Samples on Request.

EVERETT WADDEY CO., 9 S. 11th St., Richmond, Va.

Needlework

"FLEISHER'S KNITTING AND CROCHETING MANUAL" is invaluable to expert and beginner—contains photographic illustrations of new and staple garments with directions for making. Teaches knitting and crocheting by quickest method, made easy by illustrated stitches. Mailed for 20 cents. S. B. & B. W. Fleisher, Dept. 62, Philadelphia.

Pianos—Song Writers

PIANOS AT BARGAIN PRICES

Many of the world's best makes, slightly used, at \$125, \$150, \$175, etc.—delivery free—easy terms to responsible people ANYWHERE. For 63 years the Pease name has been a guarantee of fair dealings. Write for list.

PEASE PIANOS, 128 West 42d St., New York.

SEND YOUR SONG POEMS TO ME. I will write the music and present to Big N. Y. Publishers. I made a fortune writing songs; my experience will aid you. My songs "Blue Bell" and "Way Down in My Heart" achieved world-wide fame. Write to-day for Free Booklet. EDWARD MADDEN, 43 Madden Bldg., New York.

SONGS PUBLISHED ON ROYALTY by New York's Big Music Firm. Music Larrabee, Chicago. We are prepared to handle all kinds of manuscripts. Send us yours. North American Music Co., Dept. Y, 59 W. 28th St., N. Y.

POPULAR SHEET MUSIC.

"Arrah Wanna," "Waiting at the Church," "Won't You Be My Honey," "Poor John," "School Days," "And a Little Bit More," 15c. each postpaid. Catalog for stamp. Walton Co., Dep't 21, 2524 Webster Ave., N. Y.

PIANOS AT HALF PRICE—Cash or easy payments. Reliable factory will let you on the inside. If you want a piano get this offer. Triflers and agents not answered. Hox J 454, Galesburg, Ill.

Miscellaneous

PHOTOS—Models from Life. Beautiful Stereoscopes, etc. List with 100 miniature and two cabinet photos, \$1.00. S. Recknagel Nachf., Munich, Germany.

POSITIONS of interest to you and every other capable business, professional or technical man listed in our twelve offices. Write us to-day stating age, experience and salary desired. Haggoods, 305-307 B'way, N. Y.

DEEP BREATHING—How, When and Where—A 64-page illustrated book on this vital subject sent on receipt of 10 cts. Address P. von Boeckmann, R. S., 832 Bristol Bldg., 500 Fifth Ave., New York.

CEMENT—Are you interested in this new building material? If so, send 10 cents for sample copy of CONCRETE, standard magazine on cement and concrete construction. \$1 per year. 30 Newberry Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

CHRIST Walking on the Sea, ROOSEVELT and other pictures FREE with each portrait. Low Prices. Handle latest and best in portraits. See our offer. Write to-day. Kurz Art Co., 675 Larrabee St., Chicago.

Silks and Silk Skirts

SILK PETTICOATS made to order, black and colors, direct from mfrs., saving you from \$1.50 to \$3.00 on a skirt. Also can save you from 10 to 30 cents a yard on all kinds of silks. Write for prices and styles. Barton & Eaton, 7 Temple Place, Boston.

For the Home

OUR HAIR FOOD absolutely restores gray hair to its natural (original) color, whether brown, blond, red or black, from the same bottle, without dyeing it. We want to hear from the sceptical. DWIGHT T. SPRAGUE & CO., Chicago.

BUTCHER'S BOSTON POLISH is the best finish made for floors and interior woodwork. Not brittle; will not scratch or deface like shellac or varnish. Send for free booklet. For sale by dealers in Paints, Hardware and House Furnishings. The Butcher Polish Co., 356 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

FRAGRANT RED CEDAR CHESTS AND BOX COUCHES. Useful and ornamental. Guaranteed absolutely moth and insect proof. Shipped freight prepaid on approval, direct from factory. Write for booklet and factory prices. Piedmont Furniture Co., Dept. G, Statesville, N. C.

Freight Shipping

Reduced Rates on shipments of household goods to and from the West in through cars. Bekins Warehouses in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Oakland, etc. Write for rates and FREE maps of above cities. BEKINS HOUSEHOLD SHIPPING CO., 534 First National Bank Bldg., Chicago.

Drug Habit Cures

Sanitarium or home treatment. Safe, easy methods. Write for free sample and sealed booklet. Purdy Sanitarium, Houston, Texas.

Crippled Feet

S. J. Gray, crippled shoe expert, makes any kind of shoes or appliances. Broken-down arches; weak ankles; toeing-in of children; all irregularities of the feet corrected; advice for stamp. 526 16th St., Oakland, Calif.

For the Figure

AUTO-MASSUR REDUCES YOUR FIGURE PERMANENTLY regardless of age or sex. No drugging, dieting, exertion or sweating. Will prove it free. So confident am I that my Auto-Masseur, without your aid, will speedily restore your figure to youthful symmetry, that I will mail it free of all cost for 40 days' trial. Write for Auto-Masseur Booklet O. Prof. Burns, 1300 Broadway, N. Y. City.

For the Deaf

TO THOSE HARD OF HEARING. An efficient Aid sent for trial on expense, no risk, no contract, no money unless device be kept. Address A. N. Tiemann & Co., 107 Park Row, New York.

THE ACOUSTICON MAKES THE DEAF HEAR INSTANTLY. No trumpet, unsightly or cumbersome apparatus. Special Instruments for Theaters and Churches. In successful use throughout the Country. Booklet, with endorsement of those you know, free. E. L. Turner, Pres't, General Acoustic Co., 1267 Broadway, New York City.

For the Hair

OUR VACUUM CAP when used a few minutes each day draws the blood to the scalp, causing free and normal circulation, which stimulates the hair to a new, healthy growth. Sent on trial under guarantee. Write for free particulars. The Modern Vacuum Cap Co., 595 Barclay Block, Denver, Col.

Home Work for Women

Ladies, to make Sanitary Belts. Material all cut ready to sew, \$12 per hundred. Particulars stamped on envelope. Mutual Specialty Co., Dept. C, O., Chicago.

LADY SEWERS to make up shields at home: \$10 per 100; can make two an hour; work sent prepaid to reliable women; send reply envelope for full information to Universal Remedy Co., Desk D, Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Specialties for Women

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR PERMANENTLY REMOVED. A woman's own story. How she cured herself forever of superfluous hair by a home treatment that is safe, positive and true to nature. Write me to-day, enclose stamp. I will tell you all. FLORENCE HAWTHORNE, 259 White Plains Ave., New York.

Pompadour, the latest and finest perfume. Exquisitely fragrant, remarkably lasting. \$1 per oz. in handsome gift package, at leading druggists' or sent prepaid if druggist will not supply you. Send 2c. stamp for a ladies' sheer lawn handkerchief perfumed with Pompadour—a convincing test of its surpassing quality. Stearns, Perfumer, 1242-1262 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Travel

AROUND THE WORLD. 36th Annual. Parties for 6 months leisurely travel de luxe, visiting Hawaii, Japan, China, Straits Settlements, Ceylon, Burma, India, Egypt, etc., leave Sept. to Jan. THOS. COOK & SON, New York, London, etc.

Watches, Diamonds

DIAMONDS \$1 PER WEEK. Wear our \$100 diamond, \$1 down, \$1 per week. No other payments. No security. State by whom employed. All confidential. WESTERN DIAMOND COMPANY, OMAHA, NEB.

SENT FREE TO INTENDING BUYERS.—Our new catalogue, 500 pages, 30,000 engravings, 100,000 items, Jewelry, Diamonds, Watches, Silverware, Clocks, Optical and Musical Goods etc., Lowest prices on record. Fine Pianos, guaranteed ten years, only \$139.50. Write to-day for the big book of the Foremost Concern of its kind in the world. S. F. MYERS CO., 47-49 Maiden Lane, Desk C. New York.

Men's Wear

FOOT COMFORT INSURED FROM THE START by wearing the Worth Cushion Sole Shoe for men or women. The patented Cushion Sole serves as a mattress for the foot, is damp proof, a non-conductor of heat or cold. Fits perfectly. Send for booklet to The Cummings Co., Dept. M, 406 Washington St., Boston.

Office Supplies

WHY DON'T YOU BUY a time-saving, brain-resting "LOCKE ADDER"? Rapid, accurate, simple, durable. Capacity, 999,999,999. Price, only \$5.00. Booklet FREE. Q. E. LOCKE MFG. CO., 66 C ST., Kenosha, Iowa, U. S. A.

EVERYTHING FOR THE OFFICE. Retail at Wholesale Prices, Bank and Office Appliances, Fixtures, Specialties, Supplies, Typewriter Requirements, Systems, etc. Write for "Direct to Consumer" catalogue. The North American Supply Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Hydraulic Rams

RIFE AUTOMATIC HYDRAULIC RAM, pumps water by water-power—no attention—no expense—2 feet fall elevates water 50 feet, etc. Guaranteed. Catalogue FREE. RIFE RAM CO., 2185 Trinity Building, New York City.

Advertising Specialties

FOR LIVE ADVERTISING NOVELTIES and Premium Goods, Business Souvenirs, Calendars, Signs, Letter Enclosures, etc., read THE NOVELTY NEWS, official organ of mfrs. Told in pictures. "Selling" goods and methods presented—not theories. \$1.00 a year; trial 3 mos. 25c. Single copy, 10c. stamps. 171-4 Washington St., Chicago.

Patents—Attorneys

PATENTS, ADVICE AND BOOK FREE. Terms moderate; highest references; best services; Patents advertised at my expense. All business given prompt and proper attention. J. C. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS obtained and Trade Marks registered. Moderate charges for careful work. Our booklet "Concerning Patents," mailed free. Calver & Calver, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C. (Formerly Examiners U. S. Patent Office.)

PATENTS. No attorney's fee until patent is allowed. Write for Inventor's Guide. Franklin H. Hough, Loan and Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED. Terms low. Highest refs. Advice and Literature Free. VASHON & CO., PATENT ATTORNEYS, 543 E St., N. W., Wash., D. C.

PATENT YOUR IDEAS. \$100,000 offered for one invention: \$8,500 for another. Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Patent Obtained or Fee Returned. We advertise your patent for sale at our expense. Established 15 years. Chandlee & Chandlee, Patent Attys., 220 F Street, Washington, D. C.

Correspondence Schools

LEARN WATCH REPAIRING at Home by The DeSelms patented and copyrighted CHART SYSTEM. Booklet free. THE DESELMS WATCH SCHOOL, 118 Perry St., Attica, Indiana.

We train men for high class positions as traveling salesmen exclusively for the wholesale grocery and allied lines. Our graduates in constant demand everywhere. Booklet free. Wholesale Grocers Institute, Kansas City, Mo.

FREE DRAWING LESSON. Learn to draw for money. We teach Cartooning, Caricaturing, Newspaper and Magazine illustrating successfully by mail. Send stamp for Art Circular. National School of Caricature, 105 World Bldg., N. Y.

PLAYWRITING FOR PROFIT. PROMINENT DRAMATIST will give Full Course of Practical Instruction in Professional Playwriting and will place available plays for students. Address Dramatist, 930 C, Colonial Theater Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Photo Dev'lop'g—Photographic

MOTION PICTURE MACHINES. Film Views, Magic Lanterns, Slides, and similar Wonders For Sale. Catalogue free. We also Buy Magic Picture Machines, Films, Slides, etc. Y. Harbach, 809 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa.

FILMS DEVELOPED. All prints on Velox.—Sample print "Bathing Girl" free. Bromide Enlargements 8x10 40c. Booklet "Film Faults" free, tells how to improve your negatives. Finishing Price List free. C. F. Pollard, 48 Central Ave., Lynn, Mass.

BARGAIN SALE.—Great chance to buy EVERYTHING—cameras, lenses, etc.—at bargain prices during this "Sale." Our "Bargain List" FREE to ANYONE. Write for it Nat'l Spec. Co., 49 W. 28th St., N. Y. City.

"SILK-DOWN" PHOTO CLOTH, and our sensitized fabrics and handkerchiefs, are cheap as photo paper. Prints are indestructible. Blue, Sepia, Green, and Platinum tones Free booklet. Silkdown Co., Benton Harbor, Mich.

WELLINGTON SELF-TONING PAPER.—Hypo only required for producing beautiful rich tones. Send 20c. for sample dozen 4x5, with price list. Ralph Harris & Co., 20-26 Bromfield St., Boston. Sole Importers and U. S. Agts

Automobiles

AUTOMOBILE BARGAINS. WE ARE THE LARGEST DEALERS AND BROKERS OF NEW AND SECOND HAND AUTOMOBILES IN THE WORLD. AUTOMOBILES BOUGHT FOR SPOT CASH; CASH ALWAYS DEMANDS BARGAINS, AND WE HAVE THEM. OUR PAST REPUTATION AND SATISFIED CUSTOMERS ARE OUR REFERENCE. OVER 500 AUTOMOBILES ON OUR SALES FLOORS TO SELECT FROM, INCLUDING EVERY MAKE OF STANDARD AUTOMOBILE RANGING IN PRICE FROM \$150 TO \$5,000. COMPLETE LIST OF AUTOMOBILES ON HAND SENT ON REQUEST. AUTOMOBILE SUPPLIES AT CUT PRICES WE HANDLE EVERYTHING PERTAINING TO AN AUTOMOBILE. NO MATTER WHAT YOU ARE LOOKING FOR, WE ARE SURE TO HAVE IT. WRITE FOR BARGAIN SHEET NO. 109. TIMES SQUARE AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, NEW MAIN ENTRANCE, 1599 1601 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

"SUCCESS" AUTOMOBILES, \$250. A practical steel tired Auto-Buggy. Our 1907 Model now ready with ball-bearing wheels and extra powerful engine, price \$275. Write for particulars. Success Auto-Buggy Mfg. Co., Inc., St. Louis, Mo.

100 late Model-White Steamers and other standard automobiles for quick sale. Some choice bargains in list C Write for it. \$200 and up. Jas. E. Plew, 240 C Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Auto Springs

SUPPLEMENTARY SPIRAL SPRINGS make automobile a luxury. Save your engine, tires, patience, and nerves. Attached by handy man. Booklet free. Supplementary Spring Co., 1780 Broadway, N. Y.

Typewriters

A STANDARD KEYBOARD TYPEWRITER for \$15.—Junior Typewriter the pocket kodak of typewriters. Will do all a \$100 machine will do, but not quite so fast. Speed limits 80 words a minute. A one-hand universal keyboard machine. Visible writing. Weight 3 lbs.; built of hardened steel and fully guaranteed. Every home needs it Junior Typewriter Co., 103 Worth St., New York.

Calligraphs, \$5.00; Franklin, Hammond, Yost, \$10.00 Remington, Williams, \$12.00; Smith Premier, \$18.00; Oliver Underwood, \$35.00; all guaranteed; send for catalogue Typewriter Co., Suite 18, 213-217 W. 125th St., N. Y. City.

SPECIAL BARGAINS: Remington No. 2 improved, writing 2 colors. Densmore, Jewett, Hammond \$15 each. Shipped subject to examination. Write for complete illust. catalog "G." Eagle Typewriter Co., Suite 10, 237 Broadway, N. Y.

TYPEWRITERS, every make, each entirely rebuilt and refinished, guaranteed satisfactory or may be returned Illustrated list free. Agents discounts. Commercial Type writer Co., 227 William St., New York City.

SLAUGHTER SALE: Bargains never equaled; high grade standard typewriters, rebuilt \$15 to \$40; sent allowing trial send immediately for price list. CONSOLIDATED TYPE WRITER EX., 243 Broadway, N. Y. (Est. 1881—reliable)

TYPEWRITERS, GOOD AS NEW AT SAVING OF 50%.—biggest bargains ever offered. 500 Smith-Premiers at prices never before quoted. Machines shipped on approval for trial. We rent all makes at \$3.00 per month, allowing rental on purchase price. Remingtons \$20 to \$60, Smith-Premiers \$25 to \$55, Olivers \$35 to \$50, others \$15 to \$35. Send for catalogue and sample bargain sheet. Write at once. Rockwell-Barnes Company, 904 Baldwin Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

FALL STOCK now arrived. Several typewriters of standard makes remain from summer supply. Must be sold within few days regardless of price. Write for particulars to Cutter Tower Co., 238 Devonshire St., Boston.

CLEARANCE SALE.—Remingtons, Densmores, Blickens derfers, Williams, \$12.50. Postals, Hammonds, \$10. Underwoods, Olivers, \$5. Orders filled or money back. Standard Typewriter Exchange, Suite 65, 23 Park Row, New York.

Real Estate

CALIFORNIA LAND \$1.00 ACRE. Balance entire purchase, 20 cts. week for each acre. No taxes. No interest. 5 acre tracts. Level, rich, clear. Ready to plow. Under irrigation. Perpetual water right. Immediate possession given. Particulars, Maps, Photographs for 2c. stamp. Stevinson Colony, Room 25, 703 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco.

CASH for your real estate or business wherever located. If you want to sell, send description and price. If you want to buy, send for our monthly. Northwestern Business Agency, 352 Bank of Commerce Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

20 ACRE TEXAS TRUCK AND FRUIT FARMS. In "The Land of Sunshine and Success." \$500; \$10 cash, \$10 in monthly payments. No taxes until paid for; 5% on your installments. In Cass and Marion counties; fertile soil; ideal climate; health record unsurpassed. Mile and half of railroad station; every facility. Unequaled advantages. Write for booklet.

J. N. Levin, Sec., Texas Land Development Co., 707 Wilson Building, Dallas, Texas.

SEND 25c. for book of photographs, views of Astoria, the most beautiful city at the mouth of the most beautiful river on earth, founded by John Jacob Astor in 1811 and made famous in Washington Irving's "Astoria." Address Chamber of Commerce, Room 400, Astoria, Oregon.

We will pay cash for Chicago real estate either improved or unimproved. If you have Chicago property you wish to sell quick, write full particulars. E. E. Bay.

C. C. Mitchell & Co., 115 Dearborn St., Chicago.

SELL YOUR REAL ESTATE quickly for cash. The only system of its kind in the world. You get results, not promises. No retaining fee. Booklet free. Real Estate Salesman Co., 527 Brace Bldg., Lincoln, Neb.

I have few Long Island lots which I will sell on easy payment plan. \$1000 value for \$50. Only a few at this price. Near railroad; within commuting distance; desirable surroundings. Exceptional opportunity for small investors. Tunnels creating new values daily. **GEORGE C. LOEFELER, ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK.**

Why live North. Freeze to death in winter. Die of sunstroke in summer. Long life at Jacksonville, Fla.—The New York of the South. Free home-seekers booklet. Half Million Club. C. L. Bonner, Sec.

LEARN HOW TO BUY AND SELL REAL ESTATE. A profitable business that requires no capital. We teach by mail how to become a Real Estate Broker. Our course is the highest standard of Real Estate Instruction under the direction of experts. Terms moderate; write for free book. "S"—United States Real Estate Institute, 200 Broadway, New York.

Agents Wanted

AGENTS EARN \$75 to \$250 a Month Selling "Novelty Knives." Your name, address, photo underneath handles; also emblems, lodges, societies, etc. Big profits. Good commission paid. Send 2c. stamp for great special offer to agents. **NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 7 Bar St., Canton, O.**

AGENTS make big money selling our new sign letters for office windows, store fronts, and glass signs. Any one can put them on. Write to-day for a free sample and full particulars. **Metallic Sign Letter Co., 61 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.**

MAKE A GOOD LIVING SELLING MY POST CARDS in your town. Many are doing it. They are the best made—the kind everybody wants to buy. Send 10 cts. for fifty samples that will sell for \$1.25. Full information sent at same time. Write to-day.

M. T. Sheahan, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS—We have the Red Hot Sellers! No Sew Hooks and Eyes sell easily and quick; sample 2 doz., 10c. postpaid; 50 other new fast selling specialties. Send for catalogue free. **Miller & Co., 2064 Kenmore Ave., Chicago.**

AGENTS wanted to represent old established Mail Order House. Over one thousand rapid selling specialties. From \$5 to \$10 per day easily made; costly outfit free. **GEORGE A. PARKER, Dept. 11, 720 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

GIPSY SMITH'S Best Sermons. 12mo, 256 pp. Bound in paper, 25 cents; bound in cloth, \$1.00. Sent by mail on receipt of price. **AGENTS** wanted to sell it, and we give 50% commission. **J. S. OGILVIE Pub. Co., 37 G Rose St., New York.**

AGENTS WANTED—Have you ever sold mining stock? Can you sell a stock that is now on a dividend paying basis? Semi-annual dividend due January first next. Bank references furnished. Write for terms and particulars to

C. W. Gallar.

2021 No. 150 Nassau Street, New York.

PORTRAIT AGENTS. Pillow tops, 50c; portraits, 30c.; photo fans, photo hearts, photo holders, etc. Our new "Pearlote" Portrait is a winner. Samples and catalogue free. **Berlin Artists Association, 152-18 Lake St., Chicago.**

FREE samples. Lady agents can make \$25 to \$35 week selling a practical necessity. There's money in it. Everyone is interested in anything there's money in. Write to-day. **A. M. Young & Co., 134 Dearborn St., A. 3, Chicago.**

Agents: \$100.00 weekly can positively be made selling and appointing agents to sell Hydro-Carbon Lighting Systems. Our demonstrating system makes failure impossible. We offer a grand opportunity to make money. Wanted, a good man in every village and city in the world. "Lamp" Dept., National Stamping & Electric Works, 151-159 Jefferson St., Chicago, U. S. A.

Agents: Here is a winner: household articles; something new. \$40 weekly easily made; sells everywhere; no capital required. For full information and sample address: **Dexter Supply Co., Dept. C, Caxton Bldg., Chicago.**

GET IN LINE NOW FOR THE FALL RUSH. \$30.00 weekly within your reach. Crew managers making twice that. Don't miss this opportunity. Our large attractive propositions with premiums always fetch the money. Buy direct of manufacturers, getting inside prices. **Davis Soap Co., 26 Union Park Ct., Chicago.**

\$15 TO \$40 WEEKLY. LADY AGENTS WANTED to introduce handsome silk embroidered Center Pieces, Dollies, Scarfs, etc. Free Samples. Easy selling plans. Big money made in Xmas trade. Write to-day. **Young & Young Embroidery Co., Box 9, Ottawa, Kansas.**

AGENTS portraits 35c. Frames 15c., sheet pictures 1c., stereoscopes 25c., views 1c. 30 days credit. Samples and Catalog Free. **Consolidated Portrait Co., 290—156 W. Adams St., Chicago.**

WE ARE IN THE MARKET for good men to sell stock in a clean, wholesome Enterprise yielding 24% quarterly dividend. Good men we can offer an exceptional commission opportunity which should pay them at least \$500 per year. Anyone who is a good worker and salesman can earn this amount, or more, in any locality. **Barney, Mitchell & Co., Whitehall Bldg., N. Y.**

Local representatives wanted everywhere. Steady income easily made. Members secure reductions on all books. Full rate free. **Cooperative Literary Society, 36 Pine St., New York.**

Business Opportunities

START MAIL-ORDER BUSINESS. Sell goods by mail. Cash orders, big profits. Conducted by anyone, anywhere. Our plan positively successful. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed. Write for Free book. **Central Supply Co., Kansas City, Mo.**

"ADVERTISERS MAGAZINE." THE WESTERN MONTHLY should be read by every advertiser and Mail-Order dealer. Best "School of Advertising" in existence. Trial subscription 10c. Sample copy free. The Western Monthly, 814 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

EVERYONE INTERESTED IN THE mail order business needs our practical book "Mail Order Advertising." 32 pages of valuable information. Rates, plans, mediums, follow up systems, how to succeed. Also booklet "The Right Way of Getting Into the Mail Order Business." Both 20c. None free. **Ross D. Brenner & Co., 440 Land Title Bldg., Philadelphia.**

\$5,000 to \$10,000 yearly easily made in real estate business; no capital required; we will teach you the business by mail, appoint you special representative of leading real estate company, list with you readily salable properties, cooperate with and assist you to permanent success; valuable book free. Address **The Cross Company, 719 Reapier Block, Chicago.** (See display advt. of this firm on another page.)

BE YOUR OWN BOSS! Many make \$2,000 a year. You have cash and change. Start a Mail-Order Business at home. We tell you how. Very good profits. Everything furnished. Write for our "Starter" and free particulars.

C. KRUEGER CO., 155 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

"SUCCESS IN THE STOCK MARKET." Our little book gives interesting details. It's yours for the asking. Write for it. **John A. Boardman & Co., Stock Brokers, 53 Broadway, New York.**

We start you in a permanent business with us and furnish everything. Full course of instructions free. We are manufacturers and have a new plan in the mail order line. Large profits. Small capital. You pay us in three months and make big profit. References given.

PEASE MFG. CO., 241 Pease Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

START a mail order business: we furnish everything necessary; only few dollars required; new plan, success certain; costs nothing to investigate. **Milburn-Hicks, 703 Pontiac Bldg., 358 Dearborn St., Chicago.**

\$100 WEEKLY MADE BY MEN WHO ORGANIZE LODGES OF THE "OWLS," a fraternal society. Only necessary qualification is ability to make acquaintances. No investment required. **John W. Talbot, Supreme President, South Bend, Indiana.**

TREASURE VAULTS OF THE EARTH. A beautiful little brochure containing the history and romance of the world's famous diamond, gold, silver and other mines, mailed free on request. **John M. Sweeney, 706 Union Trust, Detroit, Mich.**

A MANUFACTURER'S Permanent Business OFFER. \$50 to \$150 per week operating direct sales parlors for the BEST specialty dress shoe known for men and women. Outsell all others. Every person a possible customer. No Risk. Answer Now. **Kushion Comfort Shoe Co., 55 C Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.**

UNUSUAL WAYS OF MAKING MONEY WITHOUT CAPITAL; spare time work for either sex; experience unnecessary; circular FREE. **HOLLIS CORBIN, 925 Real Estate Building, Philadelphia, Pa.**

BRIGHT young college men wanted to learn the department store business. Excellent opportunity to start in at the bottom and learn the business. Salary, \$5.20-\$7.80 with excellent opportunity for advancement. **Hagpoods, 305-307 B'way, N. Y.**

LET ME SELL YOUR PATENT. My book explaining how, mailed free. Sixteen years experience. Patent sales exclusively. Call or write **William E. Hoyt, Patent Sales Specialist, 284 Dun Building, Broadway, New York.**

TURN YOUR SECURITIES INTO CASH. Our business connections as brokers enable us to find cash buyers for nearly every stock or bond ever issued. If you have any to sell we can dispose of them for you. For full information address

J. W. SIBLEY & CO.
569 First National Bank Building, Chicago, Illinois.

HAVE YOU any good proposition to offer the public? A patent, stocks or bonds for sale? List of 10,000 investors! Will incorporate and finance any proposition of merit. F. E. Baldwin, Box 3088, Boston, Mass.

Buy Bonds at 80c. on the \$1, 6% Int. and double your money quick. Easy payments. Gilt-edged, safe as a bank. Invest \$25 to \$500. Write to-day. Box 45418, Galesburg, Ill. No Brokers.

\$1,000 AT DEATH: weekly benefit \$5, and our system of registration and identification with black seal wallet, all for \$2 per year. Agents wanted. GERMAN REGISTRY CO., 911 Holland Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Male Help Wanted

LEARN SCIENTIFIC BUSINESS LETTER-WRITING by mail from man who built up half-a-million-dollar business. Big demand for good correspondents. Prospectus free. Page-Davis School of Business Letter-Writing, Dept. 11, Chicago.

WANTED MEN, EVERYWHERE—Good Pay—to distribute circulars, adv. matter, tack signs, etc. No canvassing. Address National Adv. and Distributing Bureau, Suite K, Oakland Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Men and boys to learn Plumbing, Bricklaying, Plastering and Electrical Trades. Positions secured. Free catalog. Coyne Trade Schools, New York, Chicago, San Francisco.

BUYER: Large concern in Greater New York wants experienced man to buy cheap grade of men's shoes. Must have had experience in buying for wholesale house or department store. Salary \$2000. Hapwoods, 305-307 Broadway, N. Y.

CIVIL SERVICE EMPLOYEES are paid well for easy work; examinations of all kinds soon; booklet A 5 describing positions and telling easiest and quickest way to secure them is free. Write now. Washington Civil Service School, Washington, D. C.

A SECRET SERVICE AGENT is always sure of \$1500 to \$5000 yearly. We can teach you how to become a successful Secret Service agent. Our course of instruction, endorsed by leading authorities, is complete, covering all secrets of the profession. Write for terms. Secret Service School, Box 1060, New York.

WANTED.—RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS, CITY CARRIERS, POSTOFFICE CLERKS. Commencement salary \$800.00, 8,000 appointments soon. Examinations everywhere. Candidates prepared free until appointed. Send postal for particulars. Franklin Institute, Dep't B, Rochester, N. Y.

High Grade Salesmen

CAN YOU SELL LOTS? South Houston, our new addition to the City of Houston, Texas, is one of the best real estate development propositions in the United States to-day. Lots range from \$60.00 to \$200.00 each, sold on small monthly payments. Good men easily make \$200.00 weekly. The promoters know what is required by the men on the road and furnish the highest class of literature. We pay big commissions and offer large cash prizes for good work. Write quick for territory.

The Western Land Corporation,
Houston, Texas.

SALESMEN WITH EXCEPTIONAL ABILITY. No beggars and no canvassers wanted. Several of our men are averaging over \$1,000 a month. Life insurance men averaging \$200 up can make \$1,000 a month. We also want man experienced in handling a big Sales Force. Give reference. John B. Duryea, 451 704 Second Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Wanted high class representatives to sell new store necessity needed by all merchants. Sells for \$50 to \$500. Profits 40 to 60%. State experience, references and qualifications in detail and we will submit proposition, names and addresses of 2000 satisfied purchasers. Exclusive territory for right man. Ref. First National Bank, Chicago. Pitner Company, 183-189 Lake St., Chicago.

SALESMEN: With ability to earn \$5.00 a day or better. Men or women. Position permanent. Commence now. No experience required. Outfit free. No triflers need apply. First National Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED: High grade man wanted at once to sell electrical supplies, western territory. Must be experienced in this line and able to show record. Salary, \$2500. Call, write. Hapwoods, 305-307 Broadway, N. Y.

AGENTS' OPPORTUNITY. High class stock nets 10% dividends every year. Quick seller. Dun and Mercantile rating; liberal commission. Send for details. E. G. Thompson, 110 W. 34th St., New York.

THOUSANDS IN USE throughout the World. \$15.00 "Gem" Adding Machine, very compact, elegant, side lines. Special Offer to high grade Agents. Automatic Adding Machine Co., Dept. 9, 332 Broadway, N. Y.

I desire an active correspondent in every town to sell approved investment securities. High-class proposition paying big commissions. G. W. Clawson, Kansas City, Mo.

SALESMEN AND SALESLADIES—We want for our sales department persons of good address and clean record in every town. Salary \$12.00 to \$18.00 weekly. Reference required and given. J. S. Ziegler & Co., 451 Como Bldg., Chicago.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

Guth

THE DOLLAR CANDY

The Extra 20 Cents Buys Perfection

You pay 80 cents for the chocolates you believe best, but 20 cents a pound more buys

Chocolats au Guth

REALLY best because:

Ingredients cost nearly twice the price of those in ANY 80 cent candy

Methods of making are the most scientific and hygienic known

No simple sugar and chocolate combinations only the most exquisite blends of highest-priced nuts, fruits and fondants. EVERY PIECE the finest.

In trays, packed each piece in an individual case

Besides, I will pay \$1000 for the first box of any other candy as good, bought in the regular way in the open market.

These sweets may be had in the *Guth* stores in six cities or of a thousand agencies, but to convince YOU, I will prepay express anywhere in United States on receipt of \$1 note or money order for a pound, and will refund money if you are not entirely pleased. INTERESTING booklet on request.

320 North Charles Street
Baltimore

New York Chicago
Washington Richmond
Philadelphia

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT



201. Tiffany Solitaire
\$75.00

202. Round Belcher Ring
\$50.00

203. Engraved Scroll Top, Tiffany Band
\$32.50

204. Flat Belcher Ring
\$87.50

To YOU at Cash Prices

If you want a diamond, write us and you'll get it at once. No use waiting until you save enough to buy it—enjoy the pleasure of wearing it now and pay as you earn. Select the diamond you want—we'll send it at our expense. Nothing to pay till you've seen the stone and decided that it's a beauty and you want it.

Then send us, say a fifth of its price and the balance you can pay in small amounts as you find convenient. Our diamonds are first-water gems only—pure white stones, brilliant, sparkling, full of fire. They increase in value every year—can be turned into ready cash any time. You gain a new dignity and distinction as the owner of a valuable diamond. Think also of its possibilities as a gift for someone dear to you—sweetheart, wife, mother or daughter—nothing could give such infinite pleasure or be so deeply prized by her.

Write today, while it's fresh in your mind, for **Free Catalogue of Diamonds, Watches, etc.** You'll find our prices dollars lower than others and you'll be surprised at our liberal terms of payment. The accompanying cuts show eight of our pure white perfectly cut diamonds of exceptional brilliancy, set in 14 kt. solid gold hand-made mountings. Offers are all bargains—a very small amount down required.

THE WALKER-EDMUND CO.

Importers and Manufacturers
H109 State Street, Chicago, Illa.

205. Fancy Nine Diamond Cluster Tiffany
\$50.00

206. Cup Tooth Ring
\$100.00

207. Tiffany Belcher Ring
\$40.00

208. Richly Carved Round Belcher
\$65.00



HOUSE PLANS

Let us send you our latest complete portfolio of plans for houses and cottages, showing all the real comforts, beauty and originality your new home should have. Send 50c in coin or stamps for portfolio.

WALTER & COMPANY
3291 Malden St., Chicago



STRAIGHT LEGS

Positively trim, stylish straight-line effect with our Pneumatic Forms, Sent on Approval. Unseen, unfelt, inexpensive, durable. "A marvelous invention." Now used throughout the world. Also, without charge, new exercises to give shape, force and action to the legs. Write for book, proofs and charts sent free under plain letter seal.

The Alison Co., Dept. 34, Buffalo, N. Y.

Improve Your Figure

without effort by wearing the famous

Dissolvane Rubber Garments

(PATENTED)

Reduce Superfluous Flesh

No drugs, no dieting, no unusual exercise, no change in the mode of living. Recommended by physicians. Made of the finest pure Rara rubber, fitting snugly to the body; worn under the clothing at any and all times without the slightest inconvenience or annoyance.

Society Has Adopted Them

Made in a variety of styles to fit any part of the body. They reduce the flesh only where desired. RESULTS POSITIVE.

Chin Bands for reducing double chin, by mail, \$2.00. Daintily illustrated booklet of Rubber Garments and Toilet Specialties on request.

DISSOLVANE COMPANY

18 C West 34th St. (Adjoining Waldorf-Astoria) NEW YORK

"Flexo" GARTER

FOR MEN
THIS IS A GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION

Cannot slip or bind. Keeps the socks tidy.
Fresh, new, long-lived elastic.

Price, mercerized, 25c, all colors. Silk cable, 50c.

At leading furnisners, or direct.

A. STEIN & CO., 157 Center Ave., CHICAGO



**EARN YEARLY
\$3,000. TO \$10,000.
IN THE REAL ESTATE BUSINESS**

We will teach you by mail the Real Estate, General Brokerage, and Insurance Business, and appoint you

SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE

of the oldest and largest co-operative real estate and brokerage company in America. Representatives are making \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year without any investment of capital. Excellent opportunities open to YOU. By our system you can make money in a few weeks without interfering with your present occupation. Our co-operative department will give you more choice salable property to handle than any other institution in the world. A THOROUGH COMMERCIAL LAW COURSE FREE TO EACH REPRESENTATIVE. Write for 62-page book free.

THE CROSS COMPANY, 846 Reaper Block, Chicago.





Columbia Graphophones on Credit

The World's Most Perfect Talking Machine Offered to any Home in America on Small Monthly Payments.

Free Trial to Anyone—Anywhere

\$1.50 per month buys a magnificent, genuine Columbia Outfit, consisting of the superb and matchless Columbia Graphophone, handsome, large, brass mouthed horn and twelve highest quality gold moulded Columbia Records. For this very small amount each month, your home, no matter how modest, may be converted into a theatre of sweetest melody. You may hear the songs of the world's foremost artists, the selections of the most celebrated bands, orchestras, soloists and comedians of two Continents. This wonderful machine will afford artistic and popular entertainment for yourself and dear ones, your friends and neighbors.

SEND FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE TODAY Simply send us a postal card and say "Send me your free catalogue of Columbia Graphophones." The catalogue will be sent to you at once, free of all charges and you can learn in detail the plan of sale. It will explain how we will send you a **Genuine Columbia Outfit** on free trial to your own home and if it proves more than satisfactory and you are pleased, charmed and fascinated with the results, how you can pay for it on terms, which are not only remarkably easy, but the easiest that ever have been offered to people of this country.

THE COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE is the standard talking machine of the world. Not only has it the highest reputation but it is the only machine that has not been found wanting in some particular and the only one that reproduces the human voice and instrumental selections with all the volume of the original, absolutely devoid of the rasping, scraping, screeching sounds so characteristic of other makes of machines. **COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONES** are made for both disc and cylinder records and the records are the only ones that produce the full lyric, liquid tones.



SEND for our FREE catalogue of furniture, carpets, rugs and HOUSEHOLD GOODS. SEND for our FREE catalogue of stoves and ranges. SEND for our FREE catalogue of Beckmann Pianos.

THE SPIEGEL, MAY, STERN COMPANY SELL COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONES EXCLUSIVELY because they are acknowledged by experts to be the world's finest talking machine and because they are universally considered to be the greatest, most artistic and best from every point of view. We are the great house that you have heard about which has furnished homes all over the United States. We are the original

Spiegel, May, Stern & Co.

719 So. Sangamon St., Chicago.

"Universal Home Furnishers," The house that "Trusts The People Everywhere" and the originators of the "National Open Account Credit Plan." We are the largest concern in the country in our line. Our combined capital is \$7,000,000.00. We own twenty-five mammoth retail stores located in the principal cities of this great country and we stand too high, **universally**, to permit one solitary customer to go unsatisfied in anything. It is for this reason that we sell Columbia Graphophones in preference to all others.

We want every reader of this paper to test the Columbia Graphophone and we therefore urge you to send for a free catalogue today, now, so that we may explain how easy it is to obtain one of these magnificent outfits under our "Free Trial Offer." Write now, today, sure.

HOMES FURNISHED BY MAIL ON CREDIT

fourteen months in which to pay for your purchases. You enjoy the full use of the goods while paying for them in small amounts, from month to month as you earn the money. It is positively the most liberal Credit plan on Earth.

We'll ship you a single article or furnish your home complete and give you from twelve to

TAKE A YEAR TO PAY

SEND US **75¢**

and we will ship you this **SOLID OAK MORRIS CHAIR**, No. B 49, extra large and massive,

beautifully carved, upholstered in Nantucket Leather, has the wearing quality of genuine leather, full spring seat, beautifully tufted back, also adjustable, wide leather straps and oxidized brass buttons, ruffled front.

It's a magnificent chair—an unmatchable value—a world beater at the price. Terms: 75¢ cash and 50¢ per month until paid.

SATISFACTION OR YOUR MONEY BACK

This concern has been known since its beginning, way back in 1855, as a concern of absolute and unquestioned reliability. You have our reputation of 52 years standing and our absolute guarantee, backed by a capital of two million dollars, to insure you of thorough and complete satisfaction in all your dealings with us.

BIG CATALOG, No. 38, FREE

It is a large and beautiful illustrated catalogue of over 200 pages, showing a wonderfully extensive line of Furniture, Stoves, Crockery, Carpets, Rugs, Draperies, Sewing Machines, Refrigerators, Go-Carts, Clocks, Silverware, etc., illustrated very elaborately in colors. Write for it to-day. It will be mailed **FREE** on request.

HARTMAN

FURNITURE & CARPET CO.

223-225-227-229 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO, U. S. A.



We furnish homes on credit for people all over the United States. We charge absolutely nothing for this Credit accommodation—no interest—no extras of any kind.

22 Great Stores. This great concern is positively the largest home furnishing institution on earth and handles more goods than any other store or combination of furniture stores in America, none excepted. It enjoys buying advantages which enable us to sell home furnishing goods at lower prices than any other firm in the business.

"BECK-IDEN"

The Perfect Light



LET US TELL YOU About This Wonderful Lamp

Uses no oil; has neither wick nor chimney. The nearest light to Daylight.

Much more light than Kerosene, Gas or Electricity at less cost.

Absolutely safe, clean and convenient.

Don't you want to know more about this Perfect Light? Write today for Booklet 5, which tells.

ACETYLENE LAMP CO., 50 University Place, New York City

Also Montreal, Canada



FOR HEALTH AND STRENGTH
Send for **OAK BOOK** FREE TO-DAY
WHITELY
EXERCISER COMPANY
853-O Broadway New York USA



ORIENT CLARK'S TENTH ANNUAL CRUISE. Feb. 6th, '08, 70 days by specially chartered S.S. "Arabic," 16,000 tons. 3 TOURS ROUND THE WORLD
FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York

THIS FINE STEEL RANGE SENT TO YOU FOR \$1.00



We trust you. We take all the risk. Just write for our Free Range and Stove Catalog—98 styles—to choose from. Steel ranges from \$11.25; cook stoves \$4.75; heating stoves \$2.65. Any one sent on approval for \$1.00. When it arrives examine carefully, if it is the Biggest and Best Bargain you ever saw pay Railroad Agent small balance and it's yours. If not satisfied, factory cash \$1.00 returned without question. Don't delay. Write Today for Free Stove Catalog and full particulars about the \$5.00 Cash we give you to help introduce one of our Wearwell Regal Steel Ranges.

LINCOLN-POPE MERCANTILE CO.
Capital Stock, \$300,000.00. Established 1882.
1841 Pine Street St. Louis, Mo.

If You Are Deaf—Read This

That "truth is stranger than fiction" is most forcibly illustrated in the case of Mr. Geo. P. Way, for many years the electrical engineer of the Detroit Y. M. C. A., in the accidental



discovery he made of a scientific principle, through the application of which his lost hearing was completely restored.

For 25 years Mr. Way was a deaf man, unable to hear his wife's voice across the table, unable to enjoy an active part in social life. For him, as for every deaf person, life was a gloomy, individual matter. He was so deaf he could scarcely hear the roar of his engines and dynamos. For ten years

he carried an ear trumpet and had tried every device known; had almost constantly been under medical treatment in the vain effort to get back his hearing. To-day he hears perfectly; yet when he removes two tiny devices from his ears, he is quite as badly off as before—he is again deaf. The story of his discovery, which restored his hearing, is remarkable.

As Mr. Way tells it, he was at his post in the dynamo room one day, and as the buzzing in his ears bothered him more than usual, he placed a curiously shaped tuft of waste in his right ear. Immediately—in the midst of the silence that is the misery of one shut off from the sounds of the busy world—there came a crashing sound, and Mr. Way bounded across the room terror-stricken. Unconsciously he pulled the tuft of waste from his ear. Instantly he returned to the silence that had enveloped him for years. The sound of the machinery came to him as far away. Then he realized the truth: he had found a scientific principle which would give him back his

hearing. For five years he experimented constantly to put his accidental discovery to practical use. He studied the construction of the human ear from every standpoint. At last complete success crowned his efforts. The Way Ear Drum was the result, and it restored his hearing. Others heard of the marvel, and he was overwhelmed with requests for the little devices.

Wealthy business men in Detroit, who had known Mr. Way for years, and the marvelous results which his invention had brought, gave him full financial backing, to extend the blessings which his wonderful Ear Drums bring to those who suffer from impaired hearing and deafness. Thousands have been sold in every part of the world, as one pair of the Drums in any locality produces many other sales. **Nine persons out of every ten who have used the Way Ear Drums have benefited by them.**

The Way Ear Drum is a thoroughly scientific device. It is of peculiar, sensitive material, shaped to exactly fit the opening to the inner ear. It is easily and quickly placed and removed; cannot collapse; is entirely unfelt and unseen; is very durable, and it **does bring back the hearing.** Don't judge the Way Ear Drum by any other ear device. It is distinctively different in principle. If you are deaf or "hard of hearing," if your hearing is becoming dull, if you have "noises in the head," write a plain letter, telling your troubles to Mr. Way. He was deaf himself and knows. He will be honest and frank with you, and will tell you whether the Way Ear Drum will help you. It costs you nothing to find out. Write to-day—to-morrow never comes. Write personally to

GEO. P. WAY, 1004 Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.



Mrs. Graham's **Kosmeo** Creates a Perfect Complexion

Kosmeo is a dainty, snow-white, sweet smelling cream, delightful to use.

It immediately cools and soothes a burning, sensitive skin, and heals a rough, chapped or otherwise irritated skin in one application.

It is an absolute protection for men, women and children from sunburn, freckles and tan; excellent for men's use after shaving.

Kosmeo cleanses the pores thoroughly and promotes a healthy circulation, thus removing the cause of pimples and blackheads. It makes the flesh firm and the skin smooth and clear, free from wrinkles and glowing with health.

Price 50 cents. At all dealers, or sent by mail postpaid.

A Sample Box of Kosmeo and Booklet Free

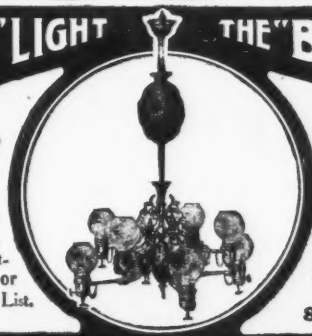
Mrs. Gervaise Graham, 1473 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.



THE "BEST" LIGHT

**MAKES AND
BURNS ITS OWN GAS!**

A Safe, White, Powerful, Steady Light. Brighter than Electricity or Acetylene and cheaper than kerosene. Over 100 different styles for in and outdoor use. **No Grease, Dirt, Smoke, or Odor.** Write for Catalogue and Price List. Owners of Original Patents.



THE "BEST" LIGHT

**IN USE ALL
OVER THE WORLD!**

Produces 100 to 2,000 candle power. All kinds of Fixtures and Lamps for all purposes—in and outdoor.

It has stood the Test of Time. Every Lamp Warranted. Agents Wanted

**THE BEST LIGHT CO.,
826 E. 5th ST., CANTON, OHIO.**

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

BENDSORP'S

ROYAL DUTCH

COCOA



IT'S COCOA TIME NOW.

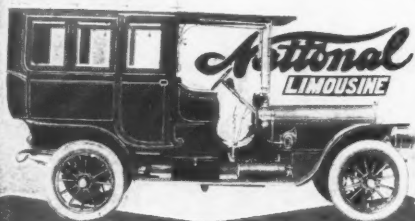
BENDSORP'S is the Cocoa of
PURITY, QUALITY and ECONOMY

Its **Double Strength** $\frac{1}{2}$ your cocoa. Of highest
will save you quality, yet most economical
is the Cocoa in the Yellow Wrapper.

A trial can, making 15 cups, sent for 10 cents.

Stephen L. Bartlett Co., Importers, Dept. 14, Boston, Mass.

Milk Chocolate? Yes. Bendsorp makes it. Ask for it.



National Limousines

For Winter Service

The most luxurious and comfortable
cars on the market.

Ready for immediate delivery
Model "H" 50-H. P. Model "L" 75-H. P.

**Write for booklet—"What
Owners say about their National Cars."**

Sold by leading dealers
in most localities.

NATIONAL MOTOR VEHICLE CO.,
1027 E. 224 Street, Indianapolis, Ind.



Greatest Possible Service for Least Possible Expense

This fact has been thoroughly demon-
strated by 16,000 users all over the world.
A car that provides all the enjoyment
there is in automobiling, all the time,
at an expense so small that almost any
family can afford it. The average
expense to maintain the

**SINGLE
CYLINDER**

CADILLAC

AUTOMOBILE

is less than that of a horse and buggy.
Equally dependable, with many times
the service. An ideal family car good
for years of service. The oldest Cadillacs
made are still running as well as ever.

Most practical and economical for all-
the-year use, for business and pleasure—
simple and efficient. We prove all these
claims in our 64-page booklet, entitled

**"The Truth about the Automobile and
What It Costs to Maintain One"**

by actual results in figures, given by users of 164
cars, operated under every road and weather condi-
tion. Mailed free—write at once for Booklet No. 19

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO., Detroit, Mich.
Member Asso. Licensed Auto. Mfrs.

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

The Only Razor and Automatic Stropper
Combined in One Piece



The
Shaving
Wonder

Simple
and
Unique

A New Sharp Edge Every Shave

Blade Not Removed for Stropping or Cleaning
At Up-to-Date Dealers on 30 Days' Trial

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co.

345 Fifth Ave., New York

Write for Booklet—Gives Common Sense Reasons Why



Comb Beauty Into Your Hair

Comb the grayness out of it, comb back its youthful color, gloss, and lustre. Or if the natural color of your hair displeases you, if it is streaked or faded, comb into it any desired color with the

IDEAL HAIR DYEING COMB

and give it a beauty it may never have had. You can do it in the privacy of your own room without help. Used like an ordinary comb. Guaranteed harmless. Thousands in use. Not sold in stores—write us.

FREE "The Book of the Hair," 32 pages of valuable hints on the care and dressing of the hair, also describing fully the uses of the Ideal Comb. Write today.

H. D. COMB CO., Dept. D, 35 W. 21st St., NEW YORK

I Make \$3,000.00 a Month Clear From One Penny Arcade

I WANT every man looking for a permanent and safe business in which he can invest from \$1,000 to \$25,000 to consider the immense profits of the Penny Arcade.

There is an ever present and ever increasing public demand for just what the Penny Arcade provides. It has passed the experimental stage and has become a permanent institution. In my 15 years' experience I have never known an arcade to fail, and today the enterprise is a high grade one, worthy the attention of any substantial, dignified business man.



H. S. MILLS, President.

I am devoting my factory, occupying all of an eight story building, one-half block square—with its six hundred employees, to the making of Penny Arcade machines.

I know the profits that Penny Arcades earn. At 278 State Street, Chicago, in which one of my Arcades is located, I pay \$1,000 a month rent for the small room, but my net profits exceed \$3,000 a month, just in pennies.

I operated Penny Arcades in fifteen cities last year, and at the close of the year, where they are all paying big profits.

amusement parks in various summer placed the arcades in big profits.

The Butler Amusement Company established an Arcade in Butler, Pa., last summer. Their outfit, complete, cost not quite \$3,000. The receipts for the first month were \$1,100. Butler is a small city, only a little over 10,000 population. The Penny Arcade thrives as well in small towns as in big cities.

If the machines I make were not exceedingly profitable for my customers, I would not have been able to build up my manufacturing business to its present million-dollars-a-year output.

You probably will want to confirm my statements. Bradstreet and Dun give me rating of \$500,000. I started without capital; it has all come in pennies. If you are interested, address me personally and I will give you the benefit of my fifteen years' experience. H. S. Mills, President Mills Novelty Co., Private Office, 125c Mills Building, Jackson Road, and Green St., Chicago.

LOFTIS SYSTEM *Diamonds* on Credit

YOU CAN EASILY OWN A DIAMOND OR WATCH, or present one as a gift to some loved one. Whatever you select from our large catalog, we send on approval. Pay one-fifth on delivery, balance in 8 equal monthly payments. Your credit is good. **LOFTIS THE OLD RELIABLE ORIGINAL DIAMOND DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING NOW** conveniently and leisurely in the privacy of your own home. Now is the time to make choice selections. Write for free catalog. **LOFTIS AND WATCH CREDIT HOUSE** 82 to 98 State St., Chicago, Ill. **BROS. & CO.** Dept. L 34.

MOVING PICTURES & MACHINES. FOR RENT & FOR SALE

We furnish everything pertaining to the MOVING PICTURE THEATRE. Our special plan will show any man with ambition how to become independent and at the same time be engaged in the most dignified profession on earth. Write for FREE BOOKLET and TERMS. **GLOBE FILM SERVICE**, Unity Bldg., Chicago.

BIG MAIL

Letters, magazines, samples, pictures, etc., etc., will be sent you, in great quantities, **FREE**, if you will place your name in our **AGENTS' DIRECTORY**—the big book containing thousands and thousands of agents' names. **HEARST'S AMERICAN HOME MAGAZINE**, Six large, beautiful issues of this wonderful, new periodical, will be sent **FREE** to all who remit only ten cents to have their names entered in our **AGENTS' DIRECTORY**. Mail a dime **NOW** to **HEARST'S MAGAZINE**, 109 Duane Street, New York City.



GLASSES ARE NEEDLESS

in many cases. For weak eyes they are crutches—not a cure. For diseased eyes they are useless. Only a gentle medicated massage can strengthen weak eyes and cure optical diseases. The

NATURAL SIGHT RESTORER

applies a soothing, strengthening treatment that is healing but *harmless*; gently exercises the proper muscles and makes weak eyes strong by proper massage. *Brings eye-health* by aiding nature. *Young or old* treated at home and normal eye-sight secured for the cost of a pair of glasses. Don't wear "specks" but write today for our free illustrated book. If we can't help you we will say so.

The Natural Sight Restorer Co., 109 Broadway, Detroit, Mich.



When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

You will find A large household

Here, doing, in the same painstaking way, on a liberal scale, what you are so careful about at home.

In other words, our entire time here is devoted to the making of



10¢

Campbell's SOUPS

Every condition demanded by the most exclusive and particular housewife is conscientiously observed here. Of the

21 Kinds

Any can, from any dealer, at any time, will prove this. Our

Tomato Soup

is made from fresh, red, ripe tomatoes grown under our own supervision.

Just add hot water and serve

If you can't get Campbell's Soups from your grocer, please send us his name and address. The "Campbell Kids" in our Free Booklet, No. 11. Send postal.

**Joseph Campbell Company
Desk No. 77**

Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Little pantry bandit
Wants a bite to eat;
Prowls 'round 'till he has found
This delightful treat:
Campbell's Soups.

YOU EXERCISE YOUR OWN MIND WHEN YOU ASK FOR AN ADVERTISED ARTICLE

Therefore, insist on getting what you ask for when making a purchase. The dealer who substitutes relies on his ability to make you change your mind. He will give you what you ask for if you refuse a substitute. Substitute articles pay him a larger profit. That's why he tries to change your mind. When your mind is made up, keep it so by insisting on getting what you want.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES

COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE

JAP-A-LAC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A STAIN AND VARNISH COMBINED



JAP-A-LAC produces the finest finish on old and new FLOORS.

With JAP-A-LAC you can renew the finish on any floor, in a short space of time, and at a trifling cost. The surface will be as hard as flint, and as smooth as glass. JAP-A-LAC "wears like iron." Heel prints will not mar it, nor show white on it. A JAP-A-LAC'ED floor is easily kept clean.

Besides Natural (clear) JAP-A-LAC, there are fifteen beautiful colors, for refinishing everything about the house from cellar to garret; Interior Woodwork, Furniture, and all things of wood or metal.

For Sale by Paint, Hardware, and Drug Dealers. All sizes from 15c to \$2.50

A WARNING AGAINST THE DEALER WHO TRIES TO SUBSTITUTE

Some dealers will not buy JAP-A-LAC so long as they can substitute something else on which THEY MAKE MORE PROFIT. If your dealer offers you a substitute, decline it. He will get JAP-A-LAC for you if you insist on it.

Write for beautiful illustrated booklet, and interesting color card. **FREE** for the asking.

It building, write for our complete Finishing Specifications. They will be mailed free. Our Architectural Green Label Varnishes are of the highest quality.

The Glidden Varnish Co.

1627 Rockefeller Bldg., Cleveland, O.

If your dealer does not carry JAP-A-LAC, send us his name and address for a list of dealers, which is 25c. to cover cost of mailing, and we will send FREE Sample Quarter Pint can to any point in the United States.



12 Gauge, Model 19
Repeating Shotgun
Grade "C"

Marlin



Better gun value for the money has never been produced.

No repeating shotgun made equals this *Marlin* gun in balance, finish and wearing and shooting strength. Its action is simple and sure. The

Marlin solid top and closed-in breech (exclusive features) keep out all twigs, snow, water, sand, etc., which so often hamper repeating shotguns.

Marlin Shotgun barrels are made of "Special Smokeless Steel" and will handle any 12 gauge load of black or smokeless powder produced. They are bored to pattern over 325 No. 8 shot in a 30 inch circle at 40 yards. The breech block and all *Marlin* working parts are cut from drop forged steel blocks and fit so nicely in the assembled gun

that the six shots (one in chamber and five in magazine) can be fired in four seconds.

Perhaps the best and certainly the most exclusive *Marlin* feature is the *Marlin* automatic recoil safety lock. This lock prevents, absolutely, the breech being opened as explosion takes place in rapid firing, and holds the breech closed until after the explosion in case of "hang-fire."

We recommend any one of the many styles of *Marlin* Model 19 shotguns for any sort of bird shooting under the sun. For squirrels, rabbits, foxes, coons, etc., it is unsurpassed and has even found favor among deer hunters, though we advise for the use of buck shot a special cylinder bored barrel.

There is much more about this beautiful shotgun that you will be interested to know.

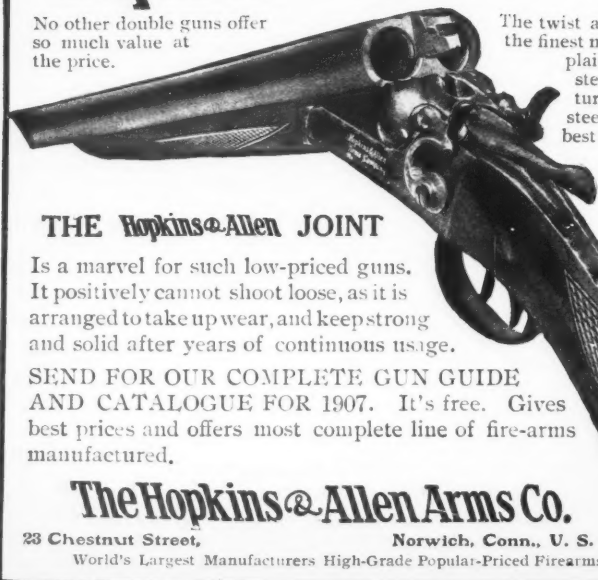
Send three stamps for our new catalog.

The Marlin Firearms Co., 20 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.

Hopkins & Allen

DOUBLE BARREL SHOT GUNS

No other double guns offer so much value at the price.



The twist and Damascus steel barrels are of the finest make and are imported by us. The plain steel barrels are decarbonized steel of selected American manufacture. Frames are case-hardened steel, and our stocks are made of the best selected walnut.

In shooting and quick handling qualities, and in durability and precision, these double guns are the equal of double guns costing fifty to seventy-five dollars.

AS AN EXAMPLE OF PRICE

This imported Damascus barrel, hammer double gun in 12 or 16 gauge, 28 or 30 in. barrel, in hammerless pattern, **\$20**

\$30

Imported English twist barrel and decarbonized plain steel barrel double guns—hammer and hammerless — at proportionate prices.

THE Hopkins & Allen JOINT

Is a marvel for such low-priced guns. It positively cannot shoot loose, as it is arranged to take up wear, and keep strong and solid after years of continuous usage.

SEND FOR OUR COMPLETE GUN GUIDE AND CATALOGUE FOR 1907. It's free. Gives best prices and offers most complete line of fire-arms manufactured.

The Hopkins & Allen Arms Co.

23 Chestnut Street,

Norwich, Conn., U. S. A.

World's Largest Manufacturers High-Grade Popular-Priced Firearms.



Lunch Always Tastes Good

if you have found the birds, if your dogs have worked well, and above all if your shells have been right. Shells loaded with

“INFALLIBLE” SMOKELESS

are always right. “INFALLIBLE” SMOKELESS is the only dense powder made in America and is the best dense powder made anywhere. It is a shotgun smokeless powder that is made to be used in any and all kinds of weather. It is not affected by heat or cold, dryness or dampness. Its accuracy and reliability make it what its name implies—“INFALLIBLE.”

*Nobody can make a mistake in specifying
“INFALLIBLE” SMOKELESS in their loaded shells*

(N. B.—**Du Pont Rifle Powders** meet all requirements. Write for descriptive folders, stating caliber and make of rifle.)

E. I. du Pont de Nemours Powder Company

Established 1802

Wilmington, Delaware



The Florsheim SHOE

Look for Name in Strap

The Ascot



"Cheral"
Patent Colt
Blucher. A
Stylish Narrow
Toe. Mat Calf Top.

The Florsheim Shoe is the "Sympathetic Shoe"—

It feels Comfortable—fits perfectly—looks stylish—

Test it as severely as you can—wear it day in—day out—the Florsheim Shoe will meet every test—it will prove itself a *real good shoe*.

Style Book shows "a fit for every foot."
Send for it. Most styles sell for \$5 and \$6.

Florsheim & Company
CHICAGO, U.S.A.

ELECTRIC SUPPLIES, TELEPHONES, NOVELTIES. Catalog of 200 Free. If it's electric we have it. Big Catalog 4c. **OHIO ELECTRIC WORKS, CLEVELAND, OHIO** The World's Headquarters for Dynamos, Motors, Fans, Toys, Batteries, Belts, Bells, Lamps, Books. We Underseal All. Want Agents.

MOVING PICTURE MACHINES STEREOPTICONS



THE FIELD IS LARGE

comprising the regular theatre and lecture circuit, also local fields in Churches, Public Schools, Lodges and General Public Gatherings. Our Entertainment Supply Catalogue and special offer fully explains everything. Sent Free.

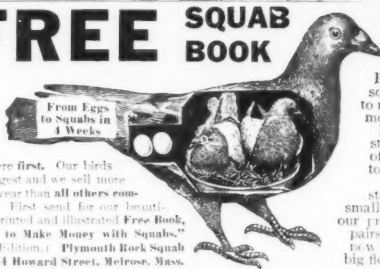
CHICAGO PROJECTING CO., 225 Dearborn Street, Dept. 131 Chicago.

You Can Make BIG MONEY

Entertaining the Public.

Nothing affords better opportunities for men with small capital. We start you, furnishing complete outfits and explicit instructions at a surprisingly low cost.

FREE SQUAB BOOK



We were first. Our birds are largest and we sell more every year than all others combined. First send for our beautiful, fully printed and illustrated Free Book, "How to Make Money with Squabs," (New Edition.) Plymouth Rock Squab Co., 344 Howard Street, Woburn, Mass.

Breed squabs to make money. Read stories of customers who started small with our prolific pairs and now have big flocks.

OWN A FACTORY



booklet on this great industry FREE.

The Pettyjohn Co., 656 N. Sixth St., Terre Haute, Ind.

And make \$10.00 a day making Concrete Building Blocks. Experience unnecessary. Big demand for blocks everywhere and immense profits. **\$33.25**



Deafness and Catarrh

Can be successfully treated at home without darning or probing. That remarkable invention called "Actina" has been wonderfully successful in the treatment of Deafness, Catarrh, etc., during the past nineteen years. Send for Prof. Wilson's 100 page Treatise on Disease. It contains valuable information. It is free. Address:

ACTINA APPLIANCE CO.

Dept. C.8, 929 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.



TRY IT YOURSELF FOR 10 DAYS Without Deposit

If not satisfactory, return it and no questions asked. **Daus' Tip Top Duplicator** is the result of 25 years' experience, and is used and endorsed by thousands of business houses and individuals. **100 copies** from pen-written and **50 copies** from typewritten original—**Clear, Clean, Perfect.** Complete Duplicator. Cap size (prints 8x13 inches), **\$7.50 less 33 1/3 discount, \$5.00 net.**

FELIX R. DAUS DUPLICATOR CO., Daus Bldg., 111 John St. N. Y.

GOING WEST?

Reduced rates and through cars for household goods to and from Colorado, Utah and Pacific Coast points.

TRANS-CONTINENTAL FREIGHT CO., Adams & Dearborn Streets, CHICAGO

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED.

Free opinion as to patentability. Guide Book. List of Inventions Wanted, and 100 Mechanical Movements free to any address. Patents secured by us advertised free in World's Progress. Sample copy free.

EVANS, WILKENS & CO., 330 F Street, Washington, D. C.

LAXATIVE EXERCISE TREATMENT

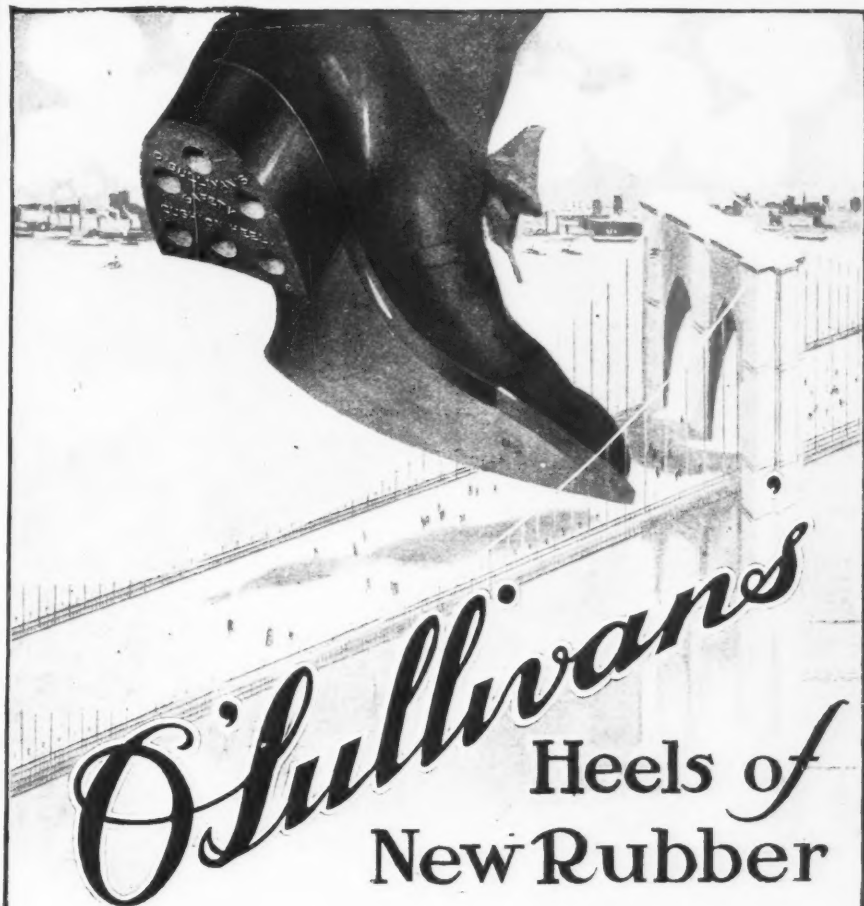
is a specific exercise which stimulates the stomach, liver, bowels, and prevents constipation and dyspepsia. Requires very little time, easy to execute, and gives satisfactory results. No drugs, apparatus, or massage are used, and it is entirely different in purpose from all "Exercise Systems" advertised to develop the muscle.

This treatment reduces fat, brings back the appetite, aids digestion and assimilation, the natural causes of keeping the body strong and healthy.

Write today for full information.

LAXATIVE EXERCISE SYSTEM, Dept. C., 3033 S. Parke Blvd., Chicago

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



The Bridge that spans the River of Life and the Heels of New Rubber that make life's burden easy to carry are illustrated here for your benefit. These Heels of New Rubber are a positive relief to all who walk or stand. Nurses are obliged to wear them in the sick room. If it is a fact that they make you step lighter and more buoyant and feel happier in mind and body, adopt them for your own benefit, but be sure and get O'Sullivan's. They are the only heels that are made of new rubber. If your dealer cannot supply you, send 35 cents and diagram of your heel to the manufacturers.

O'Sullivan Rubber Co., Lowell, Mass.

DOUBLE BARREL HAMMERLESS

\$8.95



This is a genuine New England hammerless double barrel 12-gauge breech loading shotgun. UNDERSTAND, IT'S A HAMMERLESS GUN AND NOT A HAMMER GUN, and if you are familiar with the hammerless guns, you will know a hammerless gun for use IS WORTH TWICE AS MUCH AS A HAMMER GUN.

\$13.85 BUYS THIS, THE CELEBRATED A. J. AUBREY HAMMERLESS DOUBLE BARREL BREECH LOADING SHOTGUN, guaranteed one of the highest grade guns made in America, the equal of any hammerless double barrel gun you can buy anywhere for \$30.00; made in our own factory at Meriden, Connecticut, and guaranteed the safest, best bolted, handsomest, best proportioned and strongest shooting gun made in America.



WE FURNISH this A. J. Aubrey hammerless double barrel breech loading shotgun with genuine Armory steel barrels for \$13.85, or with the highest grade, genuine imported Liege full finished twist barrels for \$14.85, or with extra high grade genuine Liege two-blade Damascus barrels for \$17.35.

then pay the express agent our special price and express charges, less the \$1.00 sent with your order, and if you do not consider it the highest grade gun you have ever seen or used, and worth at least twice as much as any double hammerless gun you could buy elsewhere at double our special price, you can return the gun to us at any time within three months, and we will immediately return your money, together with any express charges you may have paid; or if you order the New England gun at \$8.95, \$10.95 or \$12.95, you can give it thirty days' trial, during which time you can put it to every test, and if for any reason you are not perfectly satisfied with your purchase, if you don't feel you have gotten double the value you could have gotten elsewhere, you can return the gun to us at our expense, and we will immediately return your money, together with any express charges you may have paid. If you send the full amount with your order for either gun you will save the extra express charges for returning the C. O. D. money to us.

OUR FREE CATALOGUE OFFER. If you don't order one of these guns at our special offer price, don't fail to write for our latest free Gun Catalogue. Either cut this ad out and send to us on a postal card or in a letter say, "Send me your free Gun Catalogue," and our latest Gun Catalogue, showing everything in shotguns, rifles, revolvers, ammunition and sporting goods of all kinds at about one-half the price charged by others, free offers, new propositions, heretofore unheard of privileges, advantages never before known, will go to you by return mail, postage free; so if you don't order one of these guns, don't fail to write for our latest free Gun Catalogue. Address,

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago

FOR \$8.95 we furnish this genuine New England 12-gauge Double Barrel Hammerless Breech Loading Shotgun, the exact same gun that has been sold everywhere at \$25.00 to \$50.00. **2,872 GUNS,** heretofore unheard of price of \$8.95. Our special closing out price on these guns is \$8.95 with steel barrels; \$10.95 with genuine imported twist barrels; \$12.95 with genuine imported Damascus barrels; so in ordering be sure to state which is wanted.

These guns come in 12-gauge only; barrels tapered choke bored by the celebrated Taper system, reinforced breech, fancy matted rib, extension rib, double bolt action, high grade full case hardened and finished box frame, top snap break, automatic safety, fancy full chequered pistol grip, walnut stock, walnut chequered fancy fore end.

OUR GREAT FREE OFFER.

State which gun you would like to use for from one to three months, enclose our special price, or, if you prefer, enclose only \$1.00, in which case we will send the gun to you by express C. O. D. subject to examination. You can examine it at your nearest express office, and if found perfectly satisfactory for either gun you will save the extra express charges for returning the C. O. D. money to us.

Genuine Bargains in High-Grade Upright PIANOS

Slightly used instruments: 12 Steinways from \$350 up; 6 Webbers from \$250 up; 9 Krakauers from \$250 up; 7 Knabes from \$250 up; 3 Chickering's from \$250 up; also ordinary second-hand Uprights, \$75 up; also 10 very fine Parlor Grand pianos at about half. New pianos, mahogany, \$145 and up. Write for particulars. Cash or easy monthly payments. **LYON & HEALY, 29 Adams St., Chicago** We ship pianos everywhere on approval

Magic Lanterns MOVING PICTURES

MAGIC LANTERNS The Bright White Light for Magic Lanterns, is a great Money Maker; costs but 2 cts. an hour to operate. 500 sets of slides with lectures, 40,000 slides for rent. Free rental terms to those who buy outfits. Catalog and instructions free. **WILLIAMS, BROWN & EARLE, DEPT. 14, 918 CHESTNUT ST., PHILA., PA.**



DON'T PAY TWO PRICES FOR STOVES & RANGES

Order direct from our Stove Factory and save for yourself all Jobbers' and Dealers' big profits.

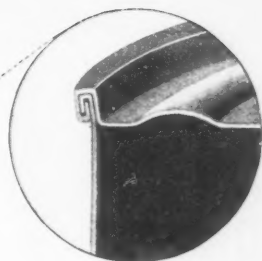
Hoosier Stoves and Ranges

Are sold on 30 days' free trial. The best in the world. We pay the freight. Hoosier Stoves and Ranges are guaranteed fuel savers and ease takers; a guarantee for years backed by a million dollars. Hoosier Stoves and Ranges are very heavily made of highest grade selected material, finished most beautifully with many new improvements and features. Our large catalog shows the greatest bargains ever offered in stoves and ranges. Let us send you our special Free Trial Offer. Write for our catalog. **HOOSIER STOVE CO., Factory, 256 State Street, Meriden, Indiana.**



When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

Heinz Improved Tin for Heinz Pure Food



*The Solderless Seam
in Heinz Improved Tin.*



*One of the Heinz Products
packed in the Improved Tin.*

Do you know that many kinds of food are better put up in tin than any other way? It keeps out the light—every housewife knows what that means. It is more economical—there being no danger of breakage. The contents after sealing can be sterilized under high temperature, thus insuring absolute purity and keeping quality. For these reasons many of the Heinz products will hereafter be put up in Heinz Improved Tin, a container that overcomes all objections to the old-fashioned can. The inside is specially prepared to resist action of fruit or vegetables, so that the flavor of the contents can never change.

HEINZ Improved Tin

is hermetically sealed by a crimping process, no solder being used. Then it is sterilized under extreme temperature, thus insuring the keeping quality of the contents without artificial preservative or adulterant.

Heinz Improved Tin is made especially by Heinz and is now being used for the following members of the 57 varieties: Preserved Fruits, Apple Butter, Cranberry Sauce, Mince Meat, Tomato Soup, Baked Beans.

*A Handsome Booklet telling the
whole story of the 57—FREE.*

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

New York

Pittsburgh

Chicago

London



are put up without coloring
matter or preservatives.



Film Development with the **Kodak Tank**

not only means an end to dark-room bother but it means better results than can be obtained in the old way. The time and the temperature are the only factors to watch.

The Experience is in the Tank.

Kodak Film Tanks are made in sizes suitable for all Kodak and Brownie Films. At all Kodak Dealers, \$2.50 to \$7.50.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

*Kodak Booklet free at the
dealers or by mail.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

\$1000.00
Per Year for Life

If you are in good health, approximately this amount or a larger or smaller sum can be assured to you by a contract giving you and your wife a life income, beginning at the end of stipulated period and continuing as long as either shall live, or giving your wife a life income beginning immediately if you die.

**The Mutual
Life Insurance
Company**

invites investigation from those who would like to make sure the welfare of their loved ones. It invites investigation of its assets, of its policies, of its rates, and just now especially of the savings made and being made by its new management.

How would you like \$1000 per year for life?
Send for folder showing who have tried this method and how they like it.

The Time to Act is NOW.

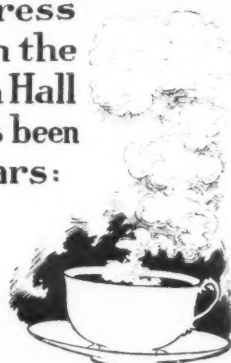
For the new forms of policies, write to

**The Mutual Life Insurance
Company of New York,
N. Y.**



America's most noted authoress writes, from her home on the Hudson, that Barrington Hall is the only coffee she has been able to drink in many years:

"It is many years since I have been able to drink coffee while engaged in literary work, but I find to my great delight that I can drink as much Barrington Hall Coffee as I desire, and have done so--three large cup-fuls a day--without any ill effects at all."—Name given on request.



Barrington Hall

The Steel-Cut Coffee

Barrington Hall is pure, high grade coffee, prepared by our patented process—a common-sense method of treating the berry whereby the substances which contribute nothing to its flavor and healthfulness are removed, and the coffee flavor is preserved to a remarkable degree.

By our process all dust and the bitter cellulose skin, evidently placed by nature around the heart of the berry to protect it, are removed and thrown away; and when you buy a pound of Barrington Hall you get a pound of the best part of the coffee berry only. You can enjoy its delicious flavor without fear of ill effects. This is the experience of thousands who had given up coffee drinking, many of whom have written to tell us so.

"Steel-cut," means that the coffee is cut (not ground) into fine, even particles. This cutting does not crush the little oil cells as does grinding and the rich, aromatic oil (Food Product), which makes coffee flavor, is preserved. This explains why a pound of Barrington Hall will make 15 to 20 cups more of perfect full strength coffee than would the same coffee if ground in a coffee mill.

PRICE: 35c to 40c per pound, according to locality. If your grocer tries to sell you something "Just as good" he has his own interest, not yours, in mind. Write us and we can tell you how and where to get Barrington Hall. If you accept an imitation, please do not judge our coffee by it.

TEST IT IN YOUR HOME AT OUR EXPENSE

..... CUT OFF OR COPY THIS COUPON AND SEND TO NEAREST POINT

BAKER & CO. - - - - - **MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., 252 No. 2nd STREET**
COFFEE IMPORTERS - - - - - **or NEW YORK CITY, 108 HUDSON STREET**

Please send me free sample can of Barrington Hall Coffee and booklet "The Secret of Good Coffee." In consideration I give my grocer's name and name of magazine.

My Name and Address..... Grocer's Name.....

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



**Packed only
in sealed tins**



For the luxurious or the modest home,
"Standard" Porcelain Enameled Bath and Lavatories,
Kitchen and Laundry Fixtures are recognized as the
best and most economical. "Standard" ware combines
so completely absolute sanitary perfection with beautiful
designs and a snow-white surface that no home is
properly equipped without them.

Our book, "MODERN BATHROOMS," tells you how to plan and arrange your bathroom, and illustrates many beautiful and inexpensive as well as luxurious rooms, showing the cost of each fixture in detail, together with hints on decoration, tiling, etc. It is the most complete and beautiful booklet ever issued on the subject. FREE for six cents postage and the name of your plumber and architect (if selected).

CAUTION: Every piece of "Standard" Ware bears our "Standard" "GREEN and GOLD" guarantee label, and has our trade-mark "Standard" cast on the outside. Unless the label and trade-mark are on the fixture it is not "Standard" Ware. Refuse substitutes—they are all inferior and will cost you more in the end. The word "Standard" is stamped on all our nicked brass fittings; specify them and see that you get the genuine trimmings with your bath and lavatory, etc.

Address **Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.**

Dept. F, Pittsburgh, Pa., U. S. A.

Pittsburgh Showroom, 949 Penn Avenue

Offices and Showrooms in New York: "Standard" Building, 35-37 West 31st Street

London, Eng.: 22 Holborn Viaduct, E. C.

New Orleans: Cor. Baronne & St Joseph Sts.

Louisville. 325-329 West Main Street

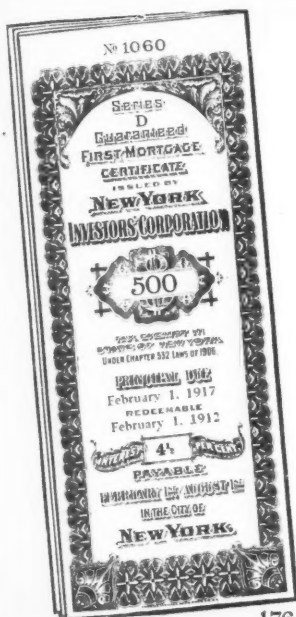
Cleveland: 208-210 Huron Street

Why is Bon Ami like puss in boots?



If you can't guess
hold before a mirror

Because it can't scratch



DO you care more for the interest on your money than for the principal? You can get 6% or more for a while, but will you ever get the principal back?

The highest type of investment is a first mortgage on New York City real estate, guaranteed by the Bond and Mortgage Guarantee Company (capital and surplus, \$5,500,000).

GUARANTEED FIRST MORTGAGE CERTIFICATES place this security at the disposal of all investors.

A descriptive booklet on request.

TITLE GUARANT^EE AND TRUST CO

Capital and Surplus, \$12,000,000.

176 BROADWAY
NEW YORK CITY

or

175 REMSEN ST.
BROOKLYN

Like a Whirlwind!!

The NEW Low Cost

PRUDENTIAL

Policy Has Rushed Into Public Favor

Every Rate, Value and Feature in the Policy **ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED**

SEE WHAT OUR FIELD MANAGERS SAY. THEY KNOW. THEY MEET THE PUBLIC FACE TO FACE, AND ARE EXPERTS IN THE STUDY AND SALE OF LIFE INSURANCE CONTRACTS

- "There Has Never Been Offered to the Public a Policy That So Fully and Perfectly Meets the Rights and Needs of the Insured."
—Perry & Cummings, Newark, N. J.
- "Superior in Every Point to Any Policy Issued."
—C. B. Knight, Pittsburg, Pa.
- "Eliminates All Uncertainty, as to Dividends. Gives a Contract with Everything Absolutely Guaranteed."
—M. J. Leonard, New Haven, Conn.
- "Policy a Crackerjack,—a Seller from the Start."
—J. M. Skinner, Atlanta, Ga.
- "Supplies Demand from Professional and Business Men."
—William Dutcher, New York, N. Y.
- "We consider the New Policy the Broadest and Most Liberal Contract in the Field and have no Competition."
—S. Painter, Easton, Pa.
- "Difference in Premiums at 4 per cent. Compounded Beats Dividends by Any Company."
—J. W. Wilson, Cleveland, O.
- "No Man of the Field Should Fear any Competitor."
—J. S. Cranston, Boston, Mass.
- "Has no Peer and Marks a New Era in Life Insurance."
—P. J. Kenny, Chicago, Ill.
- "Agents of other Companies Congratulate us."
—H. R. Gould, Omaha, Neb.
- "Competition Eliminated."
—C. H. Johnson, Des Moines, Ia.
- "Outclasses any and all Kinds of Dividend Insurance."
—J. E. Smith, Chicago, Ill.
- "The Finest That Has Ever Been Offered the Public."
—Z. T. Miller, New York, N. Y.
- "Legitimate Life Insurance at Low Cost."
—F. C. Mann, Boston, Mass.
- "Our Policy Best in Every Particular."
—E. J. Bond, Baltimore, Md.
- "We believe we Have the Best Seller that could be Offered to an Applicant."
—C. M. Yoder, Philadelphia, Pa.
- "Policy is a Winner—A Crackerjack."
—O. O. Orr, Denver, Colo.
- "Meets Public Demand for Cheaper and Better Insurance."
—C. E. McCready, Wichita, Kans.

Hundreds of other Managers, without a dissenting voice, characterize this as
The Greatest Advance in Life Insurance in Recent Years



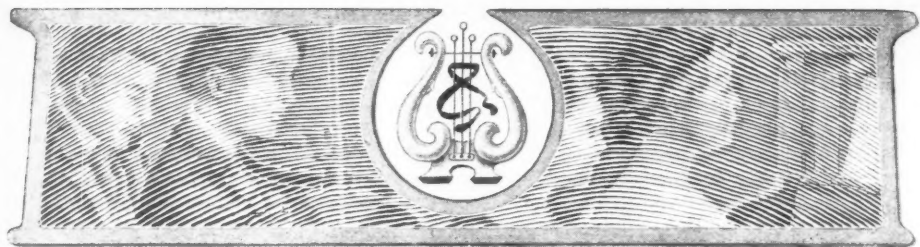
The
Prudential
Insurance Co. of America

THIS IS THE LIFE INSURANCE POLICY YOU WANT. Nothing like it offered before. Send in your age, and we will give you rates. Address Dept. 47.

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the
State of New Jersey.

JOHN F. DRYDEN,
President.

Home Office:
NEWARK, N. J.



The Goal of Perfection

Of all musical instruments the piano is the most vital, the most intricately constructed, the most delicately adjusted; and of all pianos, the Steinway is the highest expression of piano art—so conceded by all judges.

No time is too long, no pains too great, no cost too large, no effort too vast to expend in achieving for each individual Steinway the goal of artistic perfection.

For a concrete example, we invite you to examine the Steinway Vertegrand; a piano at \$500 which more closely approximates the ideal moderate-priced piano than any other ever originated.

Steinway Pianos can be bought from any authorized Steinway dealer at New York prices, with cost of transportation added.

Illustrated catalogue and the little booklet, "The Triumph of the Vertegrand," sent on request and mention of this magazine.

STEINWAY & SONS, Steinway Hall
107 and 109 East 14th St., New York

VERTEGRAND



PRICE \$500

STEINWAY



BIGGES' I COULD GET, SAH!
MO' WHEH DIS COMED FUM,
YAS SAH.

CREAM of WHEAT

Williams' Shaving Stick

The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face "



AN OLD FRIEND IN A NEW DRESS

harsh, quick-drying soap irritates and disfigures the face. A delicate, creamlike, refreshing soap like Williams' Shaving Soap is soothing to the skin and preserves its natural fresh, healthful texture. Our new, handsome, heavily nickeled box with hinged cover is an added attraction to Williams' Shaving Stick. Williams' Shaving Stick, in its new, handsome, heavily nickeled metal box, as formerly

